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THE

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METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1918

THE CHURCH IN A WORLD AT WAR[1]

Everything centers to-day in the state of the world and the state of the church in the world. Even if one does not discuss the war, no discussion goes on without reference to it. Everything in thought, in faith, and in action is affected by these unspeakable conditions. Men wonder what kind of world we shall live in, even what sort of churches and what sort of Christianity will exist when the war is over, as it will be. The very life of Christ's kingdom is involved in this world crash. We can scarcely think or talk of anything else. "All our talking and thinking have become like the open page of a monthly magazine with a bloody smear, a thing of red and black dragged across it."

No simple, single word can be spoken on this vast subject. War itself is a wild storm. The state of the country during such a war answers to William James's words, "One big, blooming, buzzing confusion." Legislation, commerce, education, manufacture, administration, travel, and domestic life, are all abnormal and upset. Incompetence, greed, dishonesty, and wild blundering are all mixed up with rare competence, supreme honesty, noble unselfishness, and unexpected wisdom in the whole range of affairs and life from bottom to top. War changes the character of everything, while it lasts. There has been an almost universal dislocation because of it. The near view of war does not make it look lovely. We are in it, to see it through, but we hate it with a holy hatred, hate it so that we are willing to fight to the death that never again can this kind of thing come upon the world. Just because we are a peace-loving people, our hearts are all aflame with deter-

[1] It is not our custom to print what has appeared in print elsewhere. But the most imperative duty in this grimmest and direst crisis the human race has ever faced, is to stir the church and the nation to a realization of their instant duty. We feel *constrained* to send forth this mighty and moving appeal, as intense as the alarm cry of Paul Revere, wishing it might be read to every congregation in this land.

mination to win this war for freedom and perpetual peace in the world. We do not like hell, but we will go through it if we must, to destroy the forces and dethrone the persons who in greed and barbarism let hell loose in the world. I do not want to say any irreverent word, but as I have seen this great peaceful republic in this new spirit, seen it in the streets, in the shops, in the homes, in the colleges, in the churches, it has seemed to me that this must be akin to "the wrath of the Lamb." Surely the day of his anger shall come upon all these kings of the earth, great men, military chiefs who have opened the gates of the pit in this fashion. If the doctrine of divine retribution did not exist, it would have to be created now in order to save men's souls and their faith while all the foundations rock beneath our feet.

The Trial of Faith

For faith does have a hard time just now. The doubt of a generation ago is gone. The question about evolution and higher criticism seems like a gentle zephyr compared with the storm of doubt and despair now sweeping over thousands of honest hearts. On one side is the German emperor's oft-repeated and confident declaration that he goes hand in hand with God. I know the flippant things we say about his relation to God. I think I know the utter falseness and blasphemy of what he says, but the fact is that his soldiers and his people are impressed by his confident words. They do share this fanatical faith of their fierce and fanatical leader.

Hundreds of people in the United States are disturbed with the vague fear that maybe God is on the side of the Kaiser. And this fear cuts the nerve, destroys the morale of those who have it. It ruins faith, not only in the war's outcome, but in God himself. For if God is on the side of the Kaiser and the Turk; if God is on the side of the red-handed murderers of the Belgians and Armenians, of Edith Cavell and the passengers on the Lusitania, then the Christian faith in God is destroyed. For the God of our Lord Jesus Christ never could be on the side of such monsters as these. You see the problem for faith, the problem for the church, that this new question creates.

On the other hand is that wide-spread doctrine, well financed, skillfully propagated, subtle and dangerous, that ties up our longing for Christ's return, our eager love for his appearing, with false interpretations of Scripture, utterly unspiritual and unmoral ideals for men and nations, and puts a burden upon faith that will surely break the faith of many.

I can only take a moment to hint at these things, in order that I may hastily go on to say that our Church has a tremendous duty and responsibility in this hour of stress and storm. We are a democratic church. There are millions of us. We are related closely to millions more. We do not boast of this. It sobers us. We do not want now just to voice the will of the state or the will of the people. We are not set to believe or proclaim an average faith, a faith determined by finding the least common denominator. We do not care for a religious consciousness that simply represents the average of us Methodists. That would surely be lower than the best. A message arising from that level would not be prophetic, or truly democratic. It would not lift or lead or save America or the world just now. This democratic Methodism, touching all classes and all races, must find its way anew to the heart and mind, to the love and thought, to the passion and truth of God, the God of Jesus Christ; must find its democratic way into the eternal word of Jesus Christ and in his spirit speak this message to the nation and the world. A democratic church does not ask God to speak its message, the message it will stand for. It puts its democracy into his hands, it listens for his voice and speaks the word he wants spoken. This is real democracy in the church and the state, not that the average shall rule but that the whole mass shall obey the God of Jesus Christ. Thus shall we save the faith of the world in these troubled days. God is not on the side of the Kaiser. God is on the side of mankind. Jesus Christ is coming, is here, here in all the love and righteousness there is, here in every struggle against evil, here in every life made new and every town or state made decent, here and coming to sit on a hundred thrones to rule the world in a spiritual lordship.

Of course the Methodist Episcopal Church will, as it has ever done, stand by the government to the last trench. We are in to

win the war. We do not intend that any church shall have more stars on its service flags than we have. We do not intend that any church shall mention this cause more often in prayer than we do. We do not intend that any church shall be truer to all our ideals than we are. We do not intend that any church shall buy more bonds and then give them back to the work of Christ than we do. If there is to be a League of Nations to fight for peace, and after this war to prevent any more wars, we shall be in it. If there is to be a league of churches to bind the nations together again in love, in brotherhood, in Christ himself, we shall be in it. This we must do because we are so big, and because in our deepest spirit we do so long to serve humanity even as Christ served and serves it. This is our abiding responsibility, this our unspeakable pride.

The Deeper Aspects of Unification

1. This problem of the state of the country in itself and in the world leads directly into other problems. They are all tied up together. One of them is the problem of unification—a much deeper and more significant thing than the getting together of a couple of sister churches into one organization. That might be done for a small motive on a small basis with distinct final loss to the kingdom of God on earth and in heaven. Far deeper than the specific, concrete movement to which we are giving such serious attention at present lies the whole union of Christ's people for the winning of the world. Getting together is not an end in itself. Getting together that the kingdom of Christ may be made to come is well worth while.

Now, a particular plan of uniting two churches has been before those churches. It does not seem quite proper for me to become an advocate or an opponent of the plan in this semiofficial statement. It does not seem proper to ignore it. May I, then, only attempt to relate it to this deeper question of the state of the country and the country in the world?

Which way are the best world currents running in these tragic, frightful, fateful years? What has brought the world into its present crisis? Under God's spirit I believe the world currents

were running toward brotherhood in the world. As Joseph Cook put it, "The nineteenth century made the world a neighborhood, the twentieth must make it a brotherhood." Against sectionalism within a nation, against exaggerated nationalism within the world, against exaggerated racialism within humanity, the real spirit of the age seems to be set. We were quoting everywhere with new approval that noble sentence: "Above all nations is humanity." Then into this Christlike movement looking toward a kingdom, this ugly, devilish war was thrust as though the currents of the Holy Spirit must be reversed in the world. A powerful state began to assert its exaggerated, intolerable, swollen purpose without any regard to any nations except itself. It flouted principle, honor, pledged word, truth, and all decency in its effort to accomplish its wicked designs. We know how ugly that nation looks and we do not hesitate to say what we think about it. But the assertion of the German's right to rule the world is not uglier than would be the assertion of any other nation's right to do it. It is not a German world, nor an English world for purposes of rule. Do you agree? Well, neither is it a white man's world nor is this a white man's country. *Deutschland über alles* is no lovelier than England or America over all. No one of us is master. All we are brethren. He that would be chief among us must be the servant of all. If this war does not destroy the infamous doctrine that the strong may do what they please with the weak, the superior what they please with those they call inferior, the advanced what they please with the backward, then in some future century our grandchildren will have to kill one another even as we are doing. Weak nations, small states, backward races must be able to stand on their feet after this war, each with its own place in the common, benevolent sun, and the brotherhood of nations must be established never to be broken again.

Now what is the bearing of all that on the question of unification? This is the bearing. The Church of Christ is not a white man's church. The rights and privileges of the weak, the backward, the yellow, the brown, or the black, the ignorant or the poor, are as sacred as the rights and privileges of the strong, the rich, and the wise. Unification that sectionalizes the church, unifica-

tion that nationalizes the church, unification that racializes the church, is not unification at all. For Christ cannot use such a church in his whole big broken world. If the gates are shut on one side, the church is not the true city of God. The high-priestly prayer that they may be one does not have its answer when two organizations unite in a government, but when the persons who have been redeemed by his blood are one in him and one with him in character and purpose.

Christlike Cooperation the Way to Union

Union is not desirable chiefly that we may save money or prevent waste. It is fundamentally that we may save the world and prevent its loss. In other words, the unification of Methodism is not in the heart of it for administrative or legislative purposes but for missionary and evangelistic purposes. And because of this we must not break or weaken the bond between ourselves and our missionary opportunity anywhere in the world. We can make a plan that will keep our legislation, our elections, our administration in our hands, and by so doing we can close the doors of evangelistic opportunity into the black races, the brown races, the yellow races. We can make a lily-white church, or an Anglo-Saxon church which will be socially agreeable and ecclesiastically safe and comfortable, but the Saviour will have no place for us by his side as he walks for redemptive purposes through Africa and Asia, if we do. In Africa and Asia lie our supreme missionary opportunity and duty, as there lies the final testing out of the race question in the world. We have it here in the small, as though to prepare us to meet it there in the large. What we have here is as a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. If we fail here, what shall we do yonder? The issue between white, yellow, and black races has not yet been tried out. If brotherhood fails, neighborhood will destroy us. What we have at home looks large to us. What lies beyond our borders we have never faced in its size or character. If we have grown weary of the Negro, what will we do with the Asiatic? If we have run with footmen and they have wearied us, what will we do when we contend with horses? And if in the land of peace wherein we trusted we are wearied, what will we

do in the swellings of the Jordan and the Kongo, and the Yangtze and the Ganges? A church divided on national, or sectional, or racial lines will be a poor church for Jesus Christ in his new day. A church united, one church of the living God, can again make the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice.

A church truly united in Christ will not make feeble assertion or wretched practice of brotherhood anywhere. It will not allow the caste spirit within it to make its Christian testimony feeble and its witness ineffective. Never as in this present broken world was a unified church so needed, a church one in all sections, making common appeal to the nation, a church one in all nations, making imperial appeal to the world, a church one in all races, making triumphant appeal to humanity. Such a body, united in Jesus Christ, united with him, might hold the nation together in a crisis between races or classes. No other kind of church could. Such a church might hold the world steady in a storm. No other kind of church could. There are adverse, contrary, hostile currents in civil and social life, which only a unified church can guide. The motive for unification is not administration, but power, the method not mechanical, but intellectual and spiritual. Let no one take the shallow view of this profound subject, or lightly say that the Negro or anything else is the crux of it. It is too serious for a pun, but the crux that keeps us apart is the absence of the cross from so much of our life.

Maybe our present practice is the best we can do. Maybe we can expect nothing else. Maybe this is good enough. Maybe we can look for no better cooperation than we now have. Maybe the basis of cooperation has not yet appeared. I do not believe it. We go slowly, all too slowly, toward it, but some day the followers of Christ must surely be one in the threefold passion: 1. A common, passionate opposition to the evil in the world. 2. A common, passionate consecration to the redemption and welfare of the world. 3. A common, passionate devotion and obedience to Jesus Christ the Redeemer and Lord of the world. This would unite us in the passion of supreme aims and high purposes, and would be a token of strength. Anything else would get us together on a basis of low moral energy and would be a sign of weakness. It is for us to

bring this passion into our near, small world without waiting for it to come in the far, big world. For thus it will come in the earth as it has already come in the heavens.

Concretely, if the Church, South, and our own Church were to unite in such common, passionate devotion to the welfare of the Negro in America and Africa, making him the bond of a holy endeavor worthy of us, the Negro might cease to be a crux of difficulty and a cause of separation. Neither church has done enough for the Negro. Maybe if in Christlike cooperation they were to do enough for him he might become a bond of union. Cooperation wherever it is possible in this threefold fashion seems more likely to bring union than does an elaborate effort at reorganization. Union will come, let us not doubt or waver in that faith, but it will come when the spirit and tide of cooperation overflow the walls that separate and flood the world of holy endeavor.

Centenary Calls to Spiritual Adventure

2. You do not need to be told that this discussion leads us straight into the world plans in our centenary and related movements. It is not necessary here to repeat any portion of the document recently issued to the Church by the Board of Bishops. That document briefly speaks for itself. We cannot look at a broken world without concern for its rebuilding. We did not fix the times or seasons for this war on this centennial. We did not lead the Negro, John Stewart, out into the fields a hundred years ago to hear the voices calling him to the Northwest. We did not cause him to stop with the Indians at Upper Sandusky, to preach to them through another Negro acting as an interpreter. We did not organize the Missionary Society a hundred years ago and send Melville Cox to Africa as the first of the long line to go into lands called foreign with the Christ, to whom no land is a foreign land, no man a foreign man. All that was from God. We did not bring world war and world movement together in time. They are together in God's providence and we are called to gird ourselves to build the world in Jesus Christ.

This is no time for a feeble church, or a timid church. This is no time for a complacent or provincial church. This is no time

for a church whose hands hang down, whose knees are weak and trembling, whose ears are dull or whose eyes are dim. This is no time for a church that hesitates and calculates, that counts and estimates in bookkeeper's figures. This is the day for spiritual adventure, for "following the gleam," for the faith that expects to be used as well as saved. We have behind us the experiences that work hope, before us the Leader who creates faith, within us the obligation that calls for consecration. Maybe this new call will save the church. It may drown the voice of the turtle. Or to quote another, slightly revised: This world endeavor may make a new church out of the average church. This endeavor may save the church from the "blight of ordinariness," the "blight of shallowness," the "blight of smallness," the "blight of little expectation." It may "deliver us from mediocrity of experience and endeavor" and make us again true "servants of the Spirit," possessing "the glory of the lighted mind." The republic can never again be isolated and insular, neutral, or self-complacent. For weal or woe we are in the whole world and of the whole world. We are citizens, henceforth, not strangers or sojourners, in the whole kingdom of Jesus on earth and in heaven. Our church can never again call itself the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. We are his church in all the worlds there are. The sky reaches down around us at equal distances in all directions, the gates of our city of God are open on four sides, our wealth is in our hands, our Christ is in our hearts, and our brothers are everywhere. And there are four millions of us. Who are we now to stagger at a special gift of twenty dollars apiece, four dollars a year for five years, to make the world safe for democracy, and democracy safe for the world, to make Christ King in the world? In the light of Calvary these terms are too small for speech. This kind of counting does not look well with the cross smiting us in the face.

Jesus Christ the World's Present and Final Necessity

One day a member of our board wrote these words:

"Rejoice, O Methodist Zion! The day of God is here. The world is standing on our front steps. Its speech is broken and

soaked with tears and half articulate, yet we can make out what it is saying in blind and impotent but moving words. It is saying:

'We need God. Where is he?
Somebody help us to him.'

"Not since Christ came has the world need been so articulate and momentous as it is this hour. We are in war, howbeit the larger war is the warfare for the broken and the lost and against the sin that hates God and gives him no heed. The war of the church for the saving of the world is the august business we have on hand. If that can be carried on to victory, all other battles will eventuate in triumph. Whatever happens, the Methodist Church must not be a slacker. The world's needs cry out with wounded voice. They clamor above the voices of cannon where men charge and die. We must be big this manifest hour of destiny. Whatever was thought adequate for yesterday, will not measure up to to-morrow. We are headed into the wildest to-morrow earth ever trembled toward. So it is that the Boards of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church have lifted the call worthy to be weighed by every lover of the Lord Christ. Millions of money to meet the needs of the millions of dying men.

"The nation is in the balance, home is in the balance, civilization is in the balance, religion is in the balance, whatsoever things are true, honest, and of good report are in the balance. And the great God thinks well enough of the Methodists to call them to take up a mighty load for a lordly burden, and bear it with a singing heart.

"Eighty millions and more for America and the world and their salvation in the five years just ahead! What think you of this majestic load, O Methodism?

"And there is a hush and Methodism is at prayer; and then Methodism calls like a lyric of the sea: 'Welcome the load. We be men and women to whose hearts this glorious burden comes like a morning to the hills. We love the load and will bear it in the name of Christ the Lord. To help him save the world shall be the endeavor of our happy coming years.' "

Do not get the money in your eye or your mind. This is not a device or plan to secure eighty million dollars. That might ruin the church as wealth often ruins individuals. This is a plan to bring Jesus Christ to the nation and the nations. He is the world's present necessity, the world's final necessity. What has been our formal belief we now propose to make our living faith. All too many people have asked me, since I saw India, China, and Japan, whether the East is not getting along pretty well with the religions it has. This complacent conception of Jesus Christ does not drive men across oceans or into heathenism. No one, no nation, no people anywhere, is getting along pretty well without Jesus Christ. He is not a convenience or advantage. He is an absolute necessity. And this faith is behind our drive. It has no other motive and no other justification. For this we must make the great venture. Our creed must become vital and alive. He is the answer to "the confusion and agony of the times." There is no other name under heaven or among men. Behind this sublime faith we put our millions and into it we put our lives. God help us, we will help him "heal the open sore of the world."

Education Must Be Christianized

3. Any consideration of the state of the country, the world, and the church compels a study of the state of education in them all. A careful English writer declares that "the religious education of these so-called Christian nations has to be done all over again." The danger is that we shall be smug and self-satisfied about our own education. It is easy to point out that German education has broken down in the eyes of the world. Certain brethren are frankly saying that they have long told us so. No moral tragedy is greater than the moral collapse of German's scholars as shown in the infamous defense of infamy. Germany has had an utterly wrong theory of culture, a fatally perverted philosophy, an impossible world view. "Efficiency has developed into insanity of determination, capacity into pride, strength into brutality." All that is true and much more is true. But what Germany is doing shows what two or three generations of persistent education can do with a people, can make of a people. Ger-

man conduct to-day is the natural result of German education through the years.

But, now, are we going to learn anything for ourselves except to denounce what deserves denunciation? Is education in France, Great Britain, and the United States democratic in the scope and spirit of it, and Christian in its ideals and moral tone? Is Matthew Arnold's cynical statement true of England and true of America to-day?

It is our easy and complacent fashion to assume that our educational system is above criticism, but as a matter of fact, is it true that we have moralized and spiritualized education in America as we should? We have spent vast sums of money, we have built superb buildings, we have elaborated schemes of pedagogy. We have made education practical, vocational, and scientific, but tonight out of the vast world, near and far, comes an imperative call that education in America be Christianized as the next, the supreme step toward a new world. Education has only partly been democratic, it must be made wholly so in all its wide ranges. It must be Christianized in the spirit, the power, the aims, and the reach of it. This is something vastly more than reading the Bible and repeating the Lord's Prayer in the public schools, a daily chapel service in college or university, or a denominational name and a religious affiliation. Formality and conventionality are utterly useless and deadly in this matter. There must be a new conception of education itself. It is vastly more than an individual training, it is a social world force. Teaching is vastly more than a profession, it is a sacrament that binds true men and women to the Supreme Teacher. Subjects taught are important, but persons taught are almost infinitely significant. A new race of teachers is called for, with the new ideals that must replace the ideals shattered by the world war.

"The youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity." In America and in the world the Church of Jesus Christ must direct and control the processes by which those trustees are trained for posterity and for life. Not in any narrow, reactionary, sectarian way, but in the very depths and heights and breadths of life must education lay hold of life. We must inform and inspire our educa-

tion at home and abroad with Arnold's motto: "The inquiring love of truth and the devoted love of goodness"; and with Saint Paul's: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, the mind of the world must be set on these things"; and with Jesus: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free." The education of America and of the world must be Christianized. The centenary plans must lay hold of the education of the world, or all else will fail. This war does not seem to me to be the end of the world. It seems more like the end of an old order that had to pass away and the beginning of a new order which may go right or wrong. In this new order the nations must be saved by their youth. Old age makes for rigidity and unyielding conservatisms. Middle age makes for caution and compromise, for "safety first," for "watch your step." Youth makes for adventure, for faith in progress, for courage to set sail, for that kind of unquestioning enthusiasm which will look the Lord in the face and say, "Master, I will go with you wherever you go." The youth of America, Europe, Asia, and Africa, the youth of white races, red races, yellow races, black races, hold the future of those countries and races in their hands and hearts, their minds and wills. The church must master them in the days of their educational development, must train them for leadership and guide them for high service in Christ's name. Education in the world and for the world must be Christianized or the world is already well lost. And there ought to be an early conference between the leaders of theological and other higher education in order to plan for the new educational policy which the United States must have in the future.

Place in the Church in the Present Crisis

4. Finally, any study of the state of the church in the world to-day will lead us straight into the question of the spiritual life, the ethical tone, and the mental vigor of the church.

Every such time compels many reconstructions. Those that are purely intellectual fail of their fullest usefulness. Theology

cannot be the same after the war. It is not the same thing during the war that it was before. New angles, new emphasis, new interrogations, have all appeared. Take such volumes as have appeared from that group of younger English theologians: "Concerning Prayer" and "Immortality." These are attempts to answer not simply the age-long problems relating to prayer and immortality, but the urgent, insistent questions that are fairly screaming at the church from every battlefield and every home in Europe and from many homes already in America. The church cannot be dumb or conventional in times like these. Our church particularly must remember the utter break with conventionality that attended its birth. The Spirit then "manifested itself in unexpected quarters and expressed itself in unfamiliar forms." And our fathers were not afraid to welcome the disappearance of much that was familiar and to take on a lot that was new. These days call for the best spirit ever shown in the church. We must bring "to the solution of the new problems of life not only good intentions and exalted emotions, but enterprise and courage, steady resolution and disciplined intelligence." It is easy for us just now to generalize about the war and after the war, just as it is easy for us to be misled by some of our own language. War has many influences. It ennobles and exalts; it deepens and sobers life. It also degrades, lowers, brutalizes, and hardens life. The church therefore must keep clear the higher visions and must with new emphasis reaffirm the deep things of the Spirit. The spiritual, intellectual, and social tone of the church must be kept in tune with Christ. Life must be touched at its center, not its rim; at its heart, not at its garment; in its character, not simply its habit. The church must help men see straight and keep their ideals from sagging. Ideals in time of war are endangered from every side. The church must keep the world's spirit steady. Courage, hope, faith, love are the substance on which mankind lives at last. The church must fortify life against evil, against lowered standards, against sorrow, and against strain. Faith in prayer staggers when we need it most. Faith in immortality flickers as the graves multiply; faith in righteousness is blinded by evil deed and more evil proposal; faith in God is tested as never before. If the morale

or spiritual efficiency of the church at home be lowered to-day the loss will be beyond repair. We must keep the home fires burning steadily and at full capacity.

You see where this drives us. The church has the chance to do again what Moses did after he saw the burning bush; what Isaiah did after he saw the vision the year Uzziah died; what Jesus and Paul and Savonarola and Wesley did. They had the chance to make those new living statements about God, about the new life for men and nations, which saved their world. We have it again. And we may miss our day. We may go on saying small, outworn, unreal, conventional things to a world which will not hear them. "The church may busy itself with a thousand minor activities and let a whole world die while neither prophet of God nor apostle of Jesus Christ says a word of power and life." Its message may be remote and formal with no real touch with this modern world. It may go on insisting on immaterial things. It may not see what it means to "preach Christ," "the glorious gospel of the blessed God, to-day to the non-Christian world and to the nominally Christian world." Or it may see its day and be adequate to it by the grace of God. The church cannot do it by a shallow spiritual life, a shallow intellectual life, or a superficial ethical life. Withered hands will not accomplish much in the world just now.

Kind of Church Needed to Meet New Day

It was said of the early Christians that they "outthought the world round about them, they outlived that world, they outdied it." This is infinitely deeper than the small questions between conservatism and progress in theology. This is the question of the kind of church we shall have to meet the world in the new day. Will you pardon this personal word? Last month I received a letter from a dear friend serving as a chaplain somewhere in France. Here it is:

"My fourteen-year-old son in selecting a Christmas gift for me chose your Yale Lectures. The very virtue of them makes them painful reading here where almost every sight and sound bear witness to the bitter estrangement of man from man.

"But even more terrible than this estrangement is the fact that it hardly enters into the minds of the millions of soldiers here high and low that the root of it all lies in man's estrangement from God. And the matter looks worse still when we ask why they do not think of this. It is the whole business of the church to bring men to see the importance of reconciliation with God. Why has the church not done it?

"The equipment with which the church fits men out is being put to the test here in France. I have had contact with a good many trained under highly favorable circumstances in our Protestant churches. I would not say that their lives are not profoundly influenced by their training, but if reconciliation with God as a conscious experience is to be accepted as the test of that training, it has proved very deficient. What strikes one is the serious lack of any clear and definite religious conceptions in the minds of these young men that are powerful enough to create any sense of loyalty to Christ and the church or to produce any adequate appreciation of the importance of these things.

"Why has the church failed in this? How is the failure to be corrected? Our pastors are busy with frantic efforts to get people in the church, whether they are well trained or not, in order to satisfy the demands which laymen make for a showing. The churches are busy with raising great funds for endowments, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Red Cross, and other objects, and dangerously honoring rich people as a part of the process. We are busy with programs, but down at the root of it all we are not making reconciliation with God a real thing to the children in our Sunday schools and the congregations in our churches. A harking back to the methods of the past will not do. What are we to do? It is absolutely necessary that the German ambitions be curbed at whatever cost. But that will not bring peace. Only reconciliation with God will do that. Only the church has the power to mediate that reconciliation. Will it?"

New Significance of Historic Doctrines

It is interesting to me that this man across the seas, in face of the armies, should have laid hold of that one chapter, that one

word; that this should seem to be the chief thing needed in the world he sees where men fight and die. And he is not pleading for a new statement of the doctrine of the atonement, but for a new power of reconciliation in the church. The cross has been a shibboleth, it must become a grace, a sacrament, a force in our lives or we shall fail in the world.

I must not go on and it is not easy to stop. Here is this church in the world of war, in the world estranged from God, in the world learning to think and learning to live. Will it fortify the world against temptation, protect it against the storm of evil, strengthen it against the forces that break and disintegrate character, the sorrow and doubt that sweep over life like a storm? Will it bring to men that truth in which and by which men must live? For men do not live by bread alone. They live at last and at best by every word, every true word, every inspiring word that proceeds from the mouth of God. Christ's truth in its freshness, its reality, its depth, its wealth, its fullness, is the world's hope to-night.

We never had a better chance. We never had a larger call. Who shall redeem and restore Germany, France, England, Russia, and America, if not those who speak for Christ and speak of Christ with modern Christian imperialism and vitality? Who shall lead China, Japan, India, Turkey, and Africa unto the light and into the light but those who bear the light? Who shall recover and create for the world "the lost consciousness of its essential unity and universality in Christ"? Who shall furnish light and inspiration, leaven and grace, hope and faith, the vision of brotherhood and love, to a broken world, except the Church of Jesus Christ? The apostolic church had no larger opportunity in the Jewish world or the Roman world of its day. The war makes a thousand new opportunities—for commerce, for philanthropy, for education, for legislation—but its opportunity for the Church of Christ outranks them all!

William J. McDowell

TENNYSON AND TREITSCHKÉ: A SPIRITUAL FORECAST

A SPEAKER well acquainted with German life and thought was discoursing the other day, before a preachers' gathering, on the evil effects on German life of the university teaching of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and other teachers. Particularly did he dwell upon the sinister results flowing from the influence of Treitschke upon his hearers. One of the audience, anxious for fair play, objected that the speaker had dwelt too much upon Treitschke, as if he summed up German teaching; he inquired whether Treitschke was taught generally in German universities. The reply was that the influence had taken a more subtle and dangerous form; that the teachings of the professor had permeated German life and become the last word on many vital questions. It was a perfectly legitimate answer; for the very latest authoritative book coming from Berlin, Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven's "Deductions from the World War," evidently regards Treitschke as a name to conjure with among his countrymen. The Baron, who is Deputy-Chief of the German Imperial Staff, is regarded as the most distinguished soldier writer of Prussia. In certain of the chapters he made it so plain that his government was determined, this war finished, to prepare systematically for the next, that circulation of the book has been confined to Germany, and only a few copies have crossed the frontier.

In his sixth and closing chapter the Baron quotes a philosopher thrice in support of his doctrines, and in each case the philosopher is Treitschke. "War," he declares, "banishes pretense and reveals the truth, producing the most sublime manifestation of masculine personality. If ever an age has corroborated the words of Treitschke, that 'the features of history are virile,' it is the present. Eternal peace is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream. The world war has fully confirmed the justice of the following words of Heinrich von Treitschke: 'The polished man of the world and the brute have the same instincts in them.'

Nothing is truer than the biblical doctrine of original sin, which is not to be uprooted by civilization to whatever point you bring it." To him the conservation of peace remains a Utopia and would be felt as an intolerable tutelage by any great and proud-spirited nation. Here, too, he bids his countrymen heed Treitschke's warning. The Baron goes on to say unpleasant things of President Wilson's proposals for the formation of such a league, the underlying motive being only "business pacifism, and so at bottom nothing else than crass materialism"; but that is by the way. The interesting point is the complete acceptance, by the recognized exponent of German militarism, of the philosophical doctrines expounded by Nietzsche and Treitschke. Practically these are founded on the axiom that power is blessedness; that the weak are accursed because they shall not inherit the earth, that weakness is the "sin against the Holy Ghost." They have given the world the reversal of our Lord's beatitude regarding the meek.

Perhaps the ablest mind in any English university fifty years ago was Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, who is known to scholars as the translator and interpreter of Plato. A student who really understands Plato may be said to have the key to the gateway of knowledge. It was a remark of Jowett's that there is more of the fundamentals of philosophy in Tennyson's In Memoriam than in any systematic philosophy of modern times. The recent world tragedy of to-day has emphasized the truth of Jowett's remark. To those who fully understand the whole drift of Tennyson's teaching, the problems he worked out between the death of his friend in 1833 and the publication of his wonderful volume—slim but weighty—seventeen years later, he appears to-day as a seer. All have marveled at the forecast of aerial warfare which he outlines in his "Locksley Hall," published in 1842:

> For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
> Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
> From the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue.

Happily he saw beyond this to the triumph of democracy:

> Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm
> With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;
>
> Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

That he understood this prophecy in terms of our own republic we know from a lyric written in 1852, but unpublished during his lifetime. Readers of Tennyson will find it in the notes to the authoritative edition of his complete works, edited, with Memoir, by his son Hallam. The lyric is prefaced by a note containing the significant sentences: "In later years, after the Franco-German war, my father was filled with admiration at the dignified way in which France was gradually gathering herself together. He rejoiced whenever England and France were in agreement and cooperated harmoniously for the good of the world." The stanza in this lyric, "Hands All Round," which particularly concerns Americans is the penultimate one:

> Gigantic daughter of the West,
> We drink to thee across the flood,
> We know thee most, we love thee best,
> For art thou not of British blood?
> Should war's mad blast again be blown,
> Permit not thou the tyrant powers
> To fight thy mother here alone,
> But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
> Hands all round!
> God the tyrant's cause confound!

I know of no political foresight so wonderfully and exquisitely just: it takes us back to the times of the Hebrew prophets.

No judgment of poetic values during the last decade or two has been so cheap and superficial as the constant underrating of Tennyson as a prim Victorian, best appreciated by mild church-going people and gushing school girls. The depth and soundness of his world-vision are a marvel to the true philosopher. Before the year 1833, when his friend Hallam died, Tennyson had come under the spell of Goethe, and had accepted his highly intellectual hedonism as an acceptable rule of life. But the death of his

dearest friend brought him face to face with the grim realities of a harsh world, and he had to return for safety and spiritual health to the sound evangelicalism of his childhood and early life. Otherwise the world meant for him vacant darkness and despair; Goethe's "Art" led nowhere but into a ruthless jungle. The record of his spiritual change is contained in the successive sections of his "In Memoriam"; which finally develops into a discussion of the whole meaning of life. The opening invocation is summative of the faith he has found after much storm and stress, and four of its stanzas have found a place in our Methodist Hymnal (Hymn 139) as a grand chant of Christian hope and love. In the first stanza of Section I he definitely rejects Goethe's philosophy of life, while paying a tribute to the highly intellectual qualities of his former mentor:

> I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

Here we have the veiled supermanism which has developed so remarkably in Goethe's fatherland—the wholesale acceptance of the principle of evolution—which Goethe grasped in its full significance long before Darwin worked it out as a theory in outward nature. Many fail to understand the grand protest of the opening words "I held." An American novelist actually quotes the stanza on the title page of one of her stories with the reading "I hold"; as if Tennyson remained Goethean. After resting for a time in the proud isolation of Stoicism, clinging to the memory of his dead friend as the highest thing he had touched in life, and refusing to be comforted by anything the future could bring to him—if his friend was dead, and engulfed in nature—he accepts at Section XXX, with the singing of a Christian hymn (probably "Give me the wings of faith"), the evangelical faith and hope in the risen Christ; who "was and is and is to come." In Section XXXVI he deals with the great Christian doctrine of the Word, the Logos, the divine intention which explains this sin-stricken world and assures a final goal of human brotherhood; a Christian dogma developed from Plato, to whom this world was inexplicable

without another, an eternal world of perfect life and love. At Section LIII (originally LII) he rejects the Machiavellian attitude toward evil, which would justify wrongdoing by the (supposed) after beneficent results.

This debased morality has been the deliberate state policy of Prussia since Frederick the Great's time. Nay, it begins so early as Luther, who accepted a theory of unlimited state sovereignty which divorced political ethics from personal ethics. In his recent work, "The English-Speaking Peoples," so disguished a historian as George Louis Beer asserts that this un-Puritan understanding of state responsibility comes to us from Machiavelli through Luther and Hobbes. It has developed into a deadly organism in the Junkerdom of Berlin; which to-day is the poison center of the world. Lastly, in the pæanlike Invocation, part of which is Hymn 139 in our Methodist Hymnal, Tennyson comes straight up against Treitschke's deification of the human will, recognizing one will, and one will only, in the world—God's will.

The dangerous doctrine of the Will to Power, so manifest in all the utterances coming from across the Rhine since the beginning of the world war, is a marked defect in the ethics of the philosopher Kant, and has flourished in German and particularly in Prussian soil ever since, until to-day it is a upas tree, threatening the world. This is surely a reversion, as Treitschke himself naïvely confesses, to a worship of the devil, who was responsible for the fall of our first parents and brought sin into Eden. It is greatly to the credit of Tennyson's spiritual insight that, summing up in his Invocation the final truths which lie at the basis of our Christian civilization, he should have given such high prominence to this primal truth: that man, whether as an individual or as a member of a society or state, is bound to serve only God's will. As he enunciates it, in the way it ought to be enunciated, it overturns the hideous fallacy that there is one law for the individual and another for the state; that there is no entity, called the nation, which may shelter itself under a so-called Law of Nature called the survival of the fittest. This condoning of sin and evil in political matters found favor among admirers of German progress

in other countries. Writing in the Westminster Review (always an organ remote from evangelical faith) some years before the great war, a writer bearing two good English names, H. Douglas Gregory, declared that "there are times when, in political conduct, a deviation from the straight path of strict morality (in its private sense) is not only permissible, but also in the highest degree praiseworthy and necessary. The Italian War of Liberation was one of these occasions; the rise of Prussian supremacy was another." To-day the world at large, banded against Germany, feels that Germany has been poisoned from Berlin, and from universities modeled after that great center of Prussian Kultur. It must be remembered that Berlin has no traditions of the noble mediæval universities, being little over a century old. It is a large technological school, given over to a treatment of religion that is rationalistic and unsound at its very core. Mr. Gregory's justification of Prussian methods was a singularly bad forecast, of which he is no doubt ashamed to-day.

Tennyson came to manhood when the cult of the great Teutonic sage was at high-water mark among thinking men in England. It was not until close on the year 1830 that Carlyle's work was allowed into the Edinburgh Review, whose editor, Jeffrey, had little use for his "German divinities." But when, in 1832, just after Goethe's death, he contributed an article to the Foreign Quarterly, the effect was remarkable, and a real Goethe cult set in. For the next ten years Carlyle had the ear of the English public, and essentially as a missionary of German culture. At this time Tennyson was working out soul problems, and gave the Carlyle cult its due; though he never learned German, he was fully aware of the strength and force of Carlyle's message. Carlyle, on his part, with a lack of sympathy and an intellectual complacency worthy of his German teachers, saw little in Alfred at this time but a scribbler who "wrote verse because the schoolmaster had taught him it was great to do so." Tennyson's hunt after the fundamentals, where he was to be successful and Carlyle was not, seemed to his Germanized Scotch friend a "Way through Chaos and the Bottomless and Pathless."

Tennyson's break with Goethe came as a result of the shock

which his whole spiritual frame received from the sudden death of his friend and mentor, Arthur Hallam. If a so-called "good God," ruling all things in justice and kindness, allowed a spirit like Hallam to be cut off when just on the threshold of usefulness, then all his trust in divine wisdom and goodness was gone. Turning to Goethe's philosophy, he found no comfort. The philosopher who knew so well the laws of Nature and the call of Art merely shrugged his shoulders, when the matter of personal immortality came to be discussed, and passed on to more congenial themes. But, with Hallam dead, this was the one theme of importance to his bereaved friend. He could not, he would not, regard their friendship as merely an evolutionary experience in life, to be forgotten quickly if the remembrance was painful. His former self was his living self. It must never become a "dead self."

Of course readers are acquainted with the extravagances of the Goethe cult in Germany, when after the successes of the Franco-German war the new empire began to suffer from the megalomania which to-day is leading it to destruction. Lecturing in Berlin on Faust, Professor Hermann Grimm characterized it as "the greatest work of the greatest poet of all times and all peoples." Commenting on which extraordinary utterance soon after it was uttered, Matthew Arnold sarcastically remarks: "If this is but the first letting out of the waters, the coming times may, indeed, expect a deluge." It has come in these times in a very emphatic and satanic form.

We may take Arnold's own estimate. He regards Goethe not only as the greatest poet of our modern times, but also, "in the width, depth, and richness of his criticism of life, by far our greatest modern man." This statement must surely be taken with reservation. In Arnold's wonderfully incisive "Memorial Verses," where he sizes up three great poetic lights, Byron, Goethe, and Wordsworth, he begins his lines on the German as follows:

> When Goethe's death was told we said:
> Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
> Physician of the iron age,
> Goethe has done his pilgrimage.

> He took the suffering human race,
> He read each wound, each weakness clear;
> And struck his finger on the place,
> And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*

This is a testimony to Goethe's power of diagnosis, making him a physician, not in the higher sense of leading the patient into new life, like the Great Physician, but merely interpreting his ailment. His prescription was:

> *"Art still has truth, take refuge there!"*

Art, in the sense of grasp of the truths of nature and the acquirement of power over her forces, is no physic for the weary soul. It entirely evades the fact of sin and the need of redemption; the promise of a higher and fuller life of the spirit. The noble consistency of conduct, that heritage of twice-born men who are the glory of the Christian church, was certainly not found in Goethe. Indeed he had little interest in religious life and saintly men. When traveling in Italy it was with pagan Italy only that he seemed to have sympathy; flatly, Goethe was a pagan. Coming to the church of the saintly Francis at Assisi, "I passed it by," he says, "in disgust." Dante's Inferno he thought abominable and the Paradiso tiresome. No wonder the sympathies of Italy, at this great world crisis, have turned away from the land which has made an idol of Goethe.

And then we have his cold and ugly treatment of women, presaging the degradation of womanhood which has followed the track of German armies in this war. Frederica, whom he ought to have married, he coolly turned away from when self-interest pointed elsewhere. His later cohabitation with Christiana Vulpius has been termed, by a friendly enough critic, "a degrading connection with a girl of no education, whom Goethe established in his house to the great embarrassment of all his friends, whom he either could not or would not marry until eighteen years later, and who punished him as he deserved by taking a turn for drink—a turn which the unfortunate son inherited." To call such a man a physician in any moral sense is surely a misapplication of the word. In Goethe we find all the root defects of Kultur; a following after art without any moral reverence.

On one occasion Tennyson and Edward Fitzgerald, translator of Omar's Rubaiyat, were walking down the Strand when they came to a bust of Goethe. "What is wanting in his face?" inquired Fitzgerald. "The divine," was Tennyson's immediate reply.

If there is a real Platonist among our poets and prophets it is to Tennyson we must turn. Educated in the university which produced over two centuries ago those thinkers and idealists, the Cambridge Platonists, he was true to the drift of his alma mater. Cambridge was also the home of English Puritanism and the mother of English universities over the world. Among other extraordinary assertions, untrue to fact, made by megalomaniac modern Germany is their claim to continue and develop the spirit of Plato. In his "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" (*Grundlagen des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*), a glorification of German thought and achievement warmly recommended to all high-school students by the Kaiser, Chamberlain closes with such an assertion: " 'In order to rescue ourselves from endless complexity, and once more to attain simplicity, we must ask always ourselves the question: How should Plato have acted?' Such is the advice of our greatest Teuton, Goethe." The latest exponent of Plato, one of the sanest and clearest of American thinkers today, Paul Elmer More, denies that either Kant or Goethe really knew or expounded Plato, but were pseudo-Platonists: "Goethe unwittingly was giving expression to the everlasting formula of pseudo-Platonism when he put into the mouth of Mephistopheles the fateful words: 'I am the spirit that ever denies.' It is God that denies. The moment these terms are reversed, what is reverenced as the spirit becomes a snare instead of a monitor; liberty is turned into license, a glamour of sanctity is thrown over the desires of the heart, the humility of doubt goes out of the mind, the will to follow this or that impulsion is invested with divine authority, there is an utter confusion of the higher and the lower elements of our nature." Religion is self-denial, the taking up of the cross; and Goethe is entirely on the other side of the fence. So were not Socrates and Plato; they were forerunners of Christian culture, exponents of the great law of inhibition, of the happi-

ness of self-sacrifice; Goethe is the great highpriest of Kultur. It is to the eternal glory of Tennyson that he detected the issue in all its depth and width at the very time when the glamour of Goethe's art teaching was at its height among his countrymen. He lived long enough to see the Carlyle cult wither, and to leave as his legacy to the reverent English spirit the exquisite lyric of his own sunset days, which finds a place (No. 744) in our Methodist Hymnal—Crossing the Bar. Here is Platonism of the purest quality—the final arrival of the soul in the eternal kingdom of holiness; the pattern laid up in the heavens toward which earthly commonwealths are striving:

> For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
> The flood may bear me far,
> I hope to see my Pilot face to face
> When I have crossed the bar.

"Perhaps in heaven," remarks one of the speakers at the close of Book IX of the Republic, "there is laid up a pattern of it (the ideal city or commonwealth) for him who wishes to behold it, and, beholding, to organize himself accordingly." This commonwealth was not only an ideal organization of the community, but of man's own moral constitution; an idea developed in the parables of our Lord, where the "kingdom of heaven" is of three kinds: in a man's heart, as a vision of excellence, and as a possible constitution on earth.

The Frenchman, John Calvin, who, as Viscount Morley remarked in his great Romanes Lectures on Machiavelli delivered before the University of Oxford twenty years ago, united a profound political instinct with a fervid religious zeal almost unexampled in history, was the great statesman—the theologian of the Reformation. In little Geneva he set up a bulwark against the forces of Spanish and Roman reaction which saved Protestantism. It reproduced itself in Holland, Scotland, and the American colonies, and more than any other force has saved the cause of democracy. No one can estimate the loss to humanity had the little republic of Geneva been wiped out by the dukes of Savoy. Such is the testimony of the Positivist, John Morley,

whose father, it is true, was brought up a Wesleyan, but who himself has been outside church influences all his life. He speaks as a thinker and a statesman when he declares that the world issue to-day is between Calvinism and Machiavellianism. To Methodists the issue must not be clouded by the fact that we call ourselves Arminians. The great apostle of Evangelicalism at Cambridge, Charles Simeon, who was in the last decade of his honored ministry at Saint Mary's when Tennyson and Hallam were students at the university, did more in his long life to carry on the mission of John Wesley than any other Englishman. It was he who was the "man behind the guns" in the sending out to India of men like Henry Martyn, Bishop Wilson, and the statesman-poet, Sir Robert Grant, who has contributed seven of our finest lyrics to the Methodist Hymnal. People to-day wonder why India has kept so loyal to the British flag; I would answer, largely from the influence of the devout men sent out from Cambridge University by Charles Simeon. He had a memorable interview with John Wesley in December, 1784, when the older man was nearing the close of his great career. Simeon tells us the story of the interview in the preface of one of his books: "A young minister, about three or four years after he was ordained, had an opportunity of conversing familiarly with the great and venerable leader of the Arminians in this kingdom, and wishing to improve the occasion he addressed him nearly in the following words: 'Sir, I understand that you are called an Arminian, and I have been sometimes called a Calvinist; and therefore I suppose we are to draw daggers. But, before I consent to begin the combat, with your permission I will ask a few questions.'" Then followed inquiries regarding the absolute need of the grace and mercy of God in "preserving the believer unto the heavenly kingdom." The result was to establish a complete mutual harmony of creed; and Wesley records in his Journal that he found in Fletcher of Madeley and Mr. Simeon "two kindred souls, much resembling each other in fervor of spirit and earnestness of their address." In all the larger aspects of Christian faith, especially those concerning the sovereignty of God in his demands upon the nation and her rulers, Wesley as an Arminian was at one with

his Calvinistic brethren. To Grimshaw, a Calvinist, he was prepared to leave the whole care of his mission work. Arminianism is as anti-Machiavellian as Calvinism; as the Methodist Church is showing to-day in the wholesouled way in which it is responding to the national call to arms against the forces of evil. By the wonderful providence of God it is to an American born in a Calvinist manse that the destinies of the whole world to-day seem to be in large measure intrusted. Calvin carried into his religion the great commonwealth idea of Plato; that religious life is at the center of everything, personal and governmental; that the Word of God, the eternal Logos, is binding on every soul, and alone interprets the universe. To Plato, as to Calvin, the notion of a different law applying to the magistrate and to the private citizen was abhorrent; such frank Machiavellianism as Treitschke's was loathsome.

In this same notable treatise of Chamberlain's, which closes the second and concluding volume with the assertion that Goethe of all moderns had most of the spirit of Plato, all the references to the Christian working out of the Logos are in a contemptuous strain, as belonging to the dark side of "weird and stupid superstition, and the arid thorns of scholastic sophistry." Yet practically the real spiritualism of Plato has been best understood and interpreted by Christian thinkers: in English letters by Spenser, Milton, More, Vaughan; by Wordsworth in his inimitable "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Childhood"; and, lastly, by Tennyson. The latest critic of the great Victorian, Professor Raymond Alden of Stanford University, dwells on the Platonism in his teaching, in which he followed up the theme of Wordsworth's Ode—a prenatal existence: "In a late lyric, called 'Far, Far Away,' the poet questions whether a certain mystic pain or joy is not

> a breath
> From some fair dawn beyond the doors of death.

So also with the inner sense of the mortal self reaching into the Infinite. . . . To Mrs. Bradbury he once said, according to a passage in her diary, 'There are moments when the flesh is noth-

ing to me; when I feel and know the flesh to be vision, God and the spiritual the only real and true.' " There is a certain brotherly love in Plato which makes an interpretation of him after the German intellectual fashion essentially false. "Plato taught the doctrine, centuries ago," remarks Professor Alden, "the love for an individual was but a step toward the eternal Idea of beauty. Shakespeare told his beloved:

> Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts
> Which I by lacking have supposed dead.

And Tennyson, in like manner, is led to 'mingle all the world' with the soul of his friend, and to feel him like 'some diffusive power' in all the loveliness of nature. Hence, by a new kind of Platonism, he identifies his aspiration toward reunion with him and that toward reunion with the eternal Source of humanity."

It is this spirit of human love and sympathy which has been so markedly absent in the whole philosophical attitude of Germany since the time of Kant. A German critic of Kant has this incisive passage, quoted by Mr. More: "Perhaps we may say that there is an inner relationship between Kant's ethics and the Prussian nature. The conception of life as mechanical service, a disposition to order everything according to rule, a certain disbelief in human nature, and a kind of lack of the natural fullness of life, are traits common to both." So declares Friedrich Paulsen in his Immanuel Kant. We know that the philosopher, on the yearly occasion when the faculty went to worship in the church at Koenigsberg, left the procession at the door, and returned to his home and his desk! "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love (and know) God, whom he hath not seen?" Religion and æsthetics—where the Germans are notoriously astray—are to be discussed and understood in the realm of social heredity rather than of pure rationality. This is what makes In Memoriam superior to any pedantic treatise as a compendium of philosophical truth. Tennyson follows up the change of attitude to the universe, in Section XXX, with a tribute to that Mary whose glory it was that she loved the Saviour. And then at Section XXXVI he goes on to discuss the gloriously

loving work of such missionaries as John Williams (with whose work he was well acquainted):

> And so the Word had breath, and wrought
> With human hands the creed of creeds
> In loveliness of perfect deeds,
> More strong than all poetic thought;
>
> Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
> Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
> And those wild eyes that watch the wave
> In roarings round the coral reef.

Platonism worked out in practical Christian life! In a later Section, LIII, he deals with the problem of evil; whether it is possible to justify wrongdoing by the later effects; whether it is a wise thing for a man in youth to "sow his wild oats." He closes with the remarkable denunciation of this dangerous teaching:

> Hold thou the good: define it well:
> For fear divine philosophy
> Should push beyond her mark, and be
> Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

Surely these words are applicable to the career of modern Germany in her justification of inhuman acts. She has in truth become a "procuress to the Lords of Hell."

The third stanza of the magnificent Invocation with which "In Memoriam" opens—written later than the body of the poem—ends with the couplet:

> Our wills are ours, we know not how,
> Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Those acquainted with German literature of the past few years must have been restive under the constant use of the phrase, "the will to power," almost a catchword of militant, boastful Berlin. For instance, a certain Professor K. F. Wolff, in discussing the proper attitude of a strong government toward small nations, declares that "the proper thing for the conqueror is the outspoken will to continue and the will to destroy the political and national life of the conquered." This brutal pagan phrase is alien to the

language and literature of a Christian people. Unfortunately, from Luther to Treitschke, through Kant, Fichte, and Hegel, there runs in German thought the same idea of the "will to power" as the dominating rule in all statecraft. German thought has never understood Platonism at its best. Nor have their philosophers properly understood the meaning of the term Logos, which has been interpreted as practically the same as *Nous,* an intellectual or rational term. But to Plato, and to Socrates, his great master, the Logos or Will of the universe was something to be grasped spiritually, and submission to its dictates meant the suppression of desire and of earthly canons of happiness. To understand the will of God is the chief end of man, leading to glory and eternal joy. It also reveals the present and the future in a way denied to the ordinary lover of the things of sense. When Tennyson after a soul struggle apprehended this great truth, in terms of the Son of God who came "to do the will of him who sent me," he became a seer and real interpreter of history. The impassioned lines of his "In Memoriam" are the best modern gateway to the understanding of the Hebrew prophets who interpreted God's purposes on earth; they reveal the hidden things of the world, the "one increasing purpose that runs thro' the ages."

OUR LOST LEADER

Our losses are not those of the battlefield only. Or, to put it more accurately, the real battlefield is that where mind strikes mind and will wrestles with will. Our laboratories, clinics, oratories, and pulpits are the real points of vantage. The man behind the gun is more important than the gun itself. For good or ill our teachers are the real lords of humanity. The world has had an amazing revelation of the ruin wrought by a false teaching covered by great names. We have imbibed a great measure of distrust for those modern professors who have given a brand-new meaning to the ancient dictum, "Sacrificium intellectus." The defection of a great host of such scholars makes us treasure all the more the memory of those teachers whose influence will be determinative in the reconstruction sooner or later to be upon us. The Kitchener of Evangelicalism fell when James Denney left us. With a perfect heartbreak men wrote of his going. Plain people walked in thick ranks before his hearse. His friends found it hard to leave his grave. A sympathetic pang of sorrow was felt wherever his students were working. Only now did his disciples realize what he meant to them. What strange power he had over us. What a large place he filled in our affections. How much insight, inspiration, and passionate intensity was covered by his name. How closely associated in our minds he will always be with "convictions loved to the death, inestimably dear." What a gift of God to our troubled time. He will still speak from his grave as powerfully and passionately as any living teacher of our time. His image will glow forever in the souls of the rising ministry whom he kindled to the highest ideals of preaching.

James Denney was a lodge in a garden of cucumbers. He was a great Christian. He drew his breath in an atmosphere of deepest intensity. Every sermon, lecture, book, and prayer was suffused in an atmosphere of passionate intensity. He was constitutionally unable to do anything by halves. His soul was

always catching fire at some new place. He was always burning, yet unconsumed. The blood of Christ flowed in all his veins. He lived in a day that counted its pure scholars by the hundreds, but the unique thing about him, the thing that drew to his feet men from all over the world and kept them there forever, that made him the most inspiring and influential teacher of his own generation and that immediately following, was the spectacle of a mind on fire. He came into the classroom or pulpit like a seraph fresh from the altar of God. He kindled everything and everybody before him. Passion flowed from every pore of his being. He believed with Renan that no one can judge the Christian religion from the vantage ground of assumed neutrality. He could never discuss the sublimest realities of the universe, the historic facts upon which the hopes of men are founded, without giving expression to the difference, both for time and eternity, which those facts meant. The gospel to him was not a "no man's land," where soldiers of both sides were indiscriminately mixed and where uniforms were indistinguishable in the shadows. The gospel was no synonym for culture, nor was "sweetness and light" the last word of scholarship on the Man of Galilee. Others might interest themselves in the nearness of Christianity to other faiths: what held him spellbound was the impassable gulf between religions and religion. Passion is the infallible signatory of truth. Passion it was that gave him entrée to the mysteries and qualified him to expound them with sovereign power. To hear him lecture or preach was to believe in the apostolic succession all over again. It was to hear "the soul of the martyr cry invisible from under the altar of the cross." The abiding message of Denney to our time is that no man is fit to propagate the Christian faith whose words are not conceived and born in passion. Judged by that standard, about half the books on Christianity in modern times would shrivel into the outer darkness of complete oblivion. This is neither the fury of the obscurantist on the one hand nor the condescension of the modernist on the other. It is the deathless conviction that there is in the sacred heart of the gospel an ineffable something to which the newest or the oldest thought can do but scant justice; that no theology is Christian which is not

licked everlastingly by the thrice-heated flames of the holy passion of the redeeming God.

What a diversity of gifts he had. He occupied a place all his own as a teacher of theology. An American student who had taken a protracted course of study in Europe singled out three men as having made upon him the deepest impression of power: Hermann of Marburg, Wernle of Basle, and Denney of Glasgow. "He belonged," says Professor Mackintosh, "emphatically to the very small class of great lecturers. Men went into his auditorium expecting something to happen and came out awed and thrilled." His students knew they were sitting at the fountain. They had absolute confidence in his intellectual integrity. They were embarrassed by the perfect flood of material which every lecture contained. Again and again the lecturer was merged in the preacher and the spoken word became an ebbing voice before the visitation of the Crucified, whose power and glory flooded the classroom. His published sermons are a real preaching of "Jesus Christ, and him crucified." He preached one Sunday morning in a Glasgow church on "This is he that came by water and by blood; . . . not by water only, but by water and by blood." This indeed was the text of all his sermons, a gospel deep dyed in the crimson flood of Calvary. "I would rather preach with a crucifix in my hand than preach the very best system of ethics this world has ever seen or known." He did always preach with the crucifix in his hand: he died with the crucifix resting upon his brow. A distinguished teacher once said that on his tomb would be written the words, "Here lies the body of a man who never served on a committee." It has always been popular, especially among the intellectuals, to talk down to gifts of an executive order. Not everyone is great enough to be even a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord. Many were amazed to see him develop executive gifts of such a high order. Yet he loved the church of Jesus too well not to be able to render her distinguished service in any capacity whatever. Principal Rainy was a true prophet. When asked upon one occasion who would be the future leader of the Free Church he replied, "Denney." Principal of Glasgow College, leader in the Presbytery of Glasgow, an inspiring spirit

in the movement for Presbyterian reunion in Scotland, an enthusiastic worker for prohibition, a profound believer in the righteousness of the allied arms, he came to be regarded at the time of his death as the voice of the Christian conscience in Scotland. As an expositor, a historic-literary critic, his work was of the highest order. He does not give what the New Testament merely says—their name is legion who can do that. He leads you into the very atmosphere which the writers breathed and in which their very being is steeped; not what they said but what they felt and found too deep for words. One commentator of that stripe will always chase a thousand. He inherited—if so surpassingly a creative mind can be said to have inherited anything from anybody—from his predecessor in the Glasgow chair, A. B. Bruce, unsurpassed gifts of insight into the sacred heart of Scripture. It is doubtful if our time will see a more masterful interpreter of the Pauline theology. He was a lineal descendant of the apostle Paul himself, and never forgot the Rock out of which he was hewn. In all his expository work he made you think of the words,

> "The rest may reason and welcome,
> But we musicians know."

His books are all exhalations of his soul. They are all written in his life blood. Every candidate for the ministry would do well to read everything he ever wrote. He was distinctively a preacher to preachers. Everyone who is of the truth will rejoice to hear his voice. Studies in Theology is a multum in parvo. The Death of Christ marked an epoch in the theological history of many a man who read it. He always considered Jesus and the Gospel his masterpiece. To be sure it will always be a monument to his learning, his powers of critical analysis, and his truly apostolic faith. It is a real strategical triumph. Out of the mere five loaves and two fishes left by the most radical critics he gathered up enough fragments to justify the historic faith in Christ. He shows, as Dale had done before him, that the New Testament portrait of Jesus is a seamless robe; that the idea of a Jesus behind Jesus, of a real Jesus of history as distinguished from

the one of faith, is a perfectly groundless assumption. The chapter on the Resurrection is in a place apart. In the last chapter one finds much to question, though his plea for a more simple creed has done much to pave the way for reunion in Scotland and elsewhere.

Our churches are still cumbered, wearied, with much dispute about baptism, vestments, orders, unity, and the impossible color line, while the one thing needful—a real return with all our mind and heart and conscience and will to the perfect and whole New Testament Christ, a real determination on the part of all our clergy, high, middle, and low, to abandon once for all ambition, politics, and every plausible alliance with the kingdoms of this world and determine to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified—is still lacking. Dale's words spoken in 1869 are a challenge for today: "The storm has moved round the whole horizon; but it is rapidly concentrating its strength and fury above one sacred Head. This, this, is the real issue of the fight—Is Christendom to believe in Christ any longer or no? It is a battle in which everything is to be lost or won. It is not a theory of ecclesiastical polity which is in danger, it is not a theological system, it is not a creed, it is not the Old Testament or the New, but the claim of Christ himself to be the Son of God and the Saviour of mankind. This is surely enough to stir the church to vehement enthusiasm and to inspire it with its old heroic energy. It is a controversy, not for theologians merely, but for every man who has seen the face of Christ, and can bear personal testimony to His power and glory."

Do we say it? "Our people come to us"—this is Dale again —"our people come to us wearied with work and worn with sorrow, distracted with the cares of business, anxious about their children, mourning for their dead. They are conscious of sin, and are yearning for a deeper and more perfect peace with God; conscious of spiritual darkness and weakness, and longing for the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. I believe, as firmly as any one, that no church discharges its duty to man and God that does not produce thinkers and scholars competent to take their part in all the religious conflicts which disturb and excite the intellect of

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Christendom; and I also believe that we may sometimes discuss in the pulpit the critical, social, and philosophical theories which are imperiling the faith of our contemporaries. But such discussions can be attempted only occasionally by any of us; and very many of us must leave them altogether untouched. . . . Again, therefore, I ask, What are we to do? It appears to me that our true course is plain and direct. We have one duty to discharge, which includes all others. We have no new gospel to preach; we must preach the old gospel still, and preach it to all men. Christ is the Prince and Christ is the Saviour of the human race. That is just as true today as it ever was. It is not for us to rescue either individual men or nations from the doubt, from the misery, from the confusion, or from the sin by which they are distracted and oppressed, but for Christ. I want to show that by preaching Christ we shall best discharge our duty to this troubled and restless age."

"Yes, Denney did some good things for us. If only he had outgrown that impossible legalistic idea of the Atonement which vitiates all his work." So spoke a professor in a certain theological school in America. Well, Denney never outgrew it. His was a life-long labor to grow up to it and to lead others to the point of vantage which his own dauntless soul had reached. We rejoice to know that his bequest to us is the Cunningham Lectures on the Reconciliation. When Henry Parry Liddon was asked if he had not modified his views contained in The Divinity of Our Lord he replied by publishing another identical edition. Denney has done the same thing. He will live forever because of his unerring insight into the sacred heart of the gospel and his unsurpassed ability to make that message commanding and irresistible to others. The reaction from the historic Atonement was inevitable. It was part of a revolt from "canned theology gone stale." Men were determined to moralize and personalize every Christian doctrine at whatever cost. They not only became impatient of the innumerable fine-spun theories about the fact but with the fact itself. Somehow it dealt a fatal blow to the last lingering remnants of human pride. And that is always a bitter dose for us, to be resisted to the death if possible. The whole

question was settled out of court by an appeal to bad names—"legalistic," "forensic," it was called. The idea that there was or could be an obstacle in God, that there are any responsibilities in a moral universe which even God cannot escape, that God must be just to himself as well as to the sinner, that forgiveness is nothing unless a moral judgment is lodged at its heart—this was a relic of Judaism, not to say a survival of paganism at its worst estate. To free the simplicity of the gospel from this age-long incubus—for this purpose was the intellectual born. He would remove from the hymnal the familiar strains of "There is a Fountain filled with Blood." We must be æsthetic at all costs to reality. We must not have our up-to-date mental premises littered up with a single antique. We must take the color out of the blood of Christ. After all, things are looking up. Puritanism was too stiffnecked and tightlaced anyhow. Yet sin and sinful men are leaving a bloody trail in the world today. And for some reason or other blood must meet blood. There are moments in the lives, not of the worst men, but of the best this world has ever seen, moments of deepest moral and spiritual insight too, moments when there is such an amazing revelation of their deep and damning guilt that they turn instinctively to that old hymn:

> "What can wash away my sin?
> Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
> What can make me pure within?
> Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

The gospel, it cannot be too often or too loudly repeated, was not made for saints and angels, aristocrats and highbrows, priests and professors who need no repentance, it is always fashionable to speak of the "great unwashed." Distrust of the common people is very deep-rooted in us all. We are very far from being emancipated from the pagan standards of greatness. Humility is the first of the graces, yet always the last to be born. How different is the new from the old poetry. The old was read in kings' palaces to those who fared sumptuously every day. The new is read in trenches, dugouts, billets, and hospitals. John Masefield has caught the idea:

"Of the maimed and the halt and the blind
In the rain and the cold,
Of these shall my songs be fashioned
And my tales be told."

Well, the music of the gospel is "of the maimed and the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold" too. The gospel has suffered far more from the knowledge that would explain it away than from the ignorance that accepted it without cavil. The foolishness of God is still wiser than men, even though they be the men of Cæsar's household in 1918.

Nothing will do more to hasten the spiritual renaissance for which we are all waiting and watching, and to restore to the church universal her spiritual primacy in humanity, than a whole-hearted return on the part of the bishops, clergy, and laity to cross-crowned Calvary.

"O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow.
No other fount I know:
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!"

Robert E. Speer

JOHN HAY—LITTÉRATEUR

The West, as it was known three quarters of a century ago, was settled by a population wholly original and daringly enterprising in character. Murat Halstead, long the famous editor of the Cincinnati Commercial, facetiously but fitly spoke of the section as never having been in the wilderness and never to be in this world. From the heart of the region there was evolved through the years a splendid company of authors who have made an Indiana literature for the West as distinctive as that of New England for the East or of Georgia for the South. Dr. Charles Forster Smith, in his Reminiscences and Sketches, issued from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Publishing House in 1909, thus introduces the sketch of Maurice Thompson: "In the production of men of great talent there are often extraordinary years and especially favored localities. Maurice Thompson is classed with that coterie of literary people from the neighborhood of Brookville, Indiana, to which belonged Lew Wallace, John Hay, and others." Widening somewhat the locality and extending the time, among the others would be included the Eggleston brothers, Edward and George Cary, James Whitcomb Riley, Meredith Nicholson, George Ade, and Booth Tarkington. Recently I have read with exceeding interest some comprehensive volumes of biography illustrative of the spirit and times in the Middle West which nurtured men of signal ability and commanding position. These are Charles Olcott's Life of William McKinley, Notes of a Busy Life, an autobiography, by Joseph Benson Foraker, and William Roscoe Thayer's Life and Letters of John Hay. As public men and statesmen the lives of McKinley and Foraker made their appeal. Further than this, the life of Hay proved interesting in that, in addition to being a man eminent in public station, he was an author and journalist. Associated with Horace Greeley and Whitelaw Reid on the New York Tribune editorial staff, he showed himself an editorial writer of incisive force and fascinating style. His biographer shows a confirmation of the statement that he grew up with a pen in hand.

His college days at Brown University were marked by facility in its use. As one of President Lincoln's private secretaries large opportunities were afforded for its exercise. When, subsequently, secretaryships of legations and larger responsibilities came to him in foreign courts, at Paris, Vienna, and Madrid, the doors opened wider for observation and expression. Therefore, to read his life is to send one to the reading or rereading of his literary remains.

Standing in the background as a complement to any phase of a great man's life, the picture must include, however narrowly, his heredity and environment. Hay's father, a country physician, added to his professional skill the fine culture and dignified bearing of the old-school gentleman. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. David Leonard, a Baptist preacher of note in Rhode Island, whose sacred calling did not deter him from engaging in secular pursuits, inasmuch as he was merchant, postmaster, and editor and proprietor of a political newspaper. In his early childhood the parents of young Hay moved from Indiana to western Illinois. Both were accomplished classical scholars, and for the most part directed personally the son's education until he was fitted for college. In his seventeenth year he was sent to Brown University, the alma mater of his maternal grandfather, and entered the sophomore class. In 1858 he received his diploma in a class numbering twenty-five members, of which he was by far the most distinguished representative. The faculty of Brown during his college career was composed of able scholars, every one of whom was a graduate of the institution. Inbreeding was not then regarded a sure sign of institutional decadence, but a proud exhibition of loyalty to traditions and of resources for self-supply. Barnas Sears, afterward first agent of the George Peabody Educational Fund, was president; J. L. Lincoln and Albert Harkness, names familiar to most classical scholars and to many students of the ancient classics, were respectively in charge of Latin and Greek; J. B. Angell, who became distinguished as president of the University of Michigan and United States Minister to Turkey, held the chair of Modern Languages, while other professors were men of scholarly reputations. Mr. Hay always

cherished a tender memory for Brown, as attested by these lines from his Centennial Ode celebrating the first century of the institution's existence:

> "Her heavenly forehead bears no line
> Of Time's iconoclastic fingers,
> But o'er her form the grace divine
> Of deathless youth and wisdom lingers.
> We fade and pass, grow faint and old,
> Till youth and joy and hope are banished,
> And still her beauty seems to fold
> The sum of all the glory vanished."

When Hay returned to his Western home the country was in a state of ferment over the slavery question. Political parties were in a state of change, either recasting or restating their principles. The presages of civil war were rife, and the oracles were dumb. The great party leaders who had guided the ship of state over many breakers had passed off the stage, and new leaders were steering her course into the certain maelstrom of civil convulsion. The year of 1858 is memorable in Illinois history as that of the famous debate between Stephen A. Douglass and Abraham Lincoln. "The Little Giant" and "The First American" met in the arena of national politics to contest for the United States senatorship as the prize. With eager expectancy the nation watched the blows of masterful argument, the thrusts of incisive logic, the shafts of sparkling wit, and the flights of burning eloquence. The effect of these destroyed the presidential possibilities of one, though bringing temporary victory, and lifted the other to the stature of a national figure and marked him the inevitable leader of his new party. Man is the product of observation and reflection superadded to environment and inherited qualities. With one of his ardent temperament, liberal views, and high ideals, it was impossible for John Hay not to be greatly influenced by these discussions of grave issues and the excitements incident thereto. Soon afterward, having begun the study of law in Springfield, he met Mr. Lincoln. The acquaintance ripened into mutual esteem, and when Lincoln was elected President he made Hay, conjointly with John G. Nicolay, a private secretary. For four

years, with the exception of a brief term of service in the field on the staff of Generals Hunter and Gilmore as assistant adjutant general, he was in closest touch and most confidential relationship with the President, and watched by his bedside when he drew his last breath. In recognition of valuable service he was promoted to the rank of Colonel.

Immediately after the close of the Civil War, Hay was transferred from the dark night that shrouded the nation and its capital to the bright and vivacious life of the French capital, being made secretary of the legation in Paris. This position he filled for nearly two years, when he was made chargé d'affaires in Vienna upon the unexpected recall of James Lothrop Motley as minister to Austria, an indignity somewhat atoned for by his nomination as minister to England. After a year and a half in the lively Viennese capital he returned to America to engage in journalism, but was diverted from this purpose by receiving the appointment of secretary of legation in Madrid. To his stay in Spain we owe his Castilian Days, a delightful book of travel, worthily ranking with Nathaniel P. Willis's Pencillings by the Way, Bayard Taylor's Views Afoot, William D. Howells's Italian Journeys, and George W. Curtis's Howadji. Hay's official position and his free intercourse with Spain's most distinguished men gave him unrivaled facilities for glimpses into Spanish life and institutions, the fruitage of which is unfolded in the pages of Castilian Days. Bringing to the subject the rich stores of his cultivated mind, five years of careful study of European history and politics, and an instinctive love for the beautiful in nature and art, he did not disappoint the reader who expected a charming and faithful delineation. With terseness of expression, grace of style, and, oftentimes, beauty of diction, the landscape, art, and history of the country, the pastimes, holidays, and customs of the people, together with their virtues and vices, pass in hurried review, without leaving anything unsaid that we might wish said or omitting any detail that left the impression vague. At times his intense republicanism crops out in descanting upon the oppressions of the church and crown, while he injects here and there an epigrammatic remark that provokes a smile or strikes by its forcibleness

and applicableness. One puts the book aside with the feeling that Spain offers greater attractions and more interest than he has hitherto realized, that back of her more recent capricious politics and a second-rate position lies a history rich in bold enterprise, illustrious exploits, and artistic achievement, and that a people so generous in impulse and so patient under oppression would yet enjoy the blessings guaranteed by civil and religious liberty.

In the same year with Castilian Days, 1871, appeared the best known of Hay's works, Pike County Ballads. Thereby he was proclaimed both poet and humorist. Returning from his diplomatic posts, he found Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" read, discussed, and admired on every hand. He discerned its subtle power and charm, and determined to produce a rival. As a result he wrote in quick succession "Little Breeches," "Jim Bludso," "Banty Tim," and "The Mystery of Gilgal," properly constituting the Pike County Ballads. These won at once popular favor and assured the position of the gifted author. Thus he found himself famous through the gratification of an idle vagary intended for the amusement of himself and to see how "genuine Western feeling in genuine Western language" would appeal to Western people. The West recognized and accepted its own, while the English-reading public have long enjoyed the quaint humor and tender pathos of Little Breeches and Jim Bludso. These names have survived with the familiarity of household words. The poems are racy of the soil at a time when the frontier life had been merged into that of the populous community without taking on any of its refinements. It was the time of the rough, unsophisticated countryman who brought up his little four-year-old son to be

> "Peart and chipper and sassy,
> Always ready to swear and fight,
> And who'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
> Jest to keep his milk-teeth white."

It was in the halcyon days of the palatial steamboat on the Mississippi River, when a trip was the annual event of the well-to-do and the ungratified ambition of the thriftless. The reckless,

fearless engineer, who enjoyed the magnitude and responsibility of his station, avowed no religion except

"To treat his engine well;
Never to be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore—
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

There, too, with whisky, swearing, knives and pistols, were the swaggering colonel, the consequential judge, the blustering brawler, and the punctilious upstart, each skilled to carve "in a way that all admired." It was a small general fight, creating such havoc when

"They piled the stiffs outside the door;
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.
. . . . . .
Girls went that winter, as a rule,
Alone to spellin'-school."

With the fastidious orthodox the grim humor of "Little Breeches" would hardly be compensation for the light-hearted suggestion that angels loaf around the throne, while it would be downright blasphemy to presume that a bigamist, Jim Bludso, had a better chance at the judgment than

"some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him."

"Banty Tim" belongs to the after-the-war period, and is the determined protest of an old soldier against the resolutions banishing all Negroes

"From the limits of Spunky Pi'nt."

The Negro who had

"His black hide riddled with balls"

to rescue Tilman Joy from death in battle might count on the unfailing support of him whose defiance ends thus:

"So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim:
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not going back on him!

You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But if one of you tetches the boy
He'll wrestle his hash tonight in hell,
Or my name's not Tilman Joy!"

The other divisions of the Ballads are entitled "Wanderlieder" and "New and Old." The former, as the title and matter indicate, are for the most part poems incited by the legendary lore clustering about spots and scenes visited during his sojourn in the Old World. Some of these, like "Sunrise in the Place de la Concorde," "A Woman's Love," and "On Pitz Languard," bear the ineffaceable stamp of the divine afflatus. "New and Old" are, in the main, society verses and war poems, giving evidence of the rich vein of poetry in the writer. All of these, however, are unknown as compared with the "Pike County Ballads." Yet, strange to say, Mr. Hay never afterward ventured to write one poem like them, as if putting the seal of his condemnation on what he had already written. The question arises: Had he a presentiment that the dignity and character of his life's work and purposes would be thwarted or sadly compromised by too frequent indulgence in these pastimes? For such they were. Mirth and seriousness, unfortunately, are not commonly supposed to be twin sisters, but jealous rivals, disputing each other's claims to absolute proprietorship. The annals of American humorous literature are not without examples of writers who, feeling that they were injured or hampered thereby, repudiated works that remain their most enduring monuments in the eyes of posterity. But for these all traces of their literary activity would be obliterated. Judge A. B. Longstreet, author of that inimitable book, Georgia Scenes, deeply regretted that he had ever published it, and sought its suppression. Johnson J. Hooper, whose name is forgotten while that of "Simon Suggs" continues to provoke laughter, felt that all the ambitious dreams of his talented life remained unfulfilled because of his book of rollicking humor, which haunted him like a nightmare. Hay repudiated his "Pike County Ballads," and requested E. C. Stedman not to use "Little Breeches" in An American Anthology. Perhaps the quest for the high eminence in politics and literature which he afterward

attained prompted him to write to Stedman: "You would pardon the cheeky request if you knew how odious the very name of that hopeless fluke ["Little Breeches"] is to yours faithfully."

From 1870 to 1875 Mr. Hay was on the editorial staff of the New York Tribune, giving in its columns ample testimony of his ability and industry. He was First Assistant Secretary of State during the latter part of President Hayes's administration. Though besought by President Garfield and Secretary of State Blaine to continue in the public service, at the end of his term he relinquished the position to devote himself, jointly with his former colleague, John G. Nicolay, to writing the life of Lincoln. The results of their monumental labors appeared serially in the Century Magazine from 1886 to 1890, and the published volumes give the completest biographical account of a man and his times ever issued in America. For satisfactory reasons the authorship of that powerful novel The Bread Winners, though attributed to him, remained for many years a sealed mystery, as much so as the identity of him "who got the whisky-skin of Gilgal." His appointment as ambassador to Great Britain was in the line of precedent and well-deserved promotion. It was an honor worthily bestowed and met with cordial approval on both sides of the Atlantic. The recognition of the man of letters as a fit representative of the United States at foreign courts has kept pace with the growth of the literary spirit and the excellence of literary production. Walter H. Page at London and Thomas Nelson Page at Rome are current examples of the practice. In 1791 David Humphreys, an American poet and one of the celebrated "Hartford wits," was made minister to Portugal, and afterward to Spain. In 1811 Joel Barlow, of the same coterie of poets and wits, was appointed minister to France. In 1847 Washington Irving, the first American author to gain a distinct and permanent recognition in Europe literary circles, was sent as ambassador to Spain. In 1846, twelve years after the appearance of his first volume of the History of the United States, George Bancroft was the first distinctively American man of letters appointed minister to Great Britain. From the beginnings of the republic the accredited representatives of the United States to the court of Saint

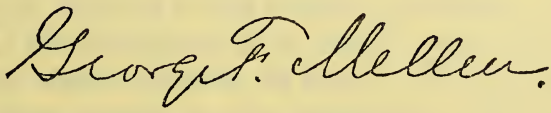
James have been men of conspicuous ability, of high character, and of brilliant accomplishments. One needs but to mention John Adams, John Jay, John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, Edward Everett, Charles Francis Adams, James Lothrop Motley, and James Russell Lowell to note the venerable and illustrious names supporting this column of national greatness. Whether from the viewpoint of close consanguinity, of intense rivalry, or of hostile attitude, the wisdom of such appointments has been justified by increased respect for American brain and prowess. The appointment of John Hay detracted in no wise from the standard theretofore maintained. His highly creditable career as diplomatist, journalist, and author marked him as eminently fitted for the succession. Too, in some measure, the famous sneer and long-standing reproach embodied in the inquiry of the Englishman: "Who reads an American book?" was thus to be removed by sending to his capital men who wrote books that are read and printed on both sides of the separating ocean.

As Secretary of State in the cabinets of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt he was the first of our littérateurs to occupy that exalted position, though George Bancroft and John Pendleton Kennedy had held cabinet places. In handling the gravest problems of government—such as issues growing out of the Spanish-American War, bringing about and maintaining the "open door" in China, involving the Isthmian canal, with its international complications, and every other question that confronted him—his coolness, wisdom, and statesmanlike appreciation of current and coming events showed him unsurpassed by any contemporary diplomatist and gave him a rank by the side of the ablest in a long line of distinguished predecessors. His literary accomplishments and training stood him in good stead in the preparation of state papers that for clearness of thought and force of expression reach a highwater mark.

It remains to speak briefly of Mr. Hay's domestic and social life as an influence. Good antecedents, native endowments, liberal education, and extensive travels were an admirable foundation and equipment for the attainment of literary fame, but there were other associations contributory to the end. His wife was Miss

Clara Stone, daughter of Amasa Stone, a wealthy citizen of Cleveland, Ohio. Of congenial tastes and highly cultured, her wealth made it possible for him to pursue uninterruptedly his literary aims, together with the gratification of wishes dictated by love of travel, intellectual aspirations, and offices of great distinction. From their home on Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, where he worked for some years on the Lincoln biography, removal was made to one more spacious and elegant in Washington. The residence was planned for him by the well-known architect, H. H. Richardson, a short time before the latter's lamented death. It is Romanesque in style and has an imposing appearance. To me, wont to stroll by frequently, it seemed unfortunate that so princely an establishment had not the accompaniment of spacious grounds. In the fashionable part of the national capital, historic spots and places around it gave a pleasing setting. La Fayette Square was just to the south. One block westward stood the old home of George Bancroft. Old Saint John's Church, where worshiped the early presidents and dignitaries, was immediately across the street. The Cosmos Club, housed in the old home of Polly Madison, was nearby. In such an environment the Hay home was built with special reference to the tastes and habits of a man of letters and a lover of art. In it was gathered a rare and valued collection of books and works of art. Here the cultivated owner, in bearing and demeanor a nobleman among men, entertained in a style of elegant simplicity and, as far as onerous public duties permitted, enjoyed the atmosphere of quiet culture.

Through many years and in varied wanderings it was a far and eventful journey that led from the Indiana frontier to the Washington palace, but no milestones that mark it stand out in bolder relief or with more permanent luster than the books he wrote.



OUR DUMB FELLOW CITIZENS

My India experience of quite a lifetime gave me a more appreciative idea of our kinship to the higher animals, domestic in our homes and fellow citizens on our streets. The Hindu holds all life to be common in essence and sacred. I once observed a Hindu on the street with his arm around the neck of his cow as they walked along. "You seem to like your cow," said I. "She is my mother," was the reply, and he kissed her on the mouth. I once observed a Parsee (fire worshiper), as he passed a horse on the street of Bombay, bow deferentially to it. Absurd as such incidents may seem, they imply an appreciation with a large measure of truth in it. Few persons fully grasp the resemblance of animal physiology and psychology to our own. We do the animal injustice, ignore his rights and misinterpret his actions. So fine a student of animal life as John Burroughs ventured the unproved statement that "animal intelligence differs radically in its mode of working from rational human intelligence." The thought of Professor Yerkes, of Harvard University, shows a more sympathetic touch of that which makes all animate creation kin: "Every student of living things knows that to understand the structure, habits, instincts of any creature is to feel for it and with it. Even the lowliest type of organism acquires a dignity and worth when one becomes familiar with its life."

Our domestic companions, the dog, cat, horse, cow, etc., deserve a full appreciation. I mention especially our canine friend because his intelligence, affection, and fellow feeling afford the best illustrations of kinship. In physical makeup the resemblance of the muscular, vascular, and nervous systems of almost all quadrupeds, built on a bony structure, in outline is the same as ours, and the intelligence, in its measure, and the acquisition of knowledge closely resemble the human. We no longer think of these higher animals as mere automatons, acting simply by instinct in some mysterious automatic way. Animal intelligence has been studiously investigated in the laboratory and curious theories have been propounded of animal thinking and conduct.

The question of reason is still in discussion pro and con. This writer holds the view that, in the main, just as the higher animals in their physical makeup and animal life bear a striking resemblance to man so they do in their mentality. The physical sensorium of the five senses impinges on a mentality and begets thought and knowledge in the same way as in man. Animals certainly have thought, a form of mental activity, and if logic is a form of activity by which we reach conclusions and acquire knowledge, animals certainly reason. They show voluntary conformity to environment. They use means to ends. They reveal the same process of perception, judgment, memory, feeling, etc. When awake their intelligence seems constantly active, and in sleep some of them seem to dream. While not having the faculty of speech, they do understand man's speech to a remarkable degree, associating the right idea or thing with the word. It is claimed that they cannot count; neither can the Yaligan Indians of Tierra Del Fuego beyond three, and it is unproved that animals cannot count three. The claim cannot be maintained that there is a sheer break between animal and human intelligence at the point of reason. The striking resemblance to man's physical makeup finds its counterpart in psychology. What, then, is the difference but some limitation in certain common faculties, as reason, invention, language? Yet even in insects mental manifestations raise the question of the nature and source of their intelligence. Take a beehive, with its twenty-five or thirty thousand citizens. The queen manifests regal isolation and dignity, puts her eggs one by one in cells prepared for her, and leads the colony in migration. The hive workers manifest all the sensations, are industrious, scouring the forest and field for materials to make their combs, and the honey and other food with which to store them. They fit their cells in the best geometric and economic form. Think of their temper in repelling invaders, and their care for the queen. Mark their cooperation in community action. Engineering may be observed in fitting the comb to varying situations. The writer has marveled at the fact that where a comb, through heat or some disturbance, has leaned, threatening to collapse, the alert engineers buttress the weak place. What

intelligence in the little brain ganglion, seeming not to depend on size. Intelligence has no mathematical dimensions or avoirdupois. Calling it instinct does not help the matter, and if it be rationality, it is either in the bee or in the working of a cosmic intelligence that seems to pervade all animate being—and we are in the fascination of pantheism!

To resume our point on logic: some laboratory workers on animal psychology deny all reason in our animal friends, but they cannot prove that a dog does not see an object just as a man does. The canine percept produces its concept which is linked with other concepts into judgments, or propositions, which are put together in syllogisms by the same logical law of thought as in human reasoning. If a dog or cat gets burnt the percept of heat gives a concept of the same heat. The red flame gives a percept of color, yielding a corresponding concept which becomes linked with the concept of heat, in the proposition "fire burns," and the dog or cat reasons. In shunning the flame the dumb logician has his syllogism just as his higher friend, for he reasons in the same way, from observation and experience; that is

(1) Fire burns (major premise).
(2) This is a flame of fire (minor premise).
(3) Therefore this fire will burn (conclusion).

Thus the mentality of the "mere" animal works in the same deductive manner as in the human animal. Open syllogisms are not always constructed by dogs and cats, for, as in our case, unnumbered major premises, not expressed, have been settled by experience or observation and are in mental stock. In deductive reasoning we think in enthymemes; that is, one premise is implied. Generalizations, facts, principles have been settled in our thinking and are not repeated. Supplied with these, the mind seems to act automatically. We have no reason to hold it otherwise with animals, which in their measure reason in the same way.

So much for logical deduction—reasoning from the general to the particular. As for induction, generalizing from particulars, animals arrive at general facts in the same way. "A burnt child fears the fire"; not otherwise a cat, and for the same reason. Animals, too, generalize from particulars and act on common

truths. The law of memory articulates all, as in man's case. It is generally held that animals do not think in abstract or general terms, not being able to rise from the particular to the general or abstract. Now, it is a rash man that imagines a dog cannot discriminate a cat from his own kind when he dashes after her. He knows the cat because he has observed and abstracted and grouped cat-qualities, carries in his intelligence a general cat idea. In the same way that dog has generalized different objects, and applies the abstract conception to the concrete. The thought process is the same as in man. All this in contradiction to Max Müller, who gives this "chip" from his German workshop: "Man alone employs language, he alone comprehends himself, he alone has the power of abstraction, he alone possesses general ideas." A "break" there is between man and the lower animals, but it is not "infinite," as Huxley affirmed. While it is true that the animal does not seem able to use speech in word utterance, dogs and horses do use the meaning of words in long sentences uttered to them in commands and other communications. Here is something in common, and if there be a purposeful Creator we can infer that for wise reasons he set a limit to the power of speech in our animal companions, and well for us sinners it is so. As is the limitation of the body in many respects, so limitation was set where use was not intended. The paw of the dog and the hoof of the horse are poor instruments for typewriting, or playing on the violin, or pulling teeth. So the intelligence of animals is not adapted to the flexible and varied details of reason and speech required in man's sphere. Yet in animals a threefold manifestation, in knowing, feeling, and willing, corresponds to the human process. Animals gain knowledge of facts and things in the same way, by the five senses; they have emotions, memory, and imagination closely resembling the human; and their will acts in the same way from motives.

We are always puzzling about animal intelligence and conduct. The object of this paper is to give a popular illustration of the claim here made, and awaken a more appreciative idea of the kinship of our dumb fellow citizens. One has justly said: "We are animals. We move, touch, taste, smell, see, hear; we

sleep, wake, eat, digest, and fail to digest, become diseased, recover, decay, die; we discern, seize, fear, flee, or fight, all precisely as other animals do, and our physical construction and mental processes all proclaim our relation to the beast." In their measure, then, our dumb fellow citizens are kin to us in thought, feeling, and volitional power, having psychologically the same type of mind. Illustrations of this are ample and enable us to understand the manifestations of animal life. An observer and student in this matter, the writer has collected a large lot of instances illustrating the points presented. As here stated, animals obtain knowledge of the external world by perceptive and consequent concepts woven together by a process similar to human thought. Their class of feelings or emotions corresponds very closely to ours. They manifest fear, joy, love, hatred, anger, jealousy, sexual impulse, etc., much the same as the human. They have domestic affection, society likes and dislikes, sense of shame, of humor and playfulness, this last especially strong in early life, just as mankind. When a flock of lambs line up and dash across a field in play there is no reason to think their sense of fun differs from that of a group of children romping in the same field. From my window, where I write, I have been making a study of two dogs which have formed a very interesting friendship. They live some distance apart and are taken in by their owners at night; but in the morning they meet with delightful affection, exchange their nosing salutes, then romp and play by the hour like two boys, with noisy affectation of anger and fight. They make common cause against any passing dog not of their clique.

Animals reveal memory, attention, power of association, consciousness, and imagination. If language is a signal system of expressing thought and emotion by vocal signs, then animals can speak, although their capacity in this is very much less than in man, by whom it seems capable of indefinite expansion. They also manifest a degree of what seems like moral life. It is an interesting study to examine some of these matters. The affection of these dumb companions for their masters and for children is touching. A Mr. Gray went aboard a Boston express and his greyhound, which had followed him to the station, tried to get

on the train, but was kept out. He then ran round to the window where his master was seated, and when the train started kept even with the car, but at the end of six miles fell exhausted and died. A spaniel of Lynn, Massachusetts, saved his eight-year-old master, who had broken through the ice, by jumping in and holding him till a brother arrived and rescued him. A Newfoundland dog, barking for help, leaped from a ship in a storm in the Bay of Fundy to rescue his master, the cook, who had been washed overboard. The cook caught the dog around the neck and supported himself till rescued, but the dog, exhausted, was drowned. Many instances are on record of dogs which have pined to death after the decease of their masters. The affection of such animals seems more intense than that of human beings. The writer by accident shot a baby monkey in India and was subjected to the torture of seeing the mother carrying her dead baby in her arms for a week. Thompson Seton, writing of a mother bear, called in the Indian's language "woman bear," describes her affection for her baby cub: "Animal? Brutal? Maybe so. But this I tell you is the very same feeling, half sacrificial, half selfish, that our own women find in the hankering of motherhood, the joy of possessing, touching, the little ones born of their bodies."

The companionship of animals for us and our reciprocation marks our kinship. Here is the rationale of our interest in pets and its reciprocity. Poe always slept with his cat. The dog is never happier than when taking his siesta at his master's feet. It would seem that some animals exceed man in their affection for one another and for human kind. The good offices of our canine friends have often been manifested in saving life from water, and fire, and other impending dangers. Taffy, a large mastiff, saved an entire family that lived on a farm near Lowell, Massachusetts. In the night the house caught fire from an overheated stove. The watch dog rushed through the house barking till the parents were awakened barely in time to save the children. A fire started in the home of Robert Graham of Southington, Connecticut, while Rover, the watch dog, was on the back porch. He discovered the fire, unlatched the door, rushed to the bedroom of his master, aroused him in time to awaken and save ten

other occupants of the house. The noble animal, having thus saved the family, stood guard over the ruins the next day. Why doubt that the emotion and reasoning of this canine resembled that of a human?

Animals often reveal a remarkable memory. The story of the dog of Ulysses, which recognized him after an absence of twenty years, is possible. The writer saw a parrot flutter in its cage with joy at the return of a young man after a year's absence. When released from the cage it perched on the young man's shoulder, cooing and billing with delight. The Chicago Tribune gives a marvelous story of a horse that was stolen, and after two years the owner met a stranger driving the horse and claimed him. In the dispute that followed this test of ownership was proposed: that if the horse, when unhitched at the claimant's home, would go to the gate, lift the latch, open the gate, go round the barn, open the door, and go into the third stall, it belonged there. After two years he remembered the details and went through the exact maneuver he had learned. F. Martin Ducan, according to the London Mail, claims that the memory of the elephant is marvelous, and "that of other beasts of the jungle is hardly less noteworthy. Tigers in captivity always remember a kindness and recognize a friend, even after the lapse of months." Karl Hagenback, a famous lion tamer, "insists that the power of memory is as well developed in animals as in human beings, and that wild animals are better endowed in the matter of memory than domestic animals." It is said that he visited a "zoo" to which he had sold some animals, and entering the lion house on tip toe he called out "Hello" in German; the lions and tigers jumped to their feet and greeted him with manifestations of glad recognition.

The question is raised of conscious life in animals, and, as we have seen, Max Müller thinks that "man alone comprehends himself." But it seems plain that if a dog be oblivious of self (a high quality in man) he does "comprehend" something of his master and the other dogs he meets. Now, consciousness is an accompaniment of perception; hence, if a dog be hit with a cane he must be conscious of the pain and fear produced or he would

be indifferent, like the cane. Whether, like a German professor of psychology, he is conscious of his consciousness, and ever analyzes it, may be an open question, but not the primary fact that his life is made up of consciousnesses. The law of his intelligence must act in the same way as in the human critic. Consciousness is involved in memory, very acute, as we have seen, in our dumb kin; and as memory is the recalling of thoughts and the picturing of objects and events, animals, too, must have imagination. How far this is worked up into constructive thought and imaginative conjecturing we are unable to fathom, but there must be some analogy to the working of the human mind. A dog sitting on his haunches, looking up and down the street, must have imaginings of some kind. Analogy would indicate that animals in their waking hours have constant trains of thought and feeling. Observers claim that dogs have dreams, revealing the activity of their brain as the imagination seems to repeat their waking activities, in barking, growling, foot movements, etc.

Our dumb fellow creatures not only have the faculty of memory and imagination, but also a manifest capacity of imitation, doubted by some of the laboratory devotees. Imitation is involved in memory. Mr. E. T. Brewster, in "McClure's Magazine," makes this imitation instinctive and a "reflex" action, something done without thought, but set in motion by a similar action, like a yawn started by the sight of it in another. This illustration is an admission that much human imitation is done in the same way as by animals and our point is made of the close kinship of our dumb citizens. This power of imitation, be it with or without thought, is seen when a dog imitates vocal sounds made by his master, starts to run when he runs, and plays when he plays. It must be by imitation that parrots learn to talk. Mr. Allan, a farmer who lives near Stanberry, Missouri, owns a Scotch collie which has become a good corn husker. He watched the huskers in the field, ran to a stalk and standing on his hind feet, pulled off an ear, and with his teeth and fore paws husked it and carried it to his master for the wagon. Pleased with his success and the approval gained, he repeated his feat until he became quite a husker.

It is marvelous how dogs will read one's face. It seems like mind reading. Approval or disapproval in a smile or a frown is at once discovered. They scrutinize the face, jump at the approval or are depressed by the disapproval. An attempt to trick a dog into punishment or confinement is readily discovered. The social or community habits of animals are an interesting study. Most animals are gregarious, like man, living in communities with bosses and leaders in a kind of government. The dogs of a community form a sort of unit, repelling those of another community. They maintain an interest in their fellowship, playing among themselves, hunting together, and standing in common defense against their enemies. And among themselves there are rivalries, jealousies, hates, etc. Touching instances of a kind community feeling can be given, where sympathy was manifested for a suffering member. This social or fellowship impulse turns for companionship to mankind, in the affection of pets of many kinds, at the base of which is some feeling of kinship. The sympathy of the dog for his suffering human friend is wonderful. He will stay days by the sick bed in manifest concern for his ailing friend. The writer was once in bed for some weeks from pneumonia, and a family terrier insisted on remaining in the room, with an air of anxiety, and leaped for joy when the invalid left his bed.

This social instinct has a family side for the young, with pleasure in their presence and desperate courage in their defense. A polar bear was seen to rush repeatedly into a pile of burning carcasses and drag out some flesh for her cub. The sheep is notably a timid animal, yet the writer saw a ewe, in defense of her lamb, face a lurking dog and with a sudden butt send him tumbling over. This solicitous interest of animals is seen in the care of the male for the female in cases needing his guardianship. As I write, a sitting goose has made her nest on the border of a small lake nearby. The gander stands guard day and night, warning anyone away who might disturb his mate. Canary fanciers must have seen how lovingly the male bird brings food and puts it into the mouth of his incubating mate. It may be thought that all this is merely automatic instinct, but it is of the same intelligent nature with the tender care of a good husband for his wife.

Something like administering discipline may be observed among animals. A cat will endure the rough tugging and clawing of her kitten till a point is reached beyond endurance, then a cuff with her gloved paw ends her annoyance. A hunter saw a whining cub following its mother, who, becoming annoyed, turned and cuffed the youngster into silence. The instance is vouched for of a cat sitting quietly by a stove, tail and paws adjusted in cat pose. A crying child was sitting alone in another part of the room. The cat, annoyed by the continued crying of the child, got up and walked to it and gave it a cuff on the head, as much as to say "Keep still." The writer saw a young terrier in a lady's lap growling and pretending to bite, when the house cat sitting nearby came and stood up on its hind legs by the lady's knee and gave the terrier a sharp cuff on the side of his head, ending the noise. When a hen thinks her chicks are able to care for themselves she ceases to call them for a find, and will drive them away from clinging after her. In such cases there seems to be something like a human sense of propriety followed by the remedy for disorder.

Have animals a moral nature? The answer turns on the question, What is morality? If morality be the quality of an action that constitutes it good, or is conformity to a true moral standard, then there is something in the action of animals in their conduct toward one another, and toward mankind, that seems to have a moral character. In man, sympathy, patience, love, kindness, gratitude, faithfulness, courage, etc., are considered moral virtues. In our conceit we arrogate to ourselves virtue for all our good acts, but call the same acts in animals instinctive, or automatic, hence nonmoral. But many of our good deeds may be nonmoral for the same reason. E. T. Brewster, a close student of animal psychology, writes that animals have "a sagacity often hardly less than our own, and a morality sometimes superior." And it may be that vicious animals are not merely nonmoral. Professor Bierbower, in his Principles of a System of Philosophy, suggests that a kicking mule may be living beneath its privilege. It is very interesting to note the good actions and emotions of many animals; what intense love, and sympathy, and abiding

faithfulness. On the tombstone of a colonel's favorite dog the writer saw this epitaph: "Man's most faithful friend."

What can be more touching than the frantic efforts of a cat or dog to save its friend from death by fire or water? Of this we have many instances. In Passaic, N. J., a little girl's clothes caught fire from a blaze which she had kindled, and the family cat jumped at her and tried to claw off the clothing, getting badly burned in the attempt, but persisted till other help arrived. In Boston, Teddy, a house dog, tugged at the skirts of Mrs. Cram till she followed him to the barn, where she found her husband dying. At Hackensack, N. J., Rex, a Saint Bernard, pulled a boy twelve years old and a younger sister from a pond where they had broken through the ice. When the noble animal got them ashore he ran to the home and brought the father. At Edgewood, Massachusetts, a three-years-old child was about to be run over by an automobile when the house dog sprang and pushed the child out of danger, but the dog was killed. Such acts in the human would be credited with moral worth and are more than instinct in these dumb rescuers. The good offices of the Saint Bernard canine scouts are well known. According to the "Red Cross Magazine," two trained war dogs of the French army, Filax and Prusco, have each to their credit one hundred men saved. These canine soldiers are seen on the front with gas masks on.

There are indisputable cases where animals manifest gratitude for kindness shown them. There is the familiar and likely enough story of a thorn picked from the paw of a lion that afterward spared the life of the man who had done him this favor. Among my clippings is the case of a dog in whose paw a safety pin had stuck. Holding up his foot, the sufferer sought help from a man, and when relieved licked his hand in manifest gratitude. Our dumb fellow citizens differ in intelligence and character, quite as much as we do. Some will learn matters taught them very rapidly, and sometimes, untaught, seem quickly to pick up things from observation. Characteristics such as friendliness, good nature, affection, watchfulness, and obedience are much more marked in some canines and various animals than in others, some seeming surly, offish, jealous, and dull.

Most animals try to keep clean and tidy, indeed are models for man. This trait is very marked in cats and dogs, and in birds, which spend a lot of time at their toilet and in keeping their plumage in good shape. From all this it follows that animals as well as man have personality, a matter doubted by some. But if a person is one who perceives, feels, and wills, thinks, and is self-conscious, then animals must have a degree of personality. This self-consciousness need not consist of all the capacity for introspection and self-analysis that man has, but the perceiving, feeling, willing animal, in so far is a person.

There is, then, so much in common between man and his dumb fellow creatures that the manifest kinship suggests the question of their rights, which have received scant consideration in our systems of ethics. Man has felt bound to respect but few rights of his dumb neighbors. They are the subjects of suffering, sorrow, and painful bereavement, just as their human neighbors. Their rights demand respect and their wrongs should be corrected, which will come about when their kinship and real character are better understood. Animals should be protected from needless cruelty. "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast" (Prov. 10. 12). Such comfort should be afforded domestic animals as the situation requires. Homes and reserves for birds and wild animals are commendable. Societies for the protection of animals should be well supported. The reckless slaughter of wild game by sportsmen should be prohibited. They, with man, have a right to the enjoyment of their God-given life. The boast of a big bag of game, irrespective of any food demand, is immoral. The writer once carried this subject into the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but it was not entertained. Of course vicious and dangerous animals should be dealt with as we deal with vicious and dangerous men.

The question of the immortality of animals is subject of speculation, and by some is deemed absurd. There is no better reply than the statement of Professor Bowne, that the future life of an animal is no more absurd than its present life. Phenomenal visions of the dead, if deserving of the credit very confident testimony gives them, afford a curious evidence of the immortality

of the higher animals at least. Two analogous cases are in point: The Daily News of England gives the following incident, vouched for by officers and a whole company. In the present war an officer passionately loved by his men lost an arm in Flanders, and when released from hospital was anxious to join his men, but was detailed to the Dardanelles campaign. He there fell ill and was returned to England, but died at 12.30 P. M. before he reached London. The marvelous story is that, at the exact time of his death, a company of his loved regiment saw him in their trench in Flanders. A sergeant-major said to his captain: "Beg pardon —here's our colonel coming round. I didn't know he was back again." The officer looked up and there stood the colonel. The captain dropped his stick and stooped for it, but on looking up the colonel was gone! The officer rushed to company headquarters: "Did you see him?" he asked the men. "Do you mean the colonel? Yes, we saw him standing still, looking down the trench, just here, for fully a minute, and suddenly he was not there!" Parallel to this is a story in the New York Herald, by the French astronomer, Camille Flammarion. A Mr. Graesen had a Saint Bernard dog of which he was passionately fond, and which would always lie at his feet in his study, and followed him everywhere. The dog disliked strangers and was so dangerous that, unknown to his master, the family ordered him sent away and killed. That evening Mr. Graeson heard a noise at his door, and on opening it saw, as it appeared to him, his favorite enter and rub his nose against his hand. Stooping down to pat him, the dog vanished! Amazed at the incident, he telephoned at once to know what had become of his pet. The answer came that he had just been killed. M. Flammarion expressed the opinion that a wave thought passed from the passionate love of the dog to his master at the moment of death. But wherein does this case differ from the incident of the colonel devoted to his men?

T. J. Scott.

THE RENAISSANCE

I AM going to discuss this subject in the simplest way possible, endeavoring to give a clear, though succinct, account of the whole movement of the Renaissance, its rise in Italy, its various phases, its spread to France, England, and Germany, and its influence on modern civilization.

In the first place, then, what is the meaning of the word Renaissance? Of course the obvious answer is, rebirth. But rebirth of what? Here the answer again is, "Rebirth of classical antiquity." But this answer is altogether too vague. Classical antiquity is not one definite thing, but itself represents a long period of development. The Greece of Homer, with its religious, social, and political life, was a very different thing from the Greece of Pericles and the hegemony of Athens, when Greek civilization, art, and literature reached the highest expression in men like Plato, Sophocles, and Thucydides. So, too, this phase of Greek civilization was vastly different from the civilization of the Alexandrian period, when, through the victories of Alexander the Great and the founding of new kingdoms and cities under his successors, Athens, even Greece, no longer was the leader of Greek life, the center of which was transferred to Alexandria, a city not even situated in the homeland. Now it is precisely this Alexandrian civilization which was the subject of the rebirth, of the Renaissance.

The very essence of ancient Greek civilization underwent a complete change in Alexandria, Antioch, Tarsus, and Pergamos. Greece itself lost forever its political supremacy. Art, philosophy, literature became entirely different from what they had been in olden days when Athens was the center of the civilized world, when her poets and philosophers were the greatest the world had ever seen and were destined to influence the world of literature and thought through all the centuries yet to be. The Alexandrian literature bears all the marks of decadence. It was no longer based upon the deepest things in man's nature, no longer popular, traditional, identical with the very life of the people, but it be-

came more individual, more cosmopolitan, more learned. It drew its inspiration and sources not, as of old, from the heart of the people, but was a literature of the student and scholar, and was chiefly a matter of form: "Art for art's sake" was its motto. Such was the civilization of the Alexandrian period, which forms the real subject of the Renaissance, and the student of both cannot fail to be struck with the many points of resemblance between the two. But the Renaissance of this Greek civilization was not direct. It came through the civilization of Rome. It must be remembered that at first the Renaissance was largely a Latin revival, that the study of Greek came later, and that even Petrarch was unable to read Homer in the original. The writers studied and imitated were not Greek, but Latin, such as Vergil, Horace, and especially Cicero. It was only later that Homer, and especially Plato, affected deeply the Italian Renaissance. Now the important fact to note in these Latin writers is that they are almost entirely close, even slavish, imitators of the Greek. Vergil's Æneas is made up of the Iliad and Odyssey, while his Bucolics are very closely imitated after the Alexandrian Theocritus. So Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Catullus, Ovid, are all followers of the Alexandrian school of poets. It cannot be too often repeated that Roman civilization in the time of its glory was entirely borrowed from Greece; philosophy, history, drama, lyrical poetry, epics, art, are all pale reflexes of the original Greek.

And so we have come to the answer to the question: The Renaissance is the rebirth of what? It is the rebirth of Greek civilization, especially the Alexandrian period, through the medium of the Roman writers. And now, why should there be a rebirth? Why did not the above civilization develop normally and gradually? Simply because of the destruction of the Roman Empire and the long period known as the Dark Ages. For nearly a thousand years all the brightness of the intellectual and artistic life of Greece and Rome utterly died out, and was unknown, only to revive with the Renaissance. What were the reasons for this death?

1. The Fall of the Roman Empire; due to the corruption of

the people, the vast increase in slavery, the gradual substitution of barbarians as soldiers in the armies of Rome in place of the old free citizens, and, finally, according to Gibbon, Christianity itself.

2. The incursions of the Northern barbarians, the overrunning of the fertile fields of Spain by the Visigoths and Suevi (whence the Spanish nation), of Gaul by the Franks (whence the French nation), and even Italy by the Ostrogoths and the Lombards.

3. We can easily imagine the turmoil and confusion produced by this state of things. Roman civilization sank before the onslaught of rude barbarians, the cities, even Rome itself, were largely destroyed, ancient temples, palaces, statuary, were demolished. All Roman laws and customs fell; a sort of anarchy ruled in their places. But here a new and powerful element enters to add to the confusion: Christianity. The old gods were overthrown, the new and revolutionary doctrines of the one God, immortality of the soul, rewards and punishment after death arose, with the idea of heaven, purgatory, and hell, and filled all men's minds. With their thoughts fixed on the world to come they regarded this world with suspicion and almost hatred. War, famine, pestilence, oppression, made life, to the men of the Middle Ages, a long pilgrimage over the dreary desert. They turned their eyes to the world to come, seeking there a reward and comfort for the present sorrows.

One of the results of this state of mind, due to Christianity, was the way men looked on the ancient classics. The early Christian Fathers, like Saint Jerome and Saint Augustine, were acquainted with them, for they were the only textbooks used in the schools even centuries after the fall of Rome and the introduction of Christianity. It is curious to see the struggle in the breast of men like Jerome and Augustine, over their love for the classics and their Christian distrust of the pagan writers. Thus Saint Jerome cries out: "Unhappy wretch that I was, I fasted and I read Cicero. After having passed the nights without sleep, and shed bitter tears at the memory of my faults, I took Plautus in my hand." He then relates his celebrated dream:

how, transported before God, he was scourged by the angels, and when he tried to defend himself by saying that he was a Christian the angels replied: "No, no; you are a Ciceronian. Where your treasure is there is your heart also." And he promised God no more to read profane books. But in spite of this love for the classics on the part of the early Fathers their religious views prevailed, and little by little the great writers sank into oblivion. This is especially true of the Greek writers. All through the Middle Ages Greek was practically unknown, and what men knew of Homer, Plato, Aristotle, etc., was only through translation into Latin or brief summaries. The Latin writers, Vergil, Ovid, Statius, etc., were more or less known, but, distorted by superstition, even made to furnish symbols of Christian truth, and utterly unappreciated from the standpoint of art.

To sum up, then, the spirit of the Middle Ages, in contradistinction from Antiquity and the Renaissance, they were only the period when these various elements—the mutilated remains of the Roman Empire and civilization and literature, the hordes of barbarians, and Christianity—mingled their streams before forming the broader and deeper-flowing river on the bosom of which humanity now sails. Of course the first result was confusion, and it lasted for hundreds of years. Now the Renaissance is not merely the rebirth of classical antiquity, it is the beginning of modern civilization, itself the result of those three united streams.

The Renaissance is usually supposed to begin with Petrarch (1305-1374), but it was no sudden, spontaneous outburst. It was the end-period of a long process. Already in the thirteenth century a vast step was taken out of the darkness and ignorance of the Middle Ages to the light of modern times. I need only mention the building of the great cathedrals, the founding of the University of Bologna, and, above all, the Divine Comedy of Dante. Yet even Dante still belongs to the old order of things. He is not an innovator, nor does he inaugurate a new period of civilization. He closed an epoch rather than opened one. The man who begins the Renaissance is Francesco Petrarch. It is strange to think that he, so utterly different in mental attitude from Dante, was seventeen years old when the latter died. Yet

the changes which he represents had been slowly prepared by his predecessors. As we have seen, the study of the Latin language and literature had never fully died out in the Middle Ages. Especially in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Vergil, Ovid, Statius, Livy, were read more and more, not, however, as examples of literary excellence, nor as revealing the culture of antiquity, but as mines of practical wisdom, or as supplying quotations and examples for philosophical and theological discussion. The classic writers were made to fit in with mediæval ways of thinking, and thus subordinated to the then existing state of civilization. With Petrarch, however, comes a complete change in all these respects. For him the classic writers were the *ne plus ultra* of elegant form; he strove to penetrate into their spirit, to appreciate fully the peculiar excellence of each one, and, above all, to clear antiquity from its barnacle-like covering of mediæval traditions and superstitions and to present Roman civilization, its learning, science, and art, as it really was. To him the Middle Ages were a period of degradation which had long hidden from view the past glories of Rome, and he now broke away from the present and the immediate past and turned his eyes back to ancient times. In so doing he founded the Renaissance in Italy and laid down the lines in which all students of classical antiquity were to follow. In all these respects Petrarch is justly regarded not only as the founder of classical scholarship, but as the founder of modern civilization as well. He has been referred to by more than one historian as the Columbus of a new intellectual world.

One of the most important phases of the Renaissance is the philosophy of the times. This was largely a revolt against the scholastic philosophy of the Middle Ages and especially a revival of Platonism. It was in 1439, when Pletho came as a delegate to Florence, to the council called to consider the question of uniting the Greek and Roman churches, that the western world had revealed to her for the first time Plato in all his splendor. Among the most enthusiastic admirers of the new philosophy was Cosmo di Medici, and, in order to have a fitting head for the Platonic Academy he contemplated organizing, he caused to be educated at his own expense the gifted son of his physician,

Marsiglio Ficino. There is a veil of poetry over the meeting of the Platonic Academy. To Ficino Plato was a saint, and he kept a lamp burning before his image. To him Platonism meant a harmonizing of Christianity and philosophy, while Pico della Mirandola, beautiful, young, noble, and learned, summed up the intellectual ideal of his own life in the words: *Philosophia veritatem quaerit, scientia invenit, religio possidet.*

Now all this wonderful life is reflected in the art and literature of the Renaissance. I have no space here to discuss the different schools of painting, or even to do more than mention men like Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, and a multitude of others. The same is true of the literature. This too reflects the whole life of the epoch, and the best way to get an idea of the true spirit of the Renaissance is to read the works of such men as Lorenzo de' Medici, Bembo, Benvenuto Cellini, but especially Ariosto's Orlando Furioso and Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.

We have time only for a few words on the Renaissance in other countries besides Italy, where it took its rise. It was a hundred years after the beginning of the Renaissance in Italy that it took real root in France, chiefly through Francis I (1494-1547). It was politics that first led him to Italy, where he claimed the crown of Milan and where he won the battle of Marignano. He became imbued with a taste for Italian art and culture and invited many famous Italians to his court. He was called the Father and Restorer of true culture. In Italy the Renaissance was chiefly irreligious. In France the new learning and the new religion, Greek and Heresy, became almost synonymous. Turning now to Germany, we shall see that the Renaissance there is also a hundred years behind Italy. Nor on the purely humanistic side did it reach the rank attained in Italy, although we do meet some great names here, among whom are the famous Reuchlin, Melanchthon, and especially Erasmus of Rotterdam, who, although a Hollander by birth, lived many years at the University of Basel. The Renaissance in Germany was in all respects a theological movement—in short, the Renaissance in Germany is the Reformation. Very often people look at these two movements as entirely different, one an æsthetic movement,

the other a purely religious one. But they are both due to the same causes working on different nations and under different circumstances. The spirit back of the Renaissance, as I have said, is the revival of individuality; the critical spirit breaking away from the corporate life of the Middle Ages and developing the individual on all sides. Now this spirit in Germany brought about the Reformation. The great Italian Humanists applied the laws of critical scholarship to establish texts and to elucidate the meaning of the Greek and Roman writers. Reuchlin, and especially Erasmus, did the same for the Bible, and the great masterpiece of the latter was his edition of the Greek New Testament. This made men once more read the Bible. The same critical spirit in Luther and others compared the simple doctrine of Christ with the vast organism of the Roman Church. And so the Reformation arose—which is only the triumph of individualism in religion as we have seen it, in Petrarch, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci, a triumph in the field of art and literature.

I have room left for only a word on the Renaissance in England. The insular position of England made it take continental movements more slowly; and so it received the influences of the Renaissance and Reformation at the same time. It is true that Chaucer, one hundred years before, shows the influence of early writers of the Italian Renaissance, Petrarch and Boccaccio, but the wars with France, which lasted nearly a hundred years, deferred the new movement. If we can give any date at all for such a general movement as the Renaissance in England, it is perhaps the year 1536, when Henry VIII passed the Act of Supremacy. Singularly enough, this was almost the very year when the Italian Renaissance began its century-long period of decline. The Renaissance in England, then, was the aftermath of the whole movement in Italy, France, and Germany. The influence of the Italian and French Renaissance on England was almost entirely literary. The great writers of Italy were translated and universally admired. This was especially true of Harrington's version of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso and Fairfax's version of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. The influence of Petrarch was especially

felt. The Renaissance in France also influenced England chiefly in the form of literature. One phase of the French Renaissance was the translation of the classics. This made them available not only to the French themselves, but also to the English educated class, who all were thoroughly familiar with the French language. Many of these French translations of the classics were retranslated into English, the most famous being Amyot's version of Plutarch's Lives, translated by North. The influence of this book can be seen all over the plays of Shakespeare. It is interesting to note that the only book we are sure belonged to the Bard of Avon is a copy of North's translation of Amyot's French version of Plutarch's Lives.

The Reformation which had started in Germany and had so deeply affected France was now adopted by England as the state religion, and "this change in state religion, adopted by the consent of the King, Lords, and Commons, though it was not confirmed without reaction, agitation, and bloodshed, cost the nation comparatively little disturbance." Thus the influence of the German phase of the Renaissance in England showed itself exclusively in religious matters.

It is interesting to see how this great movement, which started in Italy and thence spread to the other lands, died out early in the land of its birth. The Italian Renaissance practically closed when Pope Clement VII and Emperor Charles V signed the contract at Bologna in 1530. This contract proclaimed the principle of monarchical absolutism, supported by papal authority, itself monarchically absolute, which influenced Europe till the French Revolution. "A reaction set in against the Renaissance and the Reformation. The Council of Trent (1545-1563) decreed a formal purgation of the church, affirmed the fundamental doctrines of Catholicism, strengthened papal supremacy, and began the movement known as counter-Reformation." Italy and France felt the baleful influence of this Council for two hundred years. Italy, especially, sank into a state of degradation and impotence which it shook off only in the French Revolution. Foreign invaders occupied its territory; literature, art, morals, religion, all sank to their lowest depths.

We have thus had a glimpse of the stream of civilization from the time of Homer, down through the Alexandrian period, Rome, Renaissance, and the present. What will the future be: a progress or a retrogression? Some, like Ambassador Bryce and Sir William Ramsay, tell us the world to-day is no better for all its amazing discoveries, its railroads, telephones, and wireless telegraphy. Others, like Hegel, look on civilization as the gradual development of a sense of freedom, a moving toward a distant goal: that perfection which Renan has called the law of gravitation of humanity. However that may be, we can see there is a vast difference between the past and the present, the one so simple and naïve, the other so complex. As Matthew Arnold says:

> Who can see the green earth
> As she was at the sources of time,
> Who thinks as they thought—
> The tribes who then roam'd on her breast,
> Her vigorous, primitive sons?

The world to-day is a great buzzing confusion, and the minds of men reflect the vast complexity:

> This tract, which the river of Time
> Now flows through, with us, is the plain.
> Gone is the calm of its earlier shores.
> Border'd by cities and hoarse
> With a thousand cries is its stream.
> And we on its breast, our minds
> Are confused as the cries which we hear,
> Changing and shot as the sights which we see.

And at times it seems that

> Repose has fled
> Forever the course of the river of Time.
> That cities will crowd to its edge
> In blanker, incessanter line;
> That the din will be more on its banks,
> Denser the trade on its banks,
> Flatter the plain where it flows,
> Fiercer the sun overhead.
> That never will these on its breast
> See an ennobling sight,
> Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

And yet, as we look back over the centuries and see the vicissitudes through which civilization has passed, how a period of decadence has been followed by one of advance, and how in general we believe the world is better to-day than it ever was, we take hope for the future that a time will come when the discordant elements, clashing truths, vast complexities of our own day will be developed into a higher and nobler unity:

Haply the river of Time,
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream,
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its earlier mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the gray expanse where he floats,
Freshing its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast.

As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

THE NEW DAY

If you had been in a congregation in Los Angeles one Sunday morning about ten years ago, when a certain preacher in fear and trembling began his happy pastorate in a noble church, you might have heard him announce his initial text: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly"; and if you had been present when he delivered his farewell sermon to a Brooklyn congregation before departing for California you might not have been surprised to have heard that same wonderful text: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

When you shall make your first visit to Camp Kearny, California, with its more than 25,000 glorious young soldiers, and shall step into the hospitable Hostess House which the kindly beneficence of a generous woman has made possible, you will find over the huge fireplace, with its crackling logs and cordial comfort, these same omnipresent assurances of the loving Lifegiver who came and taught and suffered and tasted death that all might live: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

As I settle myself for several hours with my books, as the train speeds me back to my joyful labors after four strenuous days among the soldiers in the camp, why does my magazine almost fall open at a brilliantly written editorial entitled "Christianity the Religion of Life" (Methodist Review, January, 1918)? and the motif which sings itself in exquisite cadence all the way through an exhaustive discussion is the favorite refrain: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." And is it merely a casual coincidence that, in these days of intrigue and bloodshed, life, and not death, should be the popular and persistent theme?

In all nature about us death abounds that life may much more abound. God in his mercy and goodness administers a divine law of compensation in favor of order out of chaos, and

happiness out of sorrow, and light out of darkness, and good out of evil, and love out of hate, and life out of death. It is one of the miracles of spiritual dynamics. In nature action and reaction are equal, but God, standing within the shadows keeping watch above his own, graciously provides that all of the reactions of the moral universe shall be more than equal, and shall steadily advance the interests of order, and happiness, and light, and goodness, and love, and life. No man who is a misanthrope or a cynic can interpret life; only those who are exuberantly in love with life can scale its summits or fathom its depths.

I had just reached the writing of this phrase, "exuberantly in love with life," when the morning sun slipped up over the horizon and spilled its golden glory over my desk and manuscript, and in riotous beauty bade the world a radiant good morning. Out of the rains and shadows of the night a new day was born; the birds attuned their songs, and the flowers began to straighten up their drooping heads, and the callas lifted up their white chalices for a draught of new life: birds, and sky, and sea, and silent mountain, and picturesque landscape, and barnyard fowl, all in a prompt and blissful responsiveness to the source of life, and light, and power, and beauty, and the old new sun seeming to say, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." No one can be "exuberantly in love with life" and not find his own life enlarging and the lives of those about him improved. Life is contagious, and we cannot enter into the fullness of life ourselves and all life fail to be enriched. Christ's message to the world was life, and life "more abundantly." He came to bring life and immortality to light. When I asked the religious workers of Camp Kearny upon what subject I should talk to the soldiers, they replied, "Talk to them about life!" The mission of Christianity in the world can all be compacted in these four letters L-I-F-E. Christianity goes into paganism, where the blight of death is over all, and saves the lives of babies and the women. It lifts the pall which deadens the mental life of ignorance and superstition, and it fosters the life of soul and spirit. Christianity in civilized lands places a steadily higher appraisement on life, and the measure of the serv-

ice of any profession or philanthropy is its protection and enlargement of life. Child-labor must go because it imperils life; the liquor traffic must forever end because it destroys life; all vice is doomed because its victim is life. None is more highly honored and beloved than the faithful physician and surgeon, because the conservation of life is his one supreme purpose; and the greatest triumphs of genius in this world war have not been in the monstrous fighting machines which have devastated and destroyed, but in the marvelous resourcefulness of the medical corps as they have been able to conserve and recover the lives of the soldiers. Their preventives, and cures, and surgical triumphs have been, indeed, the miracles of this awful war.

The Red Triangle, which is conspicuous in every cantonment and on every battlefield and behind all the trenches, and which is heroically and affectionately ministering to the soldiers everywhere, reminds us who are civilians at home that life is three-fold —body, mind, and soul—and the abundant life which Jesus came to bring into the world likewise includes, in all their fullness, the life of soul, and mind, and body.

A New Day is dawning upon the world; a day in which there will be a larger life—spiritual, intellectual, physical.

On a recent Sunday morning at Camp Kearny, just after breakfast, I met by invitation a little group of thoughtful soldiers who just wanted to talk about the profounder things of life as related to the great war. They asked questions and I endeavored to answer them; and as I conversed with these bright boys I found myself saying to them that this war is lifting humanity out of ruts into which it will never again descend. You know a grave is only a little deeper rut, and there is no doubt that society, and even our religion, was in some quarters and respects working its way into deeper and still deeper ruts. The genus homo is naturally, unpardonably, bestially selfish. It is every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. A downright selfish man is only a beast living for himself, and for himself alone. This war has suddenly announced to every American family that they are existing for something else than for "me and my wife, my son John and his wife." The American people are now giving

the flower of their youth, and the savings of the years, and the ease and comfort of their homes, in defense of the homes, and lives, and institutions and ideals of nations some of whom speak other tongues and are the products of wholly different environment. The seclusion and selfish security of the American nation, smugly defying any infraction upon its fetish of the Monroe doctrine, are gone forever. A world brotherhood has suddenly been discovered. The hideous savagery of Prussian frightfulness has aroused all who are believing in the defense of those who are weak. The devils of the Potsdam gang in their murderous banditry have held up a peaceful and prosperous and unsuspecting age, and demanded both its money and its life; and the slight differences of languages and nationality could not keep Italy, or Canada, or France, or England, or America from coming up in the defense of Belgium, and Poland, and Serbia, from the deadly clutch of the Prussian homicide. A world conscience and a world brotherhood have at length been established. We are in this war in self-defense just exactly as much as if we should be awakened at midnight with cowardly robbers prowling through our homes and purloining our goods; and we are just as much justified in seeking the defeat and destruction of German militarism as that Kansas Methodist preacher was when he shot seven guerrillas who were attacking his home. When someone criticized him, as a preacher of the gospel of peace, for killing these marauders, he replied, "I never was so sure I was doing my duty. Each time I fired I asked God to direct my aim; and I also prayed that God would have mercy on their souls!"

"Every lover is a soldier," is a classic maxim.

You should have heard the cheers of derision of the soldiers at Kearny the other night when I told them that I had heard a man say that his conscience would not permit him to take a gun and go to war even in defense of a righteous cause, but he would be willing to stand up and be shot down for a principle; and that in reply I had said that such a position was unpatriotic and anæmic; for when a man is not ready to fight for the right, and merely stands up to be shot down, such a man is not only of no use to the cause of right, but he is in the way; for when he is

shot down it takes valuable time, the time of men who are willing to fight, to bury this useless pacifist. I can hear their yells now!

Custodianship implies protection and resistance, when necessary, not from motives of anger or revenge, but in discharge of the responsibility with which we have been charged. A policeman would be of no service if he were willing only to be shot down. He must get the offender; and if the offender against law and order is about to shoot the officer must use his gun first. The world must be taken in the condition in which we find it, and not in the idealistic condition into which it will some day be brought by the influences of Christianity. God would never forgive the American nation if we did not go to the help of the Lord and humanity against the mighty war lords of Germany; these international bandits whose ruthlessness spares neither mothers nor children, homes or temples, wounded or old people. The promptness with which the allies have met the savagery and intrigue of the Prussian is a notice served to coming generations that murderous autocracy will never be tolerated. A New Day has dawned. Small nations, by cooperation, are to be made as strong as the most powerful, and weak peoples as mighty as the strongest. This is the Christian principle applied to international conditions.

The unspeakable depth of depravity and foulness into which Prussianism is now seeking to drag the German people is utterly unbelievable. Prussianism would make breeding animals out of the German women. It is now understood that the systematic debauching of the Belgian girls and women was officially authorized for the purpose of rearing offspring for the future "defense of the Fatherland." What are called "lateral marriages" are now being arranged in Germany, by which the young women whose husbands are in the army can form a temporary union with the men who are at home for the purpose of rearing children to take the places of the men who are being killed in the war. And, moreover, the widows on account of the war are encouraged to marry the men who have been crippled by the war, all for the frank purpose of rehabilitating a population which ruthless war

has tragically decimated. Thus are the divinity of motherhood and the exquisite beauty of womanhood dethroned by changing the whole land of Germany into a vast official human stock farm for breeding purposes. The whole thing is so revolting to Christian ideals as to lay upon Christian idealism the holy task of ridding the world of a mad militarism which has lost its last vestige of nobility and humanity. I say again, God would never forgive the American nation if it had not gone, heart and soul, into this righteous conflict for the freedom of the world. A New Day has dawned. Wherever, on the whole round globe, any people or nation suffers to-day, the cry for help will be heard and heeded by those who are able to afford succor and comfort.

This is the day of sacrifice and service, and men and nations are finding the supremest goals of happiness in service and sacrifice. To be sure, for years as Christian virtues these graces have been inculcated and practiced, but they have now become the daily exercises of all true citizens and patriots. Who ever supposed that for the benefit of those whom we have never seen, and for the future prosperity of our own country, which we may never live to enjoy, our whole nation would gladly submit to wheatless and meatless days, and without resentment would accept heavy taxes upon incomes which in many cases are already altogether insufficient? The American people will never go back to a provincial and ironical indifference to what has been called foreign missions, or to a cold-hearted disregard of those who live in poverty and vice in the purlieus of our great cities. Suddenly the woes and joys of others have become the joys and woes of ourselves. Recently, in Belgium, the man in charge of the public food distribution station could not find women to do the cleaning and scrubbing. He was directed to the home of a noble Belgian woman for advice, where he found a group of titled women assembled. When he stated that women were not available for these menial tasks, these elegant women themselves volunteered, and daily in turns a sufficient number of the women reported at the food depot to wash the dishes and scrub the floors. It was also told some time ago how one of the Mrs. Astors of New York found herself, when working in one of the Y. M. C. A. huts in

France, serving coffee to a soldier boy who, the summer before, had been a dining-room servant on her private yacht.

It is, indeed, a New and wonderful Day. Life, and not dogma—Christ, and not Creed. This is the new and better day when all sectarian and denominational disputations are to be crowded out of the arena by the bright glory of a life "hid with Christ in God." For a long time we thought that a Christian was determined by what he believes, but our belated understanding is now discovering that a Christian is one who lives: "For me to live is Christ." "Only essentials count." The controversialists have wasted so many sermons and books on trying to dissect what they call the *doctrine* of the atonement that they have had no spirit or temper or time left to persuade men to accept the Christ who died for them. And disputants have had such a time defining the sublime doctrine of sanctification, and telling just how hard it is to get, and how easy it is to lose, that they have forgotten that nearly all that Jesus said on the subject could be compacted into his lovely utterance, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

Is this New Day to begin with the end of the age, or with the physical reappearing of Jesus Christ? There are many sincere people who are confidently looking for the immediate coming of Christ that he may set up his earthly Kingdom, but I fear these are hopes born of the misgivings of some of the Master's devoted but timid followers. They have persuaded themselves that truth cannot win in the conflict with error, that there is not power enough in the gospel to save the world from wreck and ruin, and that Jesus must come in Person to prevent the catastrophe of sin. The Methodist Church has never shared in the belief that the gospel would lose its power, or the blood of Jesus its efficacy to redeem, and, hence, we are not thinking of the New Day as being ushered in by the physical return of Jesus; but we are just as confidently believing that the sunburst of the New Day will be such a coming of the spirit of Jesus and such a recognition of the Gospel of Christ as have never been known. Christ is the Dayspring of the New Morning. *Christ is the New Day.* Not Christ appearing in physical Person in Jerusalem, or

Shanghai, or London, or New York, or Los Angeles, but Christ coming everywhere in the power of the truth he taught, and the sacrifice he made once and forever two thousand years ago; everywhere: from Jerusalem to Japan, from Damascus to Iceland, from the Manger in Bethlehem to the crowded tenement in the city slums, to the gorgeous palaces of the rich, to the haunts of brilliant scholarship. Already there are the bright premonitions of this approaching day—and the purple shadows of the long night are giving way to the golden glories of the new dawn. Christ will yet "draw" all the world to himself, and every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. The greatest miracles are yet to be seen in the world-wide acknowledgment of the love, and peace, and service, and sympathy, and sacrifice of the once forgotten and despised Nazarene.

The one great, powerful, and exquisitely beautiful word of the New Day is love—human love, divine love.

As I rambled one day over a mountain trail I came to a cozy little cabin. No one was at home, but as I looked through a window I saw a motto on the wall, "God is love." There was a small bench in front of the little house of love, and I sat down awhile and rested me there.

Yes, it is a New Day—it is the day of the Greater Love! "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The Day—"Der Tag"—of murderous Prussianism is a day of unspeakable slaughter, and rape, and arson, and frightfulness. The New Day of the new world will end forever human fiendishness. After Der Tag of fiendish Kaiserism a German prisoner was found with a child's hand in his pocket. His life was the prompt penalty he paid. A French prisoner was compelled by his captors to plunge both of his hands into a kettle of boiling water. On a recent Christmas one little French girl asked her mother, "Will Santa Claus bring me back my hands for Christmas?" O, their treatment of the babies and their mothers has doomed Kaiserism to the lowest hell! When the complete tragic story of this war shall have been told civilization will so indignantly revolt that militarism will be buried for-

ever under the holy maledictions of an outraged world conscience. The New Day will know nothing but the "Greater Love" which suffers and sacrifices to save life. A year ago last November Lance-Corporal Charles H. Anderson, of a London regiment, was in a Y. M. C. A. hut in France with a dozen other men, when accidentally the safety-pin was withdrawn from a bomb. The corporal shouted a warning to his comrades, seized the bomb and rushed to the door, intending to throw it into the field. But the five seconds had elapsed before he could get the door open. He thereupon held the bomb in both hands close to his body in order to screen the other men in the hut. He and one other man were mortally wounded by the explosion, five men were injured, and the remaining five escaped unhurt. The government has awarded the Albert Gold Medal to the memory of the heroic corporal. "Greater love!" The New Day will be the day of the greater love. When the day of carnage shall have ended, the motto of a long and beautiful day of peace will be "Greater love"—"Greater love!"

Yes, the New Day is the day of love—the love day! The day of Christ!

Charles Edward Locke.

"THAT MORNING"

Paris on March 23, 1918

There is only one "That Morning." You heard it referred to for a week after the great event in international war history as "that morning." Some people here in Paris spoke of it as "that awful morning." But generally it was referred to just as "that morning." Once in a long while one still speaks of it as "that morning when the Boche fired the big gun the first time." The date was, to be exact, Saturday morning, March 23. It is still referred to as "that morning" indefinitely, instead of by date, because the morning itself was so indefinite, the sense of danger unseen so horrifying, the exact thing that was causing this danger so ghostlike and uncertain, that the whole atmosphere made it impossible for us to think with any exactness.

The Germans had been threatening a daylight raid on Paris. In the early part of the war they had actually carried out several daylight raids, but that was before the Paris system of defense guns and aviators had been established. But now, in addition to the almost nightly raids over Paris, the Boches had sent word that they would come over by the hundreds some bright day soon. The night before we had had a raid, and several people had been killed. The week before, on March 11, we had been raided by more than thirty machines and more than a hundred people had been killed, six or eight of these being in a hospital. Paris was on an uneasy seat. Imagine, then, the consternation that was in the heart of every sane man when, on "that morning," at seven o'clock, bombs (or at least we thought they were bombs) began to drop here and there all over the city at regular intervals, fifteen minutes between times. This was as regular as clock work. The Germans are regular and systematic if they are nothing else. The whole city thought that this was the long-promised air raid. But there were no planes to be seen even by the strongest glasses. The city was panic-stricken. The schools were dismissed and the

children sent to the *abris*. The shops were closed. The subway stopped and the entire tramway system ended. There wasn't a taxicab on the street, and even the Agent de Police and the Gendarmes were conspicuous by their absence. Now and then an American could be seen walking hurriedly along the street as if he was desirous of getting to some place as soon as possible; likely, to his hotel. Paris for one solid morning, "that morning," looked for all the world like a village on a western plain on a cold November morning before the people are up and about. It reminded one of some "deserted village." John Masefield, in The Old Front Line, gives us a graphic description of Hebuterne, a village in the old Somme region which is absolutely deserted. He describes it in these words:

> Many of its walls and parts of its roofs still stand, the church tower is in fair order, and no one walking the streets can doubt that he is in a village. Before the war it was a prosperous village; then for more than two years it rang with the roar of battle and with the business of an army. Presently the tide of the war ebbed away from it and left it deserted, so that one may walk it now, from end to end, without seeing a human being. It is as though the place had been smitten by the plague. Villages during the Black Death must have looked like this. One walks in the villages expecting at every turn to meet a survivor, but there is none; the village is dead; the grass is growing in the streets; the bells are silent; the beasts are gone from the byre and the ghosts from the church.

And this was Paris on "that morning."

In the building where I happened to be sitting at my typewriter on "that morning" the French employees fled in terror from the unseen death that they thought was dropping out of the skies from far out-of-sight German Gothas. It was a weird feeling, and we Americans had to admit to ourselves that it was an intensely uncomfortable feeling. Every fifteen minutes "that morning"—Bang! a big explosion, which sounded as if it were in your very building, would shake the city. Between explosions one peered anxiously with glasses into the clear skies, but there was nothing to be seen. Then "Bang!" another supposed bomb would drop on the city. At first people hurried pell mell and panic-stricken to the *abris* and about the streets—and then there

was absolute silence, a silence that made each successive explosion all the louder, until after two hours every explosion sounded as if a powder magazine had gone off next door to you. Windows were shattered everywhere.

I thought of a silly thing in the midst of it all. The phrase "somewhere in France" has so burned its way into our war-time vocabulary that when a wide-eyed American woman anxiously said, "O, where are they? Can they see them? Can't the aviators locate them? Will they kill us all?"

"Where are they? They are 'somewhere over France,' that's all any of us know. That's all the airmen know. They have been hunting them from one end of the sky to the other with every available airship, but the Boches are so high up in the air that they can't even locate them," I added.

And that seemed to be the exact situation. Up there in the air "somewhere above Paris," every fifteen minutes what we supposed were German planes were dropping death all over the city and who knew which one of us would get it next? Who knew which building would be hit? None of us dared—and none of us cared—to prophesy. We just sat tight and waited, working when we could get our minds on our work. I am ready to acknowledge that I didn't have the slightest idea about what I was trying to write on "that morning."

I guess, after all, in all wars, and especially in this one, it is the uncertainty that kills the soul. The uncertainty of that awful "missing" list; the uncertainties of that lurking, hidden, unseen U-boat; the uncertainties of those who wait back at home—the mothers, wives, children who do not hear for months from their loved ones; the uncertainties of news from the great battles. Even here, in Paris, as I write this article the second battle of the Somme is going on and we do not know as much about it as the folks at home do. We are not told. We only hear that the Germans are in Noyon, and the rest is full of uncertainties: the uncertainties to those at home of the locations of our boys; the uncertainties of the locations of the enemy, and surprise attacks; all of these uncertainties were summed up into one great, appalling uncertainty on "that morning." All we knew for certain was

that death was hovering above us, behind that great expanse of blue, somewhere.

I never saw a prettier or a clearer morning in Paris. It was a warm, clear, bright, sunny spring day. There was not a single cloud in the sky behind which the German aviator might hide.

"How did they ever get up so high without our machines knowing it?" was the question on every hand.

One man attempted to answer this question in my hearing by saying, "Why, the Gothas arose from the earth twenty miles back of their own lines, so that our resonators couldn't hear them. Then they gradually arose to such a height that when they crossed their lines into ours they were not detected. Then by the time they got over Paris they were so high that our airmen can't get up where they are and can't even see them." His explanation wasn't very satisfactory, but it was the best we had. We grasped at any straw on "that morning."

Then came the explanation that the Germans had a great dirigible, up in the sky somewhere, that was so large that they could fire a gun from it, and that they were using this as a base and were firing shells from an airship. Of course it seemed impossible, but not so impossible as the supposition that ordinary planes could hover around Paris all day and drop bombs regularly every fifteen minutes. The seeming impossibility of the machines staying in the air this long over Paris occasioned the first doubt about its being ordinary planes, and the dirigible theory was the next theory that was advanced. Then came the theory that it was a big gun that had been placed somewhere in a field outside of Paris, or in a woods; and that this gun was being fired by compressed air. That accounted for the fact that it could not be heard. Then the question was raised as to how the Germans could get a big gun located. The answer was that the pieces were carried in bit by bit on air ships.

There was even a rumor that these shells were being fired from Paris itself. All "that morning" rumors were rampant. The town was seeing artillery history made and didn't know it. We were all having a privilege that we did not realize at first, on "that morning," for we were in one of the world's largest cities

when that city was being shelled by a gun that carried a shell—a nine-inch shell—more than seventy-five miles.

"Impossible!" said an artilleryman with whom I ate lunch that day, just after an official communication from the French government had announced that what we all thought were air bombs from Gothas were shells from a long-distance gun.

"Impossible!" said a gunner on one of our battleships which was then in a French port. "I've been at this game all my life. We have on our boat the finest guns that are made. Not even the Germans have a gun that touches ours in the United States Navy. We have guns that are going to surprise the world. I know how much care and work and money it took to produce a gun that would shoot twenty-five miles, and I know that it isn't possible for the science of artillery to jump that big a stride at once." I didn't know, so I didn't dispute him. Ordinarily the mere fact that I do not know doesn't hinder me much, but in these war days I find myself growing astonishingly conservative, and sometimes meek as a lamb when an argument is on over military matters.

"Impossible," said a group of officers that I met in an officers' hotel in Paris. "It simply cannot be done."

"There ain't any such animal," said another, referring to the old story of the exclamation of the fool when he was shown a giraffe and told what it was.

"Impossible," said the Frenchman. One of my friends was at Nice, recovering from a severe illness contracted in Paris, and he said that, when the bulletin boards flashed the news that an official communication from the French government had announced that it was a long-range gun that was bombarding Paris, one that would fire seventy-five miles, a crowd of wounded and convalescent French officers, nearly a hundred of them, stood about the bulletin board in Nice waving their hands, gesticulating wildly, yelling, excited, red-faced, talking in a perfect riot of words. He could not understand what they were saying, but one word hissed its way out of that bedlam every second from a hundred lips, and that word was "Imposseeb!" "Imposseeb!" "Imposseeb!" which is the nearest I can come to reproducing the

French word impossible. They pronounce that last syllable as if it was a long "e" with a hiss in it. And, in spite of the fact that at noon on "that morning" the French government officially announced that it was a long-range gun, the general verdict was "Impossible."

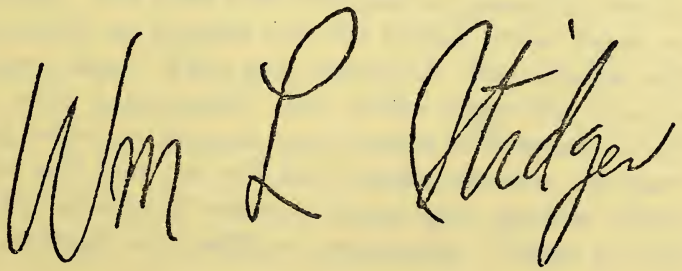
We did not know it, we who were in Paris "that morning," but war history was being made. "That morning" will stand out forever in the annals of war. "That morning" will change war as much as the U-boat has changed it. "That morning" will change war as much as the air plane and the dirigible and the wireless have changed it. It is a morning that ought to be remembered; a morning that ought to be carefully chronicled, with all of its fact and all of its human psychology, and that is the very reason that I am making this word photograph of it to the best of my ability.

About three o'clock the shelling ceased, after having thrown about twenty-five shells into Paris. "Impossible!" was still the verdict. Even the next day, which was Sunday morning, when the British officially announced that it was a long-distance gun that was throwing nine-inch shells seventy-five miles, many said "Impossible!" All that morning the shells dropped. I attended church service where my friend Bishop McConnell was preaching. Just before we entered the church a shell fell within a few squares of that church, and while he was speaking three shells fell, and in spite of that I remember his sermon, at least in outline.

That Sunday these shells fell just as they had the day before. We timed them all day and they came on schedule. They also stopped on schedule after twenty-five had been thrown into the city. The police department developed a new kind of "Alert" alarm for this shelling of Paris. It took the form of Agents de Police going about the city with a drum to warn the people of the shelling. It was amusing to see them, especially when they were followed by a lot of boys beating tin pans up and down the streets, much to the embarrassment of the dignified officers. Then on the third morning, Monday, March 26, we had become used to the shelling and the business of Paris went on as usual. The fact that now we knew where they were coming from eased our

minds. The uncertainties of "that morning," when we thought they were bombs falling from air ships, had knocked the nerve props from under us. Now that we knew what they were we went about our usual tasks, as did Paris, with utter nonchalance. On the fourth morning the shelling started again, but about nine o'clock it suddenly stopped. No official announcement was made, but a well-confirmed rumor went around the city that the French and English aviators had located the big gun and that they had silenced it with bombs. True, it had been necessary for several of the best airmen in the business to fly down to within a hundred feet of it in order to make a clean hit, and several of the best fliers of France had been killed by machine guns in the attempt, but the gun was silenced on the fourth morning. As I write this is all that we have. No official announcement has been made. This is another one of the uncertainties of war. And there are still those who say that it is "Impossible," and that some other explanation will be made of this mysterious shelling. I do not know. I do not claim to be a military expert. I am simply a photographer. I am photographing the thing as I saw it for those who could not be here to see. This is the picture to date, written the day after the gun was silenced.

But this is not the end of the story, even to date. The official German announcement this morning is in this terse sentence: "We shelled the entrenched camp of Paris with a long-distance gun yesterday." This sentence fully protects the Germans according to their ideas of international laws, which forbid shelling any city unless it is a camp of war entrenched. This sentence is consistent with the general submarining of hospital ships, bombarding hospitals, and killing women and children.



A NEW BASIS FOR TREASON

Traitor is a word frequently heard in these days, and much shunned. I purpose making clear that it may with justice be applied to some men who now wear miniature flags in their lapels, cheer each passing regiment and occupy platform seats at many a patriotic rally.

That incisive writer on political conditions, Mr. William Hard, has made a strong plea against the use of the word in any connection. But I believe that there is at least one definition under which its employment is legitimate. That definition declares a traitor to be one who seeks to thwart the highest purposes of his nation. What are the purposes of the United States? President Wilson compressed them in the phrase, "To make the world safe for democracy." Subsequent speeches have made clear that by this he means the securing of peace to each nation and a chance for the largest development of her own life which shall not endanger the life of any other. The immensity of this program can scarcely be grasped by one living amid the settled, democratic institutions of America. But it is the one program which holds out most hope for mankind, and is worthy of the sacrifice of any man. If it can be brought to pass, the day of the realization of the kingdom of heaven will not be long delayed.

What threatens these high purposes? Germany? Two things are in store for Germany: military defeat and political liberalization. With the consummation of either her menace passes. Japan? To be sure, some of her leading papers have protested against the democratic emphasis placed upon the aims of the Allies. But when these purposes are pressed by two such mighty nations as England and the United States Japan will never oppose them. What, then, threatens? What always constitutes a world danger-spot? Mr. Walter Lippmann, the most searching writer in America upon matters of international relations, has said that you will find trouble wherever you have a combination of natural resources, cheap labor, markets, defenselessness, corrupt and inefficient government. Where are these

conditions to-day fulfilled? In the land where you find natural resources, of coal, iron, and other minerals, so extensive that they have never been fully measured; where human labor is so cheap that in many cases animals cannot compete with it; where is one fourth of the human race largely without modern instruments of industry; where there is almost no navy and a worthless army; where the government has almost gone out of existence. The name of that land is China.

Careful observers realize the presence of this menace. In 1916 Mr. Lippmann wrote: "The trouble being prepared by the weakness of China will trouble the world. It will haunt its peace. And no clairvoyance is needed to prophesy that, if China is unable to stand on its feet and assume control of its own affairs, innocent people the world over will pay taxes for armaments, and those who are boys to-day will perish on distant battlefields." During the last six months Dr. J. A. Macdonald, editor of the Toronto Globe and leader of Canadian journalism, has been investigating conditions in China. This is his conclusion: "The world cannot be made safe for democracy until China is made safe for its own peaceful peoples and for all law-abiding strangers. China alone is big enough, resourceful enough, potential enough to be either a blessing or a cursing to all the world. A strong China, sound in its political morality, and wisely led in its national purposes, means security in the Orient and safety for the world. But a weak China, disturbed in its political life, disorganized and divided, means death for itself and hell for the democracies of the world." These men are not alarmists. They are simply students of the affairs of nations, and they know that it is nonsense to talk about making the future safe by adjusting the boundaries of Poland and Alsace and the Trentino while this running sore is left in the heart of Asia. A large part of the problem, therefore, of making the future of the world safe is the problem of making the future of China safe. And how is this problem to be solved? Closely examined it will be found two-fold. It is necessary, on the one hand, to secure China from external aggression, and, on the other, to secure her from internal exploitation by the development of her human and material resources. When

these two things have been accomplished China will have ceased to be a menace to the peace of the world. Until they are accomplished the purposes of the United States are not achieved.

The League of Nations to Enforce Peace may secure China from external aggression. That phase of the problem, at any rate, may be left with confidence to the ordinary processes of diplomacy as long as diplomacy continues inspired with the spirit of to-day. But such external security is not enough. Of itself it would probably do no more than secure in power the inefficient rascals who are at present exploiting the nation. What steps can be taken to bring about the internal development of China? There is at present much opinion favoring some form of international participation following the war: Call in experts in all lines from all lands. Bring constructive engineers to build the needed railways, deepen the canals, tame the rivers. Bring traders to set up factories and introduce the refinements of western life. Bring in officers to drill and lead the army and the police. Bring in experts to frame laws and, as long as is necessary, administer them. Or, as it has been expressed, let all the nations band together in an effort to do for China about what the United States has done for the Philippines. But the stern fact remains that when you have taken the utmost contribution of the expert you will still have but started. You will still be far from reaching the deepest sources of trouble, and these sources must be reached before you find the basis for permanent safety. What are some of these fundamental necessities?

New Standards of Living. The death-rate of infants in China is the highest in the world, being by some stated to be eight deaths among every ten infants during their first year. Tuberculosis takes a frightful toll from every rank of society. Epidemics sweep away every year thousands who should be contributing economic factors. In the city in which this is being written there is now present a plague which has swept down from the north with a mortality rate of one hundred per cent. Yet you will find it on page one, paragraph one, of almost any system of political science that you cannot rear a strong state on a foundation of weak individuals.

New Standards of Literacy. China is a land where about two per cent of the population has an intensive but unbalanced education; another seven or eight per cent can read and write; and ninety persons in every hundred are illiterate. If it is impossible to form a strong government of any kind on a foundation of weak individuals, how much less possible is it to build a democracy on a foundation of illiteracy. No matter what else may be done, as long as there remain untold millions in the heart of Asia who are totally out of touch with the life and progress of the rest of mankind the future is not safe.

New Standards of Morals. The most disastrous failure in the internal life of China to-day is a moral failure, and as long as "squeeze" is an accepted thing in every walk of life what chance is there of inducing the hard-pressed official to forego his share when the opportunity presents itself? Yet what chance is there for a strong national life until the almost universal official corruption is done away?

New Attitudes Toward the Foreigner. Suspicion of the foreigner is not yet gone. Why should it be? China still sees some of her territory in foreign hands, her resources coveted and wrung from her, and finds many foreigners, secure in their extra-territoriality, ready to abuse her people as the meanest of mankind. Yet it will be impossible to put through any extended plans for internal development while this suspicion persists. The opposition—even the passive opposition—of four hundred million people is a factor not to be despised.

New Standards of Spiritual Life. Very few, even among the men who have studied the problem of the future of China, have seen the significance of the need for new standards in the realm of the spirit. But it is a fact, as Chesterton has asserted and James attested, that our attitude toward life is more important than our position in it. Think, then, of a land where the masses believe the air peopled with ghosts and devils and evil forces of more kinds than the Occidental mind can imagine. Conceive of the cumulative effect on the human spirit of at least three hundred million people living in a daily atmosphere of terror and dull despair. What possible chance is there to build a flourishing,

forward-looking democracy on such a foundation? If all the other obstacles were removed which lie in the way of those who would insure the future of China, and this one remained, it would still be impossible to regard the outcome as assured.

Who is attempting to meet these fundamental needs in the diplomatic problem of China? At present, only one man: the missionary.

The Medical Missionary faces the hygienic problems without much that might be desired in equipment, but he does face them. And by keeping everlastingly on the job he is managing to plant the leaven of better living conditions in this tremendous lump. By and by, we are promised, others will take up this work. But if the present experience of the China Medical Board (the Rockefeller enterprise) furnishes any criterion they will find themselves dependent upon the man who, as a medical missionary, has learned the needs and language and spirit of the people.

The Educator Missionary sees elaborate paper plans laid out for the defeat of the illiteracy of the land. He also sees those plans swept into the discard by every temporary emergency that may arise, and he keeps on providing, not only the models, but also the largest part of the working force. China is the only mission field in the Orient where this is the case, and as long as the condition continues he can know that he is doing a work upon which the safety of the rest of the world is dependent.

The Evangelistic Missionary may furnish the butt for much sarcasm in the smoking-rooms of the steamships or the hotel lounges of the ports. But he remains the only man who is doing anything that holds out a promise of success to do away with the causes of moral failure in the life of the people. He remains the man who is nearest to the Chinese, and thus has opportunity to plant the idea of the genuine disinterestedness of the foreigner and his desire to see China achieve her highest destiny. He remains the only man who is unceasingly at work to remove that spiritual atmosphere of defeat which precludes any real advance.

In the Orient the traveler is not likely to go far before hearing it said that "the Chinese make better servants before the missionary comes." Thank God! For pauper, cringing, illiterate

labor is the sure sign of an undeveloped state, and the undeveloped state is a constant menace to the safety of the world. The faster the Chinese rise out of the "good servant" class (in the smoking-room sense of that term) the faster will the day come when China can hold her rightful place among the nations.

And that is what the missionary is doing. He is not going around under a pith helmet, with a Bible in one hand and a palm leaf fan in the other, saying, "God bless you, my brother. Don't you want to be saved?" But he is getting down amidst the loathsome physical conditions, the mental sterility, the moral near-sightedness, the spiritual terror, and the exclusive distrust in which the mass of the Chinese live, and doing a work which must be done if the menace is to be done away which China presents to future world safety.

So the next time I meet a man who "doesn't believe in missions," or who thinks "this is no time" to be asking for large sums with which to make missionary work effective in China, I have a new and bitter word to say to him. I once would have accused him of spiritual blindness. Now I shall accuse him of treason to the purposes of the United States and her sister democracies in this struggle for the future of the world.

Paul Hutchinson

UNTRAVERSED CONTINENTS

Dan Crawford has said that there are vast areas in central Africa where the forests are so dense, so clothed in perpetual night, that for centuries no ray of light from the sun has penetrated to the earth beneath. Only the fringes of these vast areas have been explored or touched. Many men yet must needs die from the effects of these torrid zones before new trails will be cut through the unexplored vastnesses. Wherefore the same is a parable. There are many new trails in the domain of thought and imagination that will respond to the new vistas of light and beauty. What wonderful discernments are awaiting development. They almost stretch out invisible hands and implore us to discover them. It was a cartoonist as much as if not more than anyone else who gave us the Hawaiian Islands. He pictured a child whose skin was of the hue of those islanders, in mid-Pacific, stretching out hands beseechingly eastward to "Uncle Sam," behind whose seeming stoicism was a mind to embrace the little one, which thing he did when that little one said, "Take me, O take me!" That cartoon was like the splendor of a sudden thought. Instanter Congress threw the Constitution around that pearl of the western seas, and where that instrument of American freedom goes the flag goes.

What sleeping provinces of thought and imagination, like the sleeping princess in the legend, are ready to spring into vigorous life and service at the touch of the might of a human spirit. They almost cry out, O for the touch of a human hand, the might of mind to mirror us amid the things already mighty! There are vast reaches in our own being which are like the higher latitudes and altitudes in undiscovered countries. We may dream the life we are never to mix with. We may image the show of those things, those fashions, we hardly shall know in this life. We may stand on the heights of our own life and get glimpses of a height that is higher still, die to the old, live to the new, grow stronger by each to-morrow, rise on the stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things. Who will go for us? Whom shall we send?

And Opportunity stands ready to serve us by saying, Here am I. Send me, send me!

Was not Paul such an explorer? "While we look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." How Jesus challenged the slumbering spirit of his disciples to "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to the harvest." He saw the whole village coming to him; coming over the mountain, down the hillside, across the valley; coming to him because a woman who had been touched by his Spirit had been awakened, and had caught the upward and heavenly trail of a new Life, and plowed her way through the prejudices and spiritual lethargy of the villagers to open to them this same heavenly trail. "And many of the Samaritans believed on him for the saying of the woman." But the upward and heavenly trail she opened to them did not stop with her word. "We have seen Him—*Him*—for ourselves, and we know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." She had sighted the upward and heavenly trail of an unexplored spiritual continent that led up to the Son of God himself; otherwise her words would have been full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. O the new trails that are yet to be followed up through the tropical luxuries of redeeming grace. In trailing clouds do we come from God, who is our home, and by the same token that lets new splendor in new splendor can go out. God in you the hope of glory. In the Ephesian prayer Paul well-nigh annihilates all temporalities, all boundaries, all human limitations of the finite to declare the fullness of God: "Able to do—exceedingly—abundantly—above—all—that we are able—to ask—or to think—according to the power that worketh in us." Literally, according to the spiritual dynamics that energize in us. And it is by a measurement of the immeasurable riches of God in Christ Jesus. Here is not only a single glint from a nugget of gold, but light from unfathomable and hidden mines of Divine Truth. And more still is this fact: our most commonplace circumstances may be used as chart and compass to new and greater explorations of this Divine Truth. Wherefore,

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush aflame with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes!

Even a dark and painful circumstance may be used to find a brighter one. A purpose and passion yet unborn may be as gentle and silent as the music of the moon, but aroused may be as potent, terrible, and sudden as the volcano. There was never a nettle without a dock, never a rose without its thorn. For every pain there is an open palm ready to serve and ease that pain. The hand that reaches up and out for the riches that are sweeter than the honey and the honeycomb may be pricked with many a sting ere that sweet nectar is secured that classic lore saith the gods feed upon. When thought and imagination have reached their utmost tether comes Faith, through silence and from the trembling stars comes Faith, from tracts no feet have trod before, to show us these heavenly trails lest some low aim should lead us to think God does not fulfill himself. If the topmost elm can gather green from draughts of balmy air, why may not a soul, a spirit, enkindled with celestial fire, find Life, and more Life, and Life in abundance in the great Giver of all life? In the flesh grows the branch of this life, but in the soul that branch bears fruit, and more fruit. Wherefore this Soul in us is always beckoning us to new daring, to leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for. Man walks in two worlds, his feet upon the clay, and may stick, anon, in the clay, but his head is up among the stars whither he aspires. But this heaven is not reached by a single bound. No height is attained by a sudden bound. A bitter disappointment may send one exploring for riches never yet found on sea or land, riches of Divine Grace one never knew before, nor little thought were meant for men. Bereavements send us in search of the consolations of Eternal Life not thought possible before. Every circumstance may be used to advance farther and deeper into the higher latitudes and altitudes of the wonderful love of God! Throes? To be sure! Are there not

Two points in the adventure of the diver:
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?

Throes? Yes! They make the low nature better and start one for the upward and heavenly trails. Wounds in the back tell a bad tale of the soldierman who finds his way back to camp, but the crimson plowing down the face, the breast torn and bleeding—these tell a tale of fierce and face-to-face conflict with the foe; and when such a "Sammy" comes marching home (and, please God, he will) we shall throne him as our Phidippides, and shout, Rejoice! We conquer! Democracy is saved!

Scenting these upward and heavenly trails, we may follow on to know, may feel the thews of an Anak, the pulses of a Titan's heart, have the mental might to write an "In Memoriam," or a "Saul," or an "Iliad," or a "Hamlet," or a "Pilgrim's Progress," or a "Paradise Lost"! It *must* be done! God *must* fulfill himself in many ways lest one good custom, one good and great thing, should corrupt the world. Not all the great iliads and epics and tragedies and lyrics have been written. Some never can be. Despair is not of God. This is a fine old world yet. It is pretty badly shot up, a little spent, perhaps, but still is an able combatant. A child yet in the go-cart? Even so! But, patience! Give it time to learn its limbs. A Hand still guides!

> Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns each smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go!
> Be our joys three-parts pain!
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain!
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

For so, and only so, shall we find new trails to undiscovered continents of thought and feeling and life. For so, and only so, shall we be able to go worthily into paths others have opened up before us!

> Each faculty tasked
> To perceive Him has gained an abyss where a dew-drop was asked.
> Have I knowledge? confounded it shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.
> Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank, to the Infinite Care!
> Do I task *any* faculty highest, to image success?
> I but open my eyes—no more, and no less,
> In the kind I imagined full-fronts me, and God is seen God
> In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod!

"Pantheism"? Yes! but the higher pantheism! Pauline! "All are yours, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's"! Mighty David would try to snatch Saul from the precipice, wake him from his dreams, set him clear and safe in a new light, so that out of Saul new harmonies may yet proceed, when he sings to him,

> Each deed thou hast done
> Dies, revives, goes to work in the world; until, e'en as the sun
> Looking down on the earth, though clouds spoil him, though tempests efface,
> Can find nothing his own deed produced not, must everywhere trace
> The results of his past summer-prime, so each ray of thy will,
> Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long over, shall thrill
> Thy whole people, the countless, with ardor, till they too give forth
> A like cheer to their sons, who, in turn, fill the South and the North
> With the radiance thy deed was the germ of.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

HOLY SCRIPTURE—THE WATERMARK. II

(Continued from the May-June Number)

One more great word is watermarked within; visible when the light shines through.

IX. Immortality

Dr. R. Martin Pope says: "Our acceptance of immortality on the Christian basis depends entirely on the kind of impression which the transcendent personality and life of Jesus convey to our spirit."

That is true, but the belief in life beyond the grave is not exclusively Christian; it was in the world before Jesus came. Although brought fully to light only by him, it was ever an innate premonition, part of the watermark in aboriginal human nature, before there were philosophers to argue it or prophets to announce it. Seers and sages even before Christ taught it; Aristotle: "Whatsoever that be within us that talks, thinks, desires, animates, is something celestial, divine, and consequently imperishable"; Socrates, when the cup of poison was bringing death to his lips: "You may bury me if you can catch me. That which you bury will not be Socrates. . . . I am certain that there is something hereafter, and something better for the good than for the bad."

But the basis of man's belief in a future life is broader and deeper than the reasoning of scholars and sages, as well as antecedent to the New Testament. The primitive races showed signs of presentiments and apprehensions like those which Aristotle and Socrates entertained. The wild untaught red Indian found on this continent by our forefathers in the beginning did not imagine this life to be all, but believed that, beyond the golden gates of the west and the red splendor of sunsets, there were happy hunting grounds for the good Indian.

In all ages there has been in man the apprehension of a spirit-world unperceived by bodily senses, surrounding or pervading the

physical world; and also the expectation of continued spiritual existence beyond this present life on earth. A sense of something in him that was not born to die is liable to stir in every man, whether savage or civilized. In quaint Henry Vaughan's words, at times "we feel through all our fleshly dress bright shoots of everlastingness." This expectation is as necessary to any worthy life for man as it is inherent in his constitution. If the wages of virtue were dust man would not have the heart to endure for the fate of the worm and the fly. The general law and custom of God's universe seems to be that what is necessary is provided. And so this needed preintimation of future existence is inwrought in the tissues of the soul, part of the Watermark in human nature, in order that there may be in man adequate reason, motive, and inspiration for worthy, courageous, and noble thinking and living.

We have now enumerated the items in the contents of the Holy Scripture, written not with ink, but by the spirit of the Living God; not on tables of stone, but on the tablets of the heart. And these items—Truth; Right; God a Creator and a Moral Governor; Free Agency; Moral Accountability; Sin and Guilt; Atonement, Repentance, Forgiveness, Salvation; Immortality—these make up the bulk and substance of religion. There is full warrant for speaking of the *"substance of religion,"* for these very intuitions, lying like shadows in the depths of the soul, or like gleams of light across the mind, are evidence that religion is substantial. Only substance could cast such shadows, only a real source of radiance diffuse such light.

In his Foundations of Belief, A. J. Balfour speaks of "beliefs which everybody holds," and says that investigations into the ultimate grounds of belief had better begin with those practically universal beliefs. Borden P. Bowne spoke of "beliefs which we hold, not because we have proved them, but which we sometimes try to prove because we hold them"; he might have said just as truly, "they hold us." They are the response of the soul to what we have seen to be watermarked in the human constitution.

At this point the moral integrity of the Maker is involved. If these inwrought convictions do not point to realities, then the Creator who made man thus has practiced deception on us. This is not only morally impossible but scientifically absurd, for John Tyndall, an honest man of science, said: "Even from a purely scientific standpoint we discover a VERACITY AT THE HEART OF THINGS." Science finds everywhere in the universe an honest God, not made by man, but

maker and lover of honest men—not of ribald scoffers, earning a living by vilifying Christianity and defending vile literature venders.

Science reports that it finds no instance of any creature cursed by the Creator with an instinctive craving, a constitutional need or capacity, for the satisfaction of which there is in that creature's environment no supply, nothing corresponding to the innate desire. Science finds that cravings and expectations congenitally implanted in even the humblest creatures appear to be guaranteed by the System of Things, like notes indorsed by the Bank of the Universe.

Because it is not credible that the Veracity at the Heart of Things, who has never been caught deceiving even a worm or a black beetle, has lied to his noblest creature, therefore is it scientifically certain that man's innate moral convictions correspond to realities, that Religion's world is actual, factual, and that the Holy Scripture within us is authentically in the handwriting of Him who cannot lie.

Religion is real.

To those, however, who give religion no place in their hearts and lives, of whom it may be said, "God is not in their thoughts"—to such religion seems unreal. Misconceptions as to the nature of religion, its place in the life of man, and its value to the world, are numerous, various, and as absurd as crass ignorance and shallow minds can make them. Some surmise religion to be a fraud, or a disease, or a dream, or the fad of a few peculiar people: at any rate not a reality nor a necessity.

1. Certain ignoramuses, some of whom pose as profound thinkers and even write scientific-philosophic treatises, but most of whom are incapable of rational thought, hold religion to be entirely a *human invention*. Samples of this class appear now and then in the newspapers. This one was a Leadville mining man interested in holes in the ground. In one hole his money was buried; it was called an "investment"; in another hole he expected all there was of himself to be buried. He could not form any idea of a soul living after his body was dead. He held that all religions were of human origin, frauds that could only gain credence among the superstitious (mental weaklings like Isaiah and Paul, Washington and Lincoln, Wellington and Gladstone). He left all this and more on paper to be read as his funeral service. His declaration ended, "I leave the world with no fears of an angry God and expecting no favors from his hand." The next authority on the origin of religion was a less distinguished citizen. One April morning, instead of going to busi-

ness, he went to a pond, sat down in health and comfort on its margin and wrote with a pencil on a pad: "I have swallowed a bottleful of laudanum. So soon as I feel it taking strong effect, I will throw myself into the water. Perhaps right is the only way to live, but some of us get badly treated for trying. To get along in this world you must be a rogue. As to a soul and a hereafter, I never could see anything in it but a gigantic fraud, produced by a lot of men who go to college to learn the art, and when they come out go about holding terrors before the eyes of people to make them believe it is to their interest to support this army of loafers in good keep." It seemed to his acute and powerful mind holding these views that the logical and becoming thing was for him to leave his "dearly loved wife," as he called her, to struggle alone while he sought the peace of Nirvana by the easiest route. As for his not having a soul, it is scarcely our duty to dispute his own declaration. Perhaps he knew best about himself. He was found in the pond not far from another drowned animal, having written on the pad that he felt no remorse and was not ashamed. Fortunately for us, the dog in the pond had no pad, but whatever views the quadruped held, if it had any, probably resembled those avowed by the biped. The professor of history in the school in which this gentleman got what education he had or had not, was able to fix the date when in the course of human retrogression the priests got together and invented religion. It was in the same year when the dentists invented teeth and the doctors invented disease, and the bakers and butchers invented meat and bread—in order to get people to think they must "support *those* armies of loafers in good keep." If he had gone to the seashore this keen detective would have seen through the trick of the hotel-keepers. According to his theory, it was they who excavated the ocean-bed, carried water in buckets till they filled it, set tides swinging and breakers booming on the beach so as to coax crowds to Atlantic City and they themselves get rich out of seaside resorters. If he had visited the Alps he would have exposed the rascality of the Swiss guides, who, he would assert, had piled the mountains in order to gain a livelihood by guiding tourists to the heaven-kissing heights. Sky pilots for filthy lucre's sake! So far from being an invention, religion is founded in man's inborn sense of a relation to the Highest. There is its basis and beginning. Religion is as native and elemental in him as is his perception of time and space, or his appreciation of the relation between cause and effect, or his sense of obligation. Man is not

man but a defective without some share in these perceptions. The sense of the Infinite is practically universal, as is also the feeling of dependence and of obligation in presence of the Infinite. The sense of this relation to the Highest persists in spite of slights and outrages, and abides, even if hidden, in the starved heart of the scoffer and the dull, cold unbeliever. So native and elemental is religion in man's very constitution that it may be said to have "the tang and odor of the primal things, the color of the ground, the fortitude and patience of the rocks."

2. Some there are who regard religion and its beliefs as *a dream* related to no reality. To them Emanuel Kant has answered: "A dream which all men dream, and which all *must* dream, is something more than a dream." It must be a revelation and a perception of reality. Have we not experienced that it is not when we are sleepy and dreamy, but when we know ourselves to be most wide-awake, with every faculty at its best, that we are surest of the objects of faith and the world in which religion lives and moves? And is it not when we are at our worst, our lowest and dullest and meanest, that those great objects seem most dim, distant, dubious, and improbable.

Is religion a dream?

> "Nay! But the lack of it the dream,
> And, failing it, life's love and wealth a dream;
> And all the world a dream!"

Yet here comes the naturalist who is as sure that believing is mere dreaming as he is that we ourselves are such stuff as dreams are made of and that our little life is rounded with a sleep. Cocksure of his ability to account for man's nature and man's universe on natural and materialistic principles, he condescends to share his knowledge with our ignorance and account for the origin of religion by explaining that man's conception of a spiritual world originated in the primitive savage, the cave man, taking for realities the things he saw in dreams.

3. Some there are who, at least at times, seem to regard religion as *a disease*. Revivals are spoken of as "epidemics." "Religious excitement," so-called, is explained as delirium. Penitence is melancholia. Walt Whitman rejoices in being a healthy brute who likes to fraternize with the animals because they do not weep for their sins. Not infrequently cases of insanity are called "religious mania," when religion had nothing to do with causing the derange-

ment, but was simply the subject the unsound mind chanced to fix upon, the insanity itself being due to physical causes and conditions. One mother thought her young daughter was morbid and unhealthy when her maturing nature developed seriousness of mind, increasing earnestness and conscientiousness, symptoms not of ill health but of religiousness and moral health.

When a wealthy irreligious bank president was brought under conviction by Billy Sunday's terrific preaching, and could not sleep because of shame for his sins and concern for his soul, his wife, alarmed at the sudden change, wanted to send for a doctor to find the cause of the mysterious illness. This white-haired banker, who soon became an evangelist, says: "I knew that mine was not a case for the doctor. Only the Great Physician could cure my trouble. I sought him."

A New York alienist of note, having observed and studied professionally Billy Sunday's work in that city, wrote a magazine article on "The Psychology of the Revival." It was written with ability, intelligence, and fairmindedness, but, naturally enough, there was in subconscious regions of the alienist's neurological mind the professional tendency to surmise mania or hysteria, along with the specialist's liability to think he finds what it is his special business to look for.

Recently a wise judge presiding in a Brooklyn court dismissed the petition of a mother to have her daughter, aged twenty-four, legally restrained from taking vows which would commit her religiously to a life of self-denying service and merciful ministry. The court, in refusing to entertain the petition, said: "The charge is that this young woman is suffering from religious mania. If love for religion and for Christian service is insanity, this would be a better world if we were all insane in that way. To aspire to the religious life is not mania, it is a noble and commendable ambition. This case is dismissed."

Not religion but irreligion and sin and vice and selfishness are symptoms and causes of disease, mental, moral, and physical—the most vile and virulent and prevalent and disgraceful and deadly of all diseases.

There are not a few who do not regard religion as essential or universally obligatory, no necessary part of one's education. It is optional, an elective in the curriculum of the University of Life, not a required study; a sort of preferred fad or diversion; one going

to church evenings and Sundays as another goes to his club, or the opera, or the saloon, or the golf links, or automobiling; all of these being matters of personal taste, and *"De gustibus non disputandur."* To some religion seems a matter of individual preference and predilection. They speak of the "religious temperament" as they speak of the "artistic temperament." They even think that some, including themselves, are *incapable* of being really religious; as some are incapable of music. They are too cold, too unemotional, too unsusceptible for religion, as if religion lived and moved chiefly in the emotional nature. In all such misconceptions there is not one particle of truth. *Any creature who can see the difference between right and wrong is capable of religion.* Just and true are the words of President Hyde of Bowdoin in his book God's Education of Man: "The raw material of the religious life is the distinction between right and wrong. He that hath that, hath the stuff to make a religion out of. He that hath not this distinction, sharp and clear and bright and sensitive, hath not the elements of the religious life. Be true to that distinction; follow its leadings, accept its conclusions, and the inevitable logic of life draws one into the presence of the living God. Lose it, let it grow dim and dull and blunt, and not all the evidence of all the apologists can make even the existence of a God a credible hypothesis. For to him that hath the moral insight, religious faith shall be given; from him that hath not the moral insight and purpose, the religious assurance that he seemeth to have shall be taken away."

Religion is *not* a fraud or *invention;* nor a *dream;* nor a *disease;* nor a *matter of temperament and taste.* IT IS REAL. The watermark is not deceiving the soul with illusions as a mirage deceives the eye. Man's innate beliefs mean that there are solid realities corresponding therewith. Nothing but Reality could cast a shadow so deep and so universal on the human soul. Even Renan said, "The inward inspiration which makes us affirm duty is an authentic and infallible utterance which comes from without and above and which corresponds with *an objective reality";* and again, later in life, "I believe as much as ever that religion is not a subjective deception of our nature; it answers to *an external reality,* and he who obeys its inspiration will have been truly inspired." Renan also said, "The absolute religion arises from the fact of a high moral conscience facing the universe." And it is as impossible to believe that the things perceived and reported by such a conscience facing the uni-

verse are not external realities as to believe that the physical universe perceived and reported by the senses, facing the universe, is not real. If religion is not real, then "the pillared firmament is rottenness and earth's base built on stubble."

Not only is religion real; it is the supreme and dominant reality. In man's nature, what place does religion hold and what rank among his faculties? Ask science; and the eminent American anthropologist, Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, speaking as a scientist who has analyzed and weighed and measured the contents of man's nature, states the inescapable scientific verdict thus: "The more carefully we study man and his development, the more important in our eyes becomes the religious sense. It is almost the only faculty peculiar to man, separating him entirely from the brute. It concerns him nearer than aught else. It holds the key to his origin and destiny."

Among the forces of the world what place has religion held and what influence has it exerted in the affairs of tribes and nations and the race through all centuries? Ask a competent historian; and John Fiske, master of history as well as expounder of science, answers with the records in his hands: "Religion has played the dominant part in the evolution of human society, and is the largest and most ubiquitous fact connected with man's existence on the earth." There is need to quote these high authorities, and to blazon their words before the uninformed and misconceiving multitudes. Some there are who imagine religion to have had no more weight in actual affairs than a shovelful of moonshine. Some think and say that the course of world history, the shaping of national events, and the progress of civilization have been decided and controlled by mighty kings, migrations of peoples, rise and downfall of empires, great wars, the spread of education, scientific discoveries, practical inventions, and commerce. But John Fiske, who is no mean authority, declares that it is *religion* that has *played the dominant part.*

Religion is a *necessity in human life.* Its indispensability is written large and clear in human history and experience. In William Lyon Phelps's interview with Paul Heyse, the conversation turned finally to religion, and the famous novelist said: "Now that I am an old man, I have changed my views about religion. I used to think that perhaps we could get along without it. Now I know that humanity can never exist without religion, and that there is absolutely no substitute for it. *Science and Monism can never fill any place in the human heart. Religion alone can satisfy human*

longings and human aspiration." Experience instructs. Doing without religion has never worked well for individuals or communities. Results of the experiment have proved unsatisfactory. Pertinent to this is the old story of the ascetic and humble-minded Curé of Arras, who got a notion that bread was too good for him, and decided to live on grass; tried it and found he couldn't. Then wrote in his journal with naïve simplicity, "It does not seem the will of God that man should live on grass." He had made a great discovery by the scientific experimental method. It is just as plainly the will of God that no man shall do without religion. As surely as the body needs bread, the soul needs the words of life that proceed out of the mouth of God. Professor Henry Sidgwick, of Cambridge, called himself a theist, and was almost an agnostic, yet he added to his mere theism the practically Christian statement that, viewed from a sociological standpoint, Christianity is indispensable because irreplaceable, virtually declaring that human society *cannot do without* Christ and his gospel, the Sermon on the Mount and the Beatitudes; just as Yuan Shi Kai declared to Bishop Bashford that Confucianism is not enough, "China must have the Christian ethics." Notwithstanding all this is true, A. J. Balfour says: "There are some who think that the days when religion was regarded as necessary, and the first necessity for every civilized community—that those days are gone or are passing." To them Balfour replies: "I hold precisely the opposite. Religion is more a necessity than ever. The growth of science, our enlarged knowledge of the physical world, the expansion of industry, the increase of wealth, the intensified struggles of various classes in highly civilized society—all these do not render religion less necessary, but make it more indispensable than ever, and the active and organized propagation of religion more imperative upon us than upon any previous generation."

In these terrific days of the world's most frightful crisis, when the Powers of Darkness seem supreme, that dashing, brilliant, captivating old Confederate, that splendid American, Colonel Watterson, sounds across the darkest hour since Christ's crucifixion the one clear note of hope. Listen to this grand old soldier's bugle, summoning the Christian army to the firing line in the fight for world-peace: "Surely the future looks black enough, yet it holds a hope, a single hope. One, and one power only, can arrest the descent and save us. That is the Christian religion. Democracy is but a side issue. The paramount issue, underlying the idea of democracy, is the religion of Christ and him crucified; the bed-rock of civilization; the source

and resource of all that is worth having in the world that is, that gives promise in the world to come; not as an abstraction; not as a bundle of sects and factions; but as a mighty force and principle of being. The word of God delivered by the gentle Nazarene upon the hillsides of Judea, sanctioned by the Cross of Calvary, has survived every assault. It is now arrayed upon land and sea to meet the deadliest of all assaults, Satan turned loose for one last final struggle. If the world is to be saved from destruction—physical no less than spiritual destruction—it will be saved alone by the Christian religion. That eliminated leaves the earth to eternal war."

The power of religion is matter of common knowledge among the intelligent. Even an ordinary newspaper knows, as did the good old soul whom Tennyson met one morning, that religion with its gospel is the best and freshest News. A metropolitan secular daily publishes an editorial on "Religion as a Force": "There is not upon earth another force so strong as religion. It is supreme over all other forces. It is the transcendent energy of all the ages. Religion has always been and is the primal and the final force in the thought of mankind. The spirit of it lives forever, as one age and one generation follow another. It is the strongest, as it is the most abiding, of all the forces upon earth. No government can exterminate it. It can perish in our world only when humanity perishes. No assault avails against religion. There are atheists and infidels in Christendom. But no unbeliever has ever been able to undermine religion or to affect the masses of the people, who are instinctively religious. Religion may have many forms and manifestations, but the essential idea of every rational or transcendental form of it is the same: the existence of a Supreme Being, to whom worship and obedience are due. There have been many cases in which a people gave up their old religion; but it was only that they might embrace another religion." Confirmatory of the newspaper's statement is the following incident: Twenty-five years ago a German in Chicago started out to demolish Christianity. He hated all religion and offered in place of it something he called "Idealism," invented by himself. When he had rejected and denounced all forms of religion, the spirit of religion was still so indestructible within him and the craving so insatiable that he had to get up a religion of his own. The metropolitan newspaper concludes: "Religion, then, is the greatest and most enduring of the forces that exist among men. One cannot imagine the world without it. One cannot conceive of humanity as destitute of it. One

is unable to tell how our race would get along, or society hold together, or morality prevail, or life be endurable, if religion were done away with, or if the force that is inherent in it were destroyed. A world of atheists: what kind of a world would that be? As a force, religion is at once spiritual and practical, touching the soul and the life. There is nothing else like it."

The physicist has nothing half so important to tell us as the gospel. The greatest book ever written on physical science is trivial, tame, and unprofitable for the entire life of man compared with the New Testament. Was it E. R. Sill, the poet, who wrote a friend something like this: "Which will do a young fellow most good—an hour with a clam or an hour with some greater chapter in the Bible? The one is science, the other is religion." Browning said, "Science is not an education, and never can be; mathematics is not an education and never was." A noted Scotch scientist, when asked what he considered his greatest discovery, replied: "The discovery of Jesus Christ as my Saviour." Religion is more necessary than science. The gravitation of an apple to the earth and all it meant to Sir Isaac Newton was less momentous than the gravitation of his soul toward heaven.

Religion is valid and true. Its objects are real and solid and everlasting. Religion is indispensable to man and obligatory upon all. Its truths are watermarked within man's very nature.

True, this handwriting of the Maker within the heart is often unseen and unsuspected. Nothing is visible in a dark soul. But an inward illumination may come at any time. The watermark in writing-paper does not show itself as long as the paper lies flat so that light cannot shine through; but a hand may lift it, or a wind blow it, up against the light. And then, as plain as day, there is the revelation divinely inwrought in the very fiber and tissue of man's intellectual and moral being.

The most insecure of all things is unbelief. In such a surprising, mysterious, and haunted universe as this, man's nature being as vulnerable as it is, with spiritual influences surrounding him like the air and streaming through him as magnetic currents through the earth, it is more difficult to maintain solid disbelief regarding spiritual realities than to maintain unshaken faith. The unbeliever's soul, as well as his body, is *exposed to the elements.* As Browning says: "Just when he thinks himself most secure in his solid and stolid unbelief, there's a sunset touch, a fancy from a flower-bell, some one's

death, a chorus-ending from Euripides; and that's enough for the starting up of fifty hopes and fears as old and new at once as nature's self, to take possession of his soul." An "Atheists' Club" had in its hymn of hate against the Christian faith this exhortation to the deniers to stand fast and be faithless unto death:

> When at last we come to losing of our life,
> Oh, may we faithless ones prove bravely faithless then,
> Prove steadfast in the faithless faith, before believing men!

A futile exhortation! They have nothing but doubt and negations and nothings to sustain their courage on. They are liable in some moment of surrender to confess with Byron, "The worst of it is, I do believe." Something as elemental as an earthquake rumbles under their flimsy fortress of unfaith, and it "comes down a-clatter like a house of cards." Browning speaks of "the superstitious atheist"; by no means a mythical character. The superstitious atheist has difficulty in keeping his balance and is forever in danger of toppling over on the Godward side.

The precarious plight of the boastful unbeliever is described by a secular daily:

He said there wasn't a God on high, he laughed at the Christian's hope;
He looked at the stars in the dotted sky, at the rock on the mountain slope—
The ponderous rock that jutted out, high over the murmuring sea—
And he said that they were among the things which merely happened to be;
It was "only a matter of cooling off and condensing that had brought
The systems, with their suns and worlds, to perfection out of naught."

He spoke of the dumb brute's fear of death, of the wild hind's mother love,
And he smiled at the claim that man draws breath through the favor of One above;
He heard the bell as its echo spread on the peace of the Sabbath morn,
He listened to what the preacher said, and he turned away in scorn.

He stood by the bay as the tide came in; he watched the billows that broke;
He saw the volcano across the plain, with its summit wreathed in smoke;
"They were things that had come out of empty space"; he could tell you how and why.
But a pallor spread over his baby's face, and they said that the child would die!
Then the man who had scoffed fell down on his knees, he still had a prayer to make:
"O, God," he pleaded, "spare him, please! God, spare him for Christ's sake!"

Sorrows and anguish can do it. As Mrs. Browning wrote:

> "There is no God," the foolish saith;
> But none "There is no sorrow";
> And Nature oft the cry of Faith,
> In bitter need, will borrow.

Eyes wh' the preacher could not school
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, "God be merciful,"
Which ne'er said, "God be praised."

A young widow, not previously religious, wrote to the minister who had married her the previous year: "There are times when life seems such a horrible struggle, and I am tempted to end it all; and then—well, I go to his grave and am comforted, for I cannot think of him as being *there,* but somewhere above, waiting for me. And I pray, yes, actually pray nowadays. You know I never used to."

Here is an instance from Yale. A few years since, a member of the university, distinguished for mental ability, took the position of an avowed agnostic, and contended with much earnestness and apparent candor that a reasoned ignorance concerning God and immortality and a future state was the only ground for any reasonable being to occupy. Shortly after graduating this young man lost his father, to whom he was very tenderly attached. They had been very intimate, and throughout their lives very closely united in tastes and feelings; and the sudden death of the parent threw a deep shadow across the path of the son. He began to reflect, as he never had before, upon the nature of human affection, and upon the meaning of those ties which bind together human hearts. He realized, as he could not realize before this experience, that human nature is not all comprised in the logical faculties or in the organs of sense-perception, but that, besides, there is a vast realm of affection, emotion, desire, and will, which in any just estimate of human nature as a whole must also be taken into account; and that when this is done, life and death and the vast forever assume a very different aspect from that when viewed in the cold, gray light of the understanding. He found, in fact, that his father, though dead, was still influencing his life and thoughts and purposes; that to conceive of him as non-existent was an utter impossibility, alike for his reason and for his affection; and that if he were to find rest for his mind, he must accept the very doctrines which on the ground of reason he had denied, and must believe and affirm the existence of God, the immortality of the human soul, and the reality of a future state of existence. This he did as openly and confidently as he had formerly denied them all. Not because he had discovered any new arguments of a logical nature for these truths, and not because in the realms of science or of sense-perception he had encountered any new revela-

tions of the unseen world, but solely because, through the experiences and workings of his own spiritual nature, he was constrained to believe and declare the very things he had denied.

In Kipling's story of "The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin," it was a lightning-flash and thunder-crash, splitting the black sky into three pieces, that choked the sceptical speech of the scoffer and wiped his lips of blasphemy as a mother wipes the milky mouth of her babe; that sent him off to the hills for months to recover and repent, so that he returned to his post in the Indian plains sobered, sensible, and reverent, stripped of his pert, saucy, pestiferous agnosticism, hating even to hear of it.

In a Cornish mine a big block of coal which fell from the roof of the gallery nearly killed a man who was the leader of irreligion and vice in that neighborhood. When they brought him home, crying to God for mercy, a devout old miner said, "There's nowt like a cob o' coal for knockin' infidelity out o' a man."

In an English church one Sunday morning the Scripture lesson contained the words, "As the Lord liveth before whom I stand." In the congregation was a humble man. The words startled him, and he afterward told the clergyman that his impressive reading of those words had led to his conversion. "Solemn and striking words," answered the minister, "but just how did they cause your conversion?" "Why, don't you see, sir? The Lord before whom I stand—I *felt myself standing before God.*" A feeling like that which overcame the great composer George Frederick Handel when he was finishing the wonderful hallelujah chorus of his oratorio, the Messiah: "I did think I did see all heaven before me and the great God himself."

On board an Australian coasting steamer lying in Sydney harbor was a young lamptrimmer, learning all manner of evil from older and more hardened sinners. On Sunday morning when he was on deck, the church bells playing "Sicilian Mariners" brought back to young Frank Bullen memories of all the holy things he had ever known, and made his heart ache with longing after them.

A ship was becalmed off Lowestoft, near Yarmouth. On deck stood a young man looking at the sun slowly sinking to the horizon. He saw the outline of a church spire, standing up, tall, slender, and graceful against the glowing sky. That was enough to sicken him of the evil society and voices of profanity and obscenity around him and make him yearn to be among the worshipers under the spire.

War often wakes the soul of the soldier. In grimmest and awfullest moments he sees, John Oxenham says, the Vision Splendid. Mangled men, mortally wounded, catch sight of Him who also was wounded by the world's wickedness and for its transgressions. Jim Baxter's last moments show him the White Comrade with holes just like Jim's own in his white hands and feet.

> His face was wondrous pitiful,
> And His look completely won Jim's heart,
> It was so wondrous sweet.
> "Christ!"—said the dying man once more,
> With accent reverent.
> He had never said it so before,
> But he knew now what Christ meant.

An hour of agony facing death may cause the God within the hero to arise;

> And through the gateways of a ragged wound
> Sometimes the Lord will drive His chariot wheels
> From some deep heaven within the heart of man.

Often it happens in time of dire extremity that suddenly out of the dark, flashing forth as a flame, appears the hitherto unnamed Name, "I am the Lord." And in the mortal agonies of these days of war, in muddy trenches and on bloody battlefields, for brave men who are themselves crucified on a new Calvary, great hints of the Christ go by on every side. The soldier is likely to catch a glimpse of One with seven wounds and to hail Him as "Comrade."

One soldier says: "People ask me what I have got out of the war; what I have gained from all the experiences I went through. I hadn't analyzed it at first, but now I think I know. Seeing men's lives snuffed out in a moment can't help affecting your attitude toward life and death. The boys who have been over there have a new feeling about religion, even though they may not talk much about it. I see fellows going to church now who never used to go there. Someone asked me the other day if I ever thought of praying when I was in a fight in the air. Yes, I did! It is so instinctive that it seems to me pretty good proof that there is a Supreme Being to whom we naturally turn."

From out the mire and misery of trenches at the front, and from grim soldiers on their way to certain death, have come some poignant poems, convulsively and piercingly sincere, the lines tense, terse, abrupt, ejaculate like spirts of hot heart's-blood from a torn artery. This is one of them:

I came to a halt at the bend of the road;
I took off my knapsack and lightened my load.
I came to a halt at the bend of the road.

I said to my Lord, "You have left me alone";
And the way is so long—see, I'm tired to the bone.
I said to my Lord, "You have left me alone."

"My son," Jesus said, "are you glad what you do?
The things that I suffered you're suffering too."
"My son," Jesus said, "are you glad what you do?"

" 'Twas for love of you, dear, that I died on the tree.
Can you die for love of your country and me?
'Twas for love of you, dear, that I died on the tree."

I said to my Lord, "Jesus, take my whole soul!"
I took up the march, I shouldered my roll.
I said to my Lord, "Jesus, take my whole soul!"

I'm ready, dear Jesus. Be happy and smile.
Rest a little. I'll carry your burden a while.
I'm ready, dear Jesus. Be happy and smile.

Was there ever a poem like that before? That soldier, "ready," glad, elate, marched away to die for his country and Christ, to give his life for the world's salvation, following the footsteps of Jesus on the path of sacrifice our adorable Saviour trod with bleeding feet.

Other soldiers there are who found God in more peaceful scenes. Captain Sorley, of the British army, killed in action at the age of twenty, held with Charles Kingsley that the greatest human problem is this: "Given self, to find God." Young Sorley left memorable poems, in one of which he dreams what he will do when he shall have a son. "I will make him find his God himself," he says. He feels sure the boy *will* find his God; all that he wonders about is *how*. Will it be in the rain, as Sorley himself did? Or among the daisies, or by the breakers?

—A God who will be all his own.
To whom he can address a prayer
And love Him, for He is so fair,
And see with eyes that are not dim
And build a temple meet for Him.

In quiet scenes as well as in tragic hours doth God reveal himself.

Dr. James Martineau, in a passage which is a fair sample of the noble beauty of his style, describes how a thoughtful even if skeptical man may be overcome by a sense of relationship to Him in whom we live and move and have our being and who is not far

from any one of us, whom the skeptic in his ignorance does not yet worship. Martineau writes:

"Let any true man *go into silence;* strip himself of all pretense and selfishness and sensuality and sluggishness of soul; remember how short a time, and he was not at all; how short a time again, and he will not be here; *open his window and look upon the night,* how still its breath, how solemn its march, how deep its perspective, how ancient its forms of light; and think how little he knows except the perpetuity of God, and the mysteriousness of life—and it will be strange if he does not feel the Eternal Presence as close upon his soul, as the breeze upon his brow; strange if he does not say, 'O Lord, art thou ever near as this, and have I not known thee?' strange if the true proportions and the genuine spirit of life do not open on him with infinite clearness, and show him the littleness of his temptations and the grandeur of his trust. It will be strange if he is not ashamed to have found weariness in toil so light, and tears where there was no trial to the brave; strange if he does not discover with astonishment how small the dust that has blinded him, and from the holy height of that quiet moment look down with incredulous sorrow on the jealousies and fears and irritations that have vexed his life. A mighty wind of resolution may set in strong upon him and freshen the whole atmosphere of his soul; sweeping down before it the light flakes of difficulty, till they vanish like snow upon the sea. He feels imprisoned no more in a small compartment of time, but belongs to an eternity which is now and here. The isolation of his separate spirit passes away; and with the countless multitude of souls akin to God, he is but as a wave of His unbounded deep. He is at one with heaven, and hath found the secret place of the Almighty." Thus with sacred and mounting eloquence Martineau describes an experience by which not a few souls have become aware of the besetting God with all that that implies.

E. R. Sill, the poet, returning from *a solitary walk at night* under a glittering and fathomless firmament, awed with a sense of the Infinite, sat down at his desk and wrote a friend:

"Do you read Spencer and Renan? I shrink from these loud scientific fellows who claim to explain it all. I prefer to blink a little at the old stars and think it over for myself. The talk of these Spencer-Renan chaps may be well enough for them in its way, but to me there is an Apple-of-Sodom smack about it all. Pigmies, they are. Sometimes, after a visit from the Angels of Good Thoughts or

after *a solitary walk at night,* I get calmer and better views, and feel those little Renans and Spencers to be flippant and *inadequate.*" "Earth's crammed with heaven and every common bush afire with God," yet man walks it with blind eyes and senseless soul and unbowed head till a day comes when all at once he sees. Then he takes off his shoes and thenceforth walks softly before God.

In the twilight at some day's tired close, one will be seated alone at the organ with a spirit ill at ease and fingers wandering idly over the silent keys, when a strain will come pealing from the pipes like the sound of a great Amen, and the soul of the player will join the heavenly hosts praising God and saying, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts! Heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord most high."

George Moore, the novelist of naturalism, sat at his desk expressing on paper his dislike of the moral stringency of western civilization, because in it the demands of ethics invade personal life and put restraints on conduct. His pen went so far as to advocate a liberty for the individual which would logically allow man's animal instincts a freedom like that of the barnyard.

All at once the unexpected happened inside the soul of George Moore. A clear and inflexible moral sense rose up and confronted him and said to him something like this: "How dare you write such vile rot as that? You know you don't believe it. You would not dare live down to the level of that low policy. To do so would cost you your self-respect, and your conscience would pursue you with a whip of stinging scorpions, as a corrupter of mankind." Then, brought up thus all standing by a Voice he had tried to rule out, he looked back through his personal life and was astonished to see how his conduct had been controlled by ideals. He says, "I saw that I had never been able to do anything I thought wrong; my conscience had held me in check." Perhaps he exaggerates the moral quality of his own conduct, but the point is that he confesses to having obeyed the Voice which he was advising men to disregard. That very Voice condemns him as a pretender, advocating what he does not really believe nor dare to follow.

Swinburne, whose poetry at its worst hisses and spits spitefully at Christianity, in a sonnet on the death of Philip Bourke Marston says, "We hope and do not fear. We shall not again behold him here, but from far above with eyes alight and spirit enkindled he now looks toward us, unforgetful how our days are darkened and how our

love keeps his vanished face in sight." *Love* simply will not have it that the departed dead are dead. At the graveside, even blatant scoffers say that "In the night of death hope sees a star and listening *love* can hear the rustle of a wing"; and are aware of that spirit world of which Jesus Christ is the only clear, consistent, complete, authoritative, and convincing revealer.

There was a time when the Pantheon in Paris was a sacred building, a place of altars and worship. The politicians decided to secularize it and ordered the altars and holy symbols removed. One day, shortly after, it was full of politicians of all sorts showing disrespect in every way, hats on heads, cigars in mouths, loud talk, uproarious laughter, desecrating the place with noise and fouling it with tobacco stench and spittle. Upon this disgusting scene, Eduard Rod, the author, entered by chance. Away in one corner, at an altar overlooked in the general removal, he saw kneeling an old peasant woman, shabbily dressed in coarse material, praying fervently. A deep sense of the contrast between the rude, loud men and the worshiping woman struck into the soul of Eduard Rod. Overcome by profound reverence, he knelt beside her, feeling that her seeking communion with the great Unseen found an echo in what was highest, noblest, and best in his own nature. Quite unexpectedly to himself Rod became a worshiper that day. He had not dreamed of going there to pray.

J. James Tissot was a French painter, living the gay Bohemian life of a Paris artist, quite irreligious if not immoral. Searching for subjects, he decided on a series of pictures, "The Women of Paris," choosing for models a typical specimen of each class: the Market Woman, the Danseuse, the Actress, the Woman of the Street, the Sister of Mercy, and others. In order to paint the Choir Singer, he frequented the church to study her face, and motions, and poses. The influences of the place—the reverence, the devout faces, the prayers, the sacred music, the lofty surge and swell of pure emotion—all this enveloped him week after week, until it permeated his senses and his soul. Its holy spell subdued him. Its purity made him aware of his uncleanness. The Beauty of Holiness entranced his sense of beauty. The exaltation of Christ as the one altogether lovely filled him with longing to join in exalting the Saviour. He fell at the Master's feet, crying, "My Lord and my God." Thenceforth, Tissot's rare genius was dedicated to making the real Christ known to the world. He forsook Paris, went to the Holy Land, stayed there ten years, studied the scenes of Christ's life, and painted on

the very spot each event and act of Jesus, in his very aspect as he lived. Hundreds of pictures of our adorable Saviour he painted with conscientious fidelity to fact and with studious reverence. With brush and palette he portrayed on canvas the whole life of Christ, with a power no preacher of the gospel has exceeded. Tissot's case shows that it is dangerous to a sinful man to go to church for whatever purpose. He is liable to be convinced of sin and righteousness and converted from the error of his ways. And the examples we have cited show a few of the ten thousand ways in which souls are awakened and brought out of darkness into glorious light.

This is what gives the Bible its power to awaken and kindle. This is what makes it worth while to preach the Word. Present clearly to normal human beings anywhere in the world the doctrines taught and the great realities fully revealed by Christ in the New Testament, and from the soul's depths and heights reverberates an echo of almost automatic assent. Christian truth commends itself to every man's conscience if the gospel is rightly presented, and if his attention can be fixed upon it.

As good orthodox Quaker Whittier said, "The Bible appeals to us convincingly as divine, because we find the Law and the Prophets in our own souls. Our consciences approve the Sermon on the Mount. Our hearts burn within us while we walk with Jesus through the New Testament."

This agreement and affinity between the written word and the human heart, and the effect of contact between them, are vividly symbolized to us whenever we use safety matches. Between the substance on the end of the match and that on the side of the box there is such chemical affinity that if they are brought together they combine to produce light and heat. That is like what happened one long ago day to two disconsolate men on the road to Emmaus who felt their hearts burn within them as the mysterious Stranger, their most intimate Friend, opened to them the Scriptures.

And that is like what happened one night in Aldersgate Street, London, when an Oxford University scholar felt his heart strangely warmed within him while the Scriptures were opened by an exposition of the Epistle to the Romans.

And that is like what has been going on in countless millions of hearts the world over through the Christian ages, wherever the Scriptures have been opened to attentive ears. Even a small fragment of Scripture, a little bit of the New Testament, drifting acci-

dentally into the possession of a heathen who had never heard of Jesus, has been known to kindle in his soul an incipient love for Christ and a burning and insatiable desire to learn more of him. Mere contact of the word, without a teacher, did this. The great mind of Gladstone spoke as he was eminently qualified and entitled to speak for the highest intelligence and wisdom of the world, when he said: "Talk about questions of the time. There is but one really great question—and that is how to bring the truths of God's Word into vital contact with the minds and hearts of all classes of people."

The old motto of the city of Glasgow is, "Lord, let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of Thy Word."

O, "the glory of the lighted mind," which Masefield sings so rapturously, when the soul that has lain prone and flat on the ground and perhaps in the mire, so that the watermark within was invisible to men and angels and to the man himself, is lifted and held against the sky, so that the light shines through, showing the name of the Maker and the truths of religion inwrought in the very warp and woof of human nature: an authentic and authoritative Holy Scripture, which is beyond the reach of criticism, low or high, literary, historical, or scientific. And this is the Watermark in Human Nature, "The word is nigh thee, even in thy heart."

THE ARENA

JOHN OXENHAM

THE unusual outburst of poetry is one of the encouraging signs in these distressful days. This has been one of the compensating features in every great crisis. After the first shock of bewilderment and depression, those who recovered themselves saw the vision and wrote out of the fullness of their hearts. Such was the case with Wordsworth and the French Revolution; so was it also with Lowell and Whittier and others in relation to our Civil War. Among those who are writing verse during the present world crisis, a chief place must be given to John Oxenham, who has deservedly been called "the poet laureate of the war." His verse has gone out through all the English-speaking world, imparting strength and comfort to many stricken hearts. The note of optimism and idealism is most refreshing. The freedom from ecclesiastical bias, the intensely spiritual sympathy and insight, the patriotic fervor, and, above all, the touch of Christian mysticism give exceptional worth and timeliness to his poetry. "Amid all the horrors and confusions of these terrible times," he writes, "the soul of life is groping back to the elementals and fundamentals as the only truly stable things left."

Before the war Oxenham had made a mark as a novelist. He has no less than thirty-five volumes to his credit. In a letter I recently received, Oxenham explains the circumstances which led him to turn to poetry. "When the war came and my own boy was in the thick of it, I could not sit down to novel-writing. The world was in the melting pot, and I could not play with fancies. It seemed to me that I had something to say to people, and the only form that appealed to me was verse. And while my verse is the very best I can turn out, even now it is rather the message in the verse than the polished form that I look to." The underlying thought of his poetry is found in "Credo," contained in his volume, Bees in Amber, which appeared before the war:

"Not what, but Whom, I do believe,
That, in my darkest hour of need,
Hath comfort that no mortal creed
To mortal man may give;—
Not what, but Whom!
For Christ is more than all the creeds,
And His full life of gentle deeds
Shall all the creeds outlive.
Not what I do believe, but Whom!
Who walks beside me in the gloom?
Who shares the burden wearisome?
Who all the dim way doth illume
And bids me look beyond the tomb
The larger life to live?—
Not what I do believe,
But Whom!
Not what,
But Whom!"

It is the deep elemental appeal that has given to Oxenham's verse such an unusual hold on the popular mind and heart. More than the rhythmic melody is the quiet calmness which his lines bring to the troubled breast. In characterizing the three volumes, I would say that All's Well! contains a message of bravery and buoyancy; The Vision Splendid speaks of confidence and courage; The Fiery Cross exalts the sacrament of sacrifice. The last volume is dedicated, in prayerful hope, "To all who feel the vital need for a return to God and a higher spiritual life throughout the world." This noble purpose is surely shared by us, and we welcome anyone who points out the way toward its realization. A few extracts will show what an invaluable asset we have in Oxenham's verse. To those who have lost their beloved he writes:

"Yet—think of this!—
Yea, rather think on this!—
He died as few men get the chance to die,—
Fighting to save a world's morality.
He died the noblest death a man can die,
Fighting for God, and Right, and Liberty;—
And such a death is Immortality."

From "The Empty Chair" are these lines:

"Think! would you wish that he had stayed,
When all the rest The Call obeyed?
—That thought of self had held in thrall
His soul, and shrunk it mean and small?

"Nay, rather thank the Lord that he
Rose to such height of chivalry;
—That, with the need, his loyal soul
Swung like a needle to its pole;
—That, setting duty first, he went
At once, as to a sacrament.

"So, Lord, we thank Thee for Thy Grace,
And pray Thee fill his vacant place!"

The need for personal decision is finely uttered in "The Ways":

"To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way, and a Low,
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go."

The cause of our present desolation is thus expressed with prophetic impartiality and directness:

"Take it to heart! This ordeal has its meaning;
By no fell chance has such a horror come.
Take it to heart!—nor count indeed on winning,
Until the lesson has come surely home.

"Take it to heart!—nor hope to find assuagement
Of this vast woe, until, with souls subdued,
Stripped of all less things, in most high engagement,
We seek in Him the One and Only Good.

"Not of our own might shall this tribulation
Pass, and once more to earth be peace restored;
Not till we turn, in solemn consecration,
Wholly to Him, our One and Sovereign Lord."

Here is a poem on "Visions," which has a ringing summons, in view of imminent demands:

"Thank God for Vision of the brighter day,
That dawns at last beyond this rough red way!
New life is there for those who dare,—
A life that all these sufferings shall repay;—

"A life set free from all the grosser things
That warped our souls and bound the Spirit's wings,—
An entrance fair to larger air,
And certitude of nobler prosperings.

"Only have vision and bold enterprise!
No task too great for men of unsealed eyes;
The Future stands with outstretched hands,
Press on and claim its high supremacies!"

The Christian assurance of immortality is comfortingly expressed in the following:

"There is no death.—
They only truly live
Who pass into the life beyond, and see
This earth is but a school preparative
For larger ministry.

"We call them 'dead,'—
But they look back and smile
At our dead living in the bonds of flesh,
And do rejoice that, in so short a while,
Our souls will slip the leash.

"There is no death
To those whose hearts are set
On higher things than this life doth afford;
How shall their passing leave one least regret,
Who go to join their Lord?"

These volumes abound in Te Deums, since this poet has found many reasons for which to praise God. It is the work of grace that enables us to "overflow with joy in all our affliction." Here are a few lines from "A Little Te Deum for Womanhood":

"We thank Thee, Lord, for Thy sweet Heart of Grace
Revealed in womanhood in these black days;
For her high courage under bitter stress;
For her new spheres of wondrous usefulness;
For her heroic fortitude in loss;
For her most patient bearing of her cross;
For her high seizure of the time's dire needs;
For her sweet sum of self-denying deeds;
For her self-adaptation to the claims
Of these new days.

. . . . . .

For all that woman has been—is—may be;
Heart thanks and praise, we render, Lord, to Thee."

I conclude with a worthy prayer for Christian unity, the need for which we see, although we do not have the courage to pay the cost that will realize it:

"Break down the old dividing walls
Of sect, and rivalry, and schism,
And heal the body of Thy Christ
With anoint of Thy chrism!

"Let the strong wind of Thy sweet grace
Sweep through Thy cumbered house, and chase
The miasms from the Holy Place!
. . . . . .
Break down the hedges that have grown
So thickly all about Thy throne,
And clear the paths, that every soul
That seeks Thee—of himself alone
May find, and be made whole!—

"One church, one all-harmonious voice,
One passion for Thy High Employs,
One heart of gold without alloys,
One striving for the higher joys,
One Christ, one Cross, one only Lord,
One living of the Living Word."

Newark, N. J. OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

DEMONIACAL POSSESSION

THE belief in a world outside the one in which we live is all but universal. The few who do not subscribe to this doctrine may be regarded as negligible quantities unworthy of serious consideration. Agnostics and persons too indolent to think critically on spiritual questions, there are, no doubt, in abundance; but atheists in the literal sense of the word are exceedingly rare. The writer, no longer young, has yet to meet the first pronounced atheist. That there is a God, and superterrestrial existences, such as angels and the spirits of men made perfect, is an item in the creed of the vast majority of those who call themselves Christians. The reality of a celestial kingdom, in which God reigns in glory, is deeply rooted in the minds of multitudes of the most thoughtful. That God does really commune with men here on earth is a precious doctrine plainly taught in holy writ. Certainly no teaching has afforded more comfort to the reverent mind than that the heavenly Father in his great mercy does directly aid his children here on earth to attain to a higher plane of living.

The same Scriptures, especially the New Testament, teach just as explicitly the existence of the devil and satanic influences, hostile to God and his kingdom, of malevolent and maleficent spirits inimical to all that is good, pure and holy, ever making for unrighteousness and ungodliness. The belief in a personal devil and evil spirits is as clearly expressed in the Gospels and Epistles as is that in God and angels. Our Saviour said to Peter: "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan asked to have you, that he might

sift you as wheat." In the great model prayer which he gave us we are taught to say, "Deliver us from the *Evil One.*" Saint Paul's language is not less explicit: "For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual *hosts* of wickedness in the heavenly *places*" (Eph. 6. 12). Bishop Moule, commenting upon this passage, says: "The reference here is obviously to personal evil spirits as members and leaders of an organized spirit-world." This passage from the mouth of the great apostle is in perfect harmony with scores of others in the Holy Scriptures. It is vain to claim that such language is an undigested importation from the cabalistic and rabbinic writings of the Jews, or from the antiquated literatures of Greece, Persia, or Babylonia.

The Greek term *δαίμον* and its derivative *δαιμόνιον*, never confounded with *διάβολος* (the Devil) much less with *Θέος*, as in Greek writers, when applied to an inferior divinity, are rendered devil or devils in the New Testament; and the one possessed with a devil is often designated in the Gospels *δαιμονιζόμενος*. In about sixty passages these terms are applied to evil spirits possessing human beings. There is in our English versions some difference of terminology or phraseology when reference is made to such. Speaking of the Gergesene, or Gadarene, demoniac, Matthew (8. 28) has "possessed with devils," Mark (5. 12) "a man with an unclean spirit," and Luke (8. 27) "a man . . . who had devils."

Account for it as we may, the belief in evil spirits as well as in a literal demoniacal possession was very prevalent in the first century of our era, as also in the centuries preceding and following it, not only in Palestine, but also in many lands, especially among the Semitic peoples. If, however, we compare the teachings of the New Testament on this subject with those of rabbinical writings or with the literatures of other nations, we find the greatest difference—just as we do when we compare the story of creation as given in the first chapter of Genesis, and in the cosmologies of Egypt and Babylonia, in which the extravagant and grotesque abound.

But because ancient writers are absurd and Jewish rabbis have drawn too largely upon their imagination in discussing angelology and demonology, we may not for that reason consign unceremoniously the utterances of the evangelists and apostles to the realm of myth and legend.

Let us, therefore, emphasize the fact that the New Testament unequivocally teaches the reality of demoniacal possessions—real possessions, distinct and separate, even if hard to comprehend. These malevolent spirits cannot be reduced to mere whims or even propensities to evil or wicked thoughts originating in the man himself, or merely subjective, much less may they be regarded as poetic creations or rhetorical inventions resting on no firmer basis than gross superstition, but, as Martensen says, "They are spirits, powers by which the man is enslaved." Nor are we to confound them with diseases, physical or mental, since a clear distinction is made by our Lord and the evangelists who record the cases. Our Lord speaks directly to the evil spirit in the man, as in Mark 5. 8, where we read, "Come forth, thou unclean spirit, out of this man." To

the Syro-Phœnician woman who came to him in behalf of her daughter, who was said to have an unclean spirit, Jesus said: "Go thy way, the devil is gone out of thy daughter" (Mark 7. 29). When the disciples were sent out on their first mission, it is plainly stated that our Lord "gave them authority over unclean spirits to cast them out and to heal all manner of disease" (Matt. 10. 1). We further read that they did "cast out many devils and anointed with oil many that were sick and healed them" (Mark 6. 13). No one can fail to notice the distinction made in these passages between diabolical possession and sickness. When the seventy returned they reported: "Lord, even the devils are subject to us through thy name" (Luke 10. 17). The apostles, too, after the resurrection of our Lord possessed and exercised the same power. Philip, as we read in Acts (8. 7), healed many that were sick and cast out unclean spirits from many of those possessed. Saint Paul, also, performed a similar miracle (Acts 16. 18). Now, as has been pointed out, this young woman at Philippi, from whom Paul cast out the "spirit," practiced divination, which evidently could not have been done by a mad or deranged person.

We can do no better than insert a few words here from Archbishop Trench, whose volume on The Miracles has become a classic. In discussing the subject he says: "The scheme which confounds these cases with those of disease, and, in fact, identifies the two, does not exhaust the matter; it cannot be taken as a satisfying explanation of the difficulties it presents," especially as it rejects the plain language of our Lord, as preserved for us in the Gospels.

Nor may we confound the cases designated in the New Testament as demoniacal possession when disconnected with any physical or mental disease, as the dumb demoniac mentioned in Matt. 9. 32 and Luke 11. 14, or the dumb and blind demoniac of Matt. 12. 22, with ordinary submission to temptation, to such as all persons are exposed, and, unfortunately, too often yield. Nor, indeed, can it be regarded as yielding to some grievous or flagrant sin, as in the case of Judas Iscariot and many others before and since his day. Possession as spoken of in the Gospels is not a mere influence, but a malady, distinct and peculiar. Indeed, those mentioned as possessed are not necessarily sinners above all others, or even as desperately wicked and devilish as many a confirmed sinner, who in the fulness of health and mental vigor deliberately violates God's law, becomes and remains the willing slave of Satan, and, as far as the better nature is concerned, is dead in trespasses and in sins.

The tempter is so subtle in his attacks, and human nature unaided by the Holy Spirit is so frail and prone to evil that multitudes not only become indifferent to higher things, but, alas, inured to sin, and sink gradually into captivity, or as one has well said: "In the ordinary temptations and assaults of Satan, the will itself yields consciously, and by yielding gradually assumes without losing its apparent freedom the characteristics of the Satanic nature." Take for instance the miserly money maker, the confirmed drunkard, the dope-fiend, the gambler, and the slave to sexual indulgence; with eyes wide open, fully realizing utter

collapse and final ruin, physically, mentally, or spiritually—often all three—the slaves of these vices rush on to their hopeless doom." How often, when reference is made to such people, the remark is heard, "He or she acts as if possessed."

The Boston agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, quoted by Dr. Townsend in his little book, Satan and Demons, says: "The course which intemperate and licentious men and women are pursuing in our large cities and the eagerness with which they rush into vice though knowing full well the woe that transgression brings to body, mind, and soul, are, outside of the sacred Scriptures, the strongest evidence to my mind of the existence of malignant and invisible agencies that tempt, lead on, and then destroy their victims."

It is very easy, as already suggested, to deny the existence of a personal devil, demons, unclean spirits and the like, or to brand the belief in literal demoniacal possessions as a species of crass ignorance, bequeathed us by the unscientific ages of the unthinking superstitious past. Indeed, in some quarters, it is considered the mark of low intellect to believe in a personal devil or that Satan is anything more than a rhetorical phrase. Satan, we are assured, is a symbolic figure, a myth, a dramatic personification, derived from folklore and heathen mythology. We may to-day be living in the most civilized age of the world, but has there ever been an age when wickedness, crime, and cruelty have been more rampant than during the past four years? Though we may banish Satan from our creeds, Satanic deeds remain. Though we make the Evil One a poetic invention, evil men and wicked are still in evidence. Or, as Goethe, by no means an orthodox saint, satirizing, in his Faust, the "Enlightenment, Philosophy, or Rationalism," makes Mephistopheles say, when the witch addresses him as Satan:

> Woman, from such a name refrain.
> Why so? What has it done to thee?
> It's long been written in the Book of Fable;
> But people from the change have nothing won.
> Rid of the *Evil One*, evil ones remain.

If it be true that the New Testament explicitly teaches the existence of a personal devil, as well as real, literal demoniacal possession, how then, it may be asked, do those who deny these doctrines explain their position? They freely grant that the evangelists believed in literal possessions, but we are blandly told that they were mistaken, and naturally so, for they lived in an unscientific age, and fully shared the erroneous beliefs of their superstitious contemporaries. This is true, not only of the plain Galilean fishermen, Christ's first disciples, but also of Saint Paul, trained in the best schools of his day, and a thinker of extraordinary ability. We shall not discuss this point, but will pass on to a greater question, namely: What did Christ himself believe? Many of those who attribute ignorance to the disciples and evangelists do not stop at that, but will unhesitatingly put our Saviour in the same category, and boldly declare that he, too, was ignorant and shared in the popular beliefs of

his age. They fall back upon the doctrine of the Kenosis, and contend that Christ during his period of earthly humiliation actually divested himself of omniscience or any knowledge not compatible with the limitations implied in his incarnation. We readily grant that it is not easy to grasp the dual nature of our Lord, or to understand exactly what limitations his human nature imposed upon him, nevertheless we shall simply say that we cannot subscribe to the view that during his stay here upon earth he had no power to penetrate the veil which separated the natural from the spiritual world.

Others again argue that though our Saviour might have possessed superhuman knowledge, and consequently could not have shared in any of the erroneous teachings of the day, he nevertheless accommodated himself to current beliefs, though knowing full well that they were false. He did this because it would have been a helpless task to try to disillusionize the popularly prejudiced, unscientific mind of his contemporaries. This he did, we are assured by one philosopher, the more readily for the sake of those possessed, "Like a wise physician who enters into the fancy of his patients in order the more effectively to heal them." With our ideas of Christ's moral code, to say nothing of his divine nature, we cannot conceive of such "harmless" collusion. Trench has well said: "The allegiance which we owe to Christ, as the king of truth, who came not to fall in with men's errors, compels us to believe that he would never have used language which would have upheld and confirmed so serious an error in the mind of men as the belief in Satanic influences, which did not in truth exist." Owen C. Whitehouse uses language equally strong in his article on Satan, in Hastings's Bible Dictionary. He says: "To suppose that Jesus persistently and consistently used the ordinary language of angelology and demonology, and even acted in accordance with it, and yet all the time held in secret opinions totally at variance with those of all his fellow-countrymen and never revealed them by a single hint—surely this is to invalidate Christ's claim to candor. . . . If language is to be manipulated in this fashion it is difficult to see why Christ's belief in a personal God may not be eliminated also."

It would be very easy to multiply quotations pro and con, for no doubt there are two sides. It could not be otherwise, since many have no place in their creed for miracles, for the inspiration of the Bible, or even for the deity of Jesus Christ, except in the vaguest way possible. Basing our conclusions upon the plain language of the Gospels and Epistles, we are forced to the belief that Jesus Christ and the apostles did really teach the existence of a personal devil as well as the reality of evil spirits, who in some mysterious way took possession of men. Even if we should grant—what we do not—that the apostles were mistaken and shared the superstition of their age, we naturally reject such a supposition when applied to Him who is the way, the truth, and the life. Edersheim, discussing this subject, very aptly says: "Regarded, therefore, in the light of history, impartial criticism can arrive at no other conclusion than that Jesus of Nazareth shared the views of the evangelists as regards the demonized."

In passing, just a word concerning miracles. As to miracles in general it should be pointed out that the Bible does not favor the conclusion that they were everyday occurrences, but rather that they were peculiar to specific periods and ages of the world. 1. The days of Moses and the founding of the Hebrew church. 2. The days of Elijah and Elisha, when the church was in a back-slidden condition. 3. The time of the Babylonian captivity, when the church was in imminent danger of utter dissolution; and 4, in the days of our Saviour and the apostles, when a new dispensation was ushered in and the foundation of a more spiritual kingdom was laid.

If at such periods there were special manifestations of divine power, it was but natural there should have been corresponding hostility on the part of Satan and the powers of darkness. The advent of the Messiah was the greatest event in human history; it was the turning point in the conflict between right and wrong. How natural, therefore, that the devil, whose kingdom Christ came to destroy, should gather all his hosts to fight the establishment of God's kingdom here on earth!

The question naturally arises, and is often heard: Are there cases of demoniacal possessions in our day? If not, why not? The same question may be asked concerning other spiritual manifestations or gifts, the gift of tongues, for example, or concerning miracles in general. Of course those who deny all miracles as recorded in the Bible will with equal ease dispose of the gifts of tongues and demoniacal possessions, and with similar logic deny the existence of the devil. It has been well said, "However the reality of the devil be turned away from in life and in science and be explained as a mere chimera, the earnest inquirer will ever again come back to it, and the doctrine of his existence will continually become anew the subject of investigation." The same might be said of miracles and demoniacal possessions. Even though such phenomena may have become rarer, or even though they may have entirely ceased, we should not for that reason question their possibility.

In conclusion, we can do no better than insert the following from Professor Whitehouse (see his article Demon, Devil, in Hastings's Bible Dictionary), who says: "Respecting modern examples of demoniacal possession and exorcism, it is difficult to speak with certainty, though some examples appear well authenticated. One of the most striking is to be found in the account given by the missionary Waldmeier of his ten years' labor in Abyssinia. Though the shadows of such beliefs have been slowly passing away from western Europe, the gloom still invests a large portion of the world, and fills the hearts of many millions of our fellowmen with anguish and terror."

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

WILL THE WAR DISCLOSE A SAVING REMNANT IN THE GERMAN CHURCH?

One of the darkest and most depressing aspects of the great war is the general failure of the German clergy to lift a voice of prophetlike testimony against the German war aims and the German military crimes. The followers of Jesus in every land and age confess, as implicit in their faith in their Lord, their faith also in the indestructibility of the Christian brotherhood. But has not the German church renounced the fellowship of the faith, betraying her Lord to the spirit of Antichrist? Especially the German Evangelical Church, the church of Luther and Francke and Bengel and Menken and Schleiermacher and Wichern, the church that has brought forth the deepest and richest hymnody of all Christendom and has produced so many of the greatest masters of theology, has not this church utterly renounced her loyalty to her Lord?

When we see how solidly the German church has backed the war policy of the government, it is not strange that many should conclude that she has indeed utterly betrayed her Lord. If it were not so, should we not (it is asked) now be hearing the reverberations of the mighty protests which all true Christian witnesses in Germany would be uttering? But the situation and the problem are not quite so simple. It may repay us, and perhaps cheer us a little, to inquire more particularly into the matter.

There is, in the first place, some comfort in the reflection that there may be great numbers of the people who know not what they do. Indeed, there must be many of "the quiet in the land," whose simple piety implies for them an almost unquestioning loyalty to the powers that be. Though systematically educated to false political ideals, these people have at bottom essentially the same sense of right and honor that the human heart shows elsewhere. While we do our utmost to defeat them unconditionally, we shall do well to hope for wholesome and righteous reaction when the light of the truth breaks in upon a misguided people. Let our hope in the God of all the nations teach us to appeal from the German people ill informed to the German people better informed. From the standpoint of international comity the German *government* has committed the unpardonable sin; the German *people* have not sinned beyond recovery.

But the clergy! Has not the German clergy quite sold itself to the worldly power? It cannot be denied that the German clergy is held in a shameful subjection to the power of the state. In no other country is the situation so bad. Nevertheless even here there are hopeful signs. The movement for the disestablishment of the church had grown to significant proportions before the war broke out. If the war put a stop to the active movement for the time being, it seems highly probable that the feeling that the state threatens to bind the word will grow

more and more intense. Anyone who is familiar with the life of the German churches in recent decades must testify to the restlessness manifested in the very quarters where religious zeal is most in evidence. Great numbers of pastors and theological professors have warmly espoused the cause of the "liberation," if not the complete disestablishment of the church. This in the interest of the freedom of the word. Not only among "the quiet in the land," also among the clergy we look to find a saving remnant.

In the midst of the war we have heard but little of that fearless, martyrlike testimony against the national sin, from which, if the voices were numerous and clear enough, we might expect a speedy regeneration of the German spirit. Only a thorough chastisement from God at the hands of the Allies can break the spell which a false political doctrine has cast over the people. Already there are voices of warning, voices testifying to the law of God and to the gospel of his grace; but these voices are but little heard and little heeded. We cherish the hope that the people will ere long begin to turn away from the false prophets and listen to those witnesses to the truth who have been so sadly neglected.

There may be both interest and profit for our readers in a brief notation of some of the evidences that we have genuine allies for our cause within the German lines—not Germans who would betray their country, but Germans who see that the salvation of Germany is to be found in turning from the false gods of war and greed to the God of truth and righteousness and mercy.

It was possible to make selections from the great multitude of German war sermons published in the first year of the war, showing a dreadful arrogance and self-satisfaction. Such selections were made and were widely circulated. The well-known book, Hurrah and Hallelujah, by Dr. Bang, a well-known Danish theologian, is a typical specimen, fairer and more moderate than some others. But even Dr. Bang does not give sufficient recognition to the very considerable body of sermons and articles that show a very different tendency. There is a very great deal of the divine law and gospel in not a few sermons and articles that have come to our notice. In the war sermons of such men as Ihmels, Hunzinger, Lahusen, and many more we should light upon passages showing a view of facts and relations which we should judge to be strangely erroneous, but we should be impressed with the genuine Christian motive running through them. Given on both sides a sincere devotion to the kingdom of God, we can safely reckon upon a genuine Christian reconciliation when the light has broken through. The question is, How much of this loyalty to the kingdom of God is there in Germany? Very much less than we should wish to find, but still, we believe, vastly more than now appears on the surface. It is too much to demand that if there be any Christianity in Germany it shall show itself in the form of an immediate and utter repudiation of the war policy of the government. Enough for us if this comes to pass as one of the great final results of the war and the accompanying ferment of ideas.

Our hope of an inner, spiritual renewal of the German church and

people is based upon certain great principles of the Christian faith and upon our experience of the power of the Christian life among the people of Germany. We cannot believe, in the first place, that even the greed for earthly power joined with the false ideals of the German Kultur could have utterly overwhelmed the genuine Christian faith. Even in Germany God has his more than seven thousand that have not bowed the knee to Baal. But in the next place we have been too profoundly impressed by the deep Christian sentiments and works of German preachers, theologians, and leaders in practical Christianity to give up hope for the future. A church which has had such lights in recent decades as Bodelschwingh, the great organizer of works of Christian mercy; as Warneck, the inspirer and director of missionary zeal; as Hoffmann, the fearless preacher of the cross; as Kaehler, the theologian of the grace of God—such a church is not apostate without even a saving remnant.

As far back as 1874 Adolf Stöcker began to agitate for the disestablishment of the church in the interest of the gospel. Later he hurt his cause by accepting the office of court preacher. Yet in spite of a certain incongruity in the situation he was not untrue to his principles. Because he addressed some political assemblies in the interest of certain social reforms the emperor dismissed him in 1890, since he could not tolerate "political pastors." A very considerable number of representative men frankly supported Stöcker in his general policy, though some of his friends did not wish for a complete disestablishment of the church. The movement is now quiescent, but we may surely expect it to revive with redoubled vigor after the war.

How do the representative Christian thinkers of Germany regard the militaristic policy of the nation? Unfortunately it is not possible to tell much about the most recent development of thought. But we know enough of the utterances of such men before the war and in the first two years of the war to be able to offer some materials toward an answer to the question. In general it should be said that all the theological writers repudiated the philosophy of Nietzsche. As for Bernhardi, the laudator of war as a biological necessity, a few theologians may have found something acceptable in his theories, but we know of no theologian who has not rejected them in the main. Something may be justly inferred from the utterances of representative Christian thinkers in their books and articles. We know of none that justify war except for the self-affirmation of the state in her moral task. There is, however, a difference between a broad theory and its consistent application in a given case. Harnack, for instance, spoke most admirably on "Peace, a Fruit of the Spirit," yet he passionately defended Germany in her whole attitude and course at the beginning of the war. Rade was more consistent. He acknowledged that Germany was not without guilt along with other nations. Schlatter also declared in a university address on the occasion of the emperor's birthday, that Germany must acknowledge her share of guilt. About thirteen years before the outbreak of the war we heard an unforgettable word from Kaehler. In a company in his own house some young men were speaking of certain growing evils and

vices in the barracks and in military circles. A brief silence intervening, Kaehler with solemn impressiveness said: "In my study of history I have observed that as a rule the instrument whereby a nation has raised itself to eminence becomes at the last the means of its downfall." No glorification of militarism in that! In his ethics we find some very rich Christian utterances concerning war. "National selfishness and the deifying of the state belong right properly to heathenism lost in the earthly." The Christian on the contrary "acknowledges the oneness of God's human family. On this account he places Christian brotherhood higher than the fellowship of the nation, without thereby losing his love of country, and he practices the love of neighbor without distinction." In the same general tenor run the statements of such noteworthy writers as Haering and Schlatter, both of Tübingen, and both authors of admirable treatises on Christian Ethics. Schlatter published his book in 1914, a few months before the outbreak of the war. His standpoint can be recognized in the following sentences. "The Christian aim in the intercourse of the nations is not directed to check their rivalry, but so to guide that rivalry that it shall not pass into war. The Christian aim should be to enhance the powers of one's own nation in all directions, yet in such a manner as to leave to the other nations the field for free, uncurtailed activity, being persuaded that God's government manifests itself no less in the guidance of other nations than in the guidance of one's own. Therefore we should be cheerfully submissive to his government, even if the lot of our nation is more modest than that of others." The rest of the paragraph on war is of like Christian tenor. Of special significance is a passage showing that "the Christian world-wide community, by ever resisting the enkindling of hatred, which would simply destroy the opponent, and by keeping the eye fixed upon the fellowship which should arise in new security and righteousness through the war, transforms war, as far as it can, from a struggle which reveals the savagery of hate into a conflict whose object is the establishment of peace." The position of Wendt is essentially the same. In his Christliche Lehre he writes: "The intensive wish of every true Christian must be that war should vanish from the human race." He shows that so long as there is wrong and violence in the intercourse of nations it may become the duty of those who guide the state to defend the people from such encroachments and "in the extremest case" to have recourse to war. "From the Christian standpoint a war is to be condemned, whose determining motive lies in the personal ambition of the ruler, or in the mere interest of a dynasty to extend its power, or in national arrogance and greed. On the other hand it is justified where it serves to defend and secure the essential interests of the state."

These are representative utterances of representative men. What they have been saying in the past they will doubtless be saying again—perhaps with intenser feeling and with greater urgency. If their voices are drowned out just now, the day will come when they will be heard. The men quoted are not all alive; yet in the great religious crisis that is before the German people the righteous dead will speak. As for the

living, these men are not without influence upon the larger public, while their influence in Christian circles is marked. No living German theologian has a greater personal following than Schlatter, and none surpasses him in fearless loyalty to the invisible King. It is because of the certainty that such Christian sentiments animate the minds of many religious leaders of Germany, that we have a right to think of them as really contending with us for the same holy cause for which we as Christians are contending—the establishment of the kingdom of God among all nations. We cannot, it is true, fail to recognize the fearful evil of "Cæsaropapism" in Germany, the unrighteous subjection of the church to the state; yet we cherish the ardent hope that even in Germany many fearless witnesses to the truth will arise—martyrs, who will risk place and emoluments as the martyrs of old risked their lives for the truth. Time must show. But we believe that even in Germany the gates of hell have not prevailed against the Church of Christ. The "official church" has been a grievous disappointment to us all. But the real, the invisible Church of Christ is not dead. She is doubtless praying even now and testifying according to the Spirit of Christ. The only question is, whether and when the people will hear the warning and obey. In Germany genuine, spiritual Christianity is in the crucible, tried by an intenser fire than in any other country. We cannot believe that God has left himself without faithful witnesses even in Germany. And now, instead of turning away in horror from all that breathes the air of Germany, let us hopefully await the religious reactions and developments in that country in the era just following the war. So far as "official Christianity" in Germany is concerned, it may be that the time is ripe when God will remove the candlestick from its place. But let us not doubt that even in that morally blighted land God has preserved to himself a saving remnant.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Paul's Joy in Christ. Studies in Philippians. By A. T. Robertson, M.A., D.D., Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. 12mo, pp. 267. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

Every preacher should read at least three volumes of sermons every year, not to get material but to find out how the masters of the pulpit deal with the great subjects of life and duty. When it comes to preparing sermons each man must follow his own methods and base his work on a close and thorough study of the Bible, with the aid of the best commentaries. In the light of his own reading and experience, he should then be able to make and preach sermons which would enlighten, inspire, and build up believers and convert sinners. Professor Robertson

is one of the best guides of preachers. He has just completed thirty years of teaching young ministers, and all his books have in mind the needs of preachers. That charming volume, The Glory of the Ministry, is a precious cordial. Even his large grammar of the Greek New Testament shows an enthusiastic understanding of the preacher's calling. In his expository volumes like that on the Epistle of James entitled, Practical and Social Aspects of Christianity, and the one on the Epistle to the Philippians called, Paul's Joy in Christ, he combines in an exceptional way the art of scholarly exegesis with practical application. The preacher who has unfortunately become rusty in his use of the Greek Testament will be quickened to a renewed study of it as he notes with what marvelous ability Professor Robertson brings fresh meanings and applications out of the original. A study of his latest volume on Paul's Epistle to the Philippians cannot fail to furnish the groundwork for the sort of expository preaching which we greatly need. This Epistle is such a favorite because in it Paul sings the song of victory and not of despair. "It is easy to take the theology of Philippians and apply it to modern conditions. The mass of modern men and women have to live their lives in untoward circumstances. They must do their work and sing their song in spite of prison or pain, of penury or pressure, of perversity or pugnacity. The very sanity and serenity of Paul's piety bring his loftiest flights within the range of the humblest of us who gladly try to imitate Paul as he imitated Christ." One of the missing notes in the modern church is that of joy. This is the keynote of Philippians and it shows what is the secret of overcoming harsh and depressing conditions. For Paul there is no "hark-from-the-tomb religion." "The Christian ought to be the happiest man alive, full of spiritual ecstasy and rapture. Joy is more than epicurean sensualism. Baskerville quotes the Yorkshireman who found so great joy in his religion that he had 'A happy Monday. A blessed Tuesday. A joyful Wednesday. A delightful Thursday. A good Friday. A glorious Saturday. A heavenly Sunday.' Indeed, Paul wishes that their 'glorying' may literally overflow all bounds, provided it is in Christ (because of Christ primarily and under the control of Christ, in the sphere of Christ). If people have enough occasion to shout aloud their joy, let them do it. There is no harm in a spiritual flood if it does not get beyond the sphere of Jesus Christ." Toward the close of the volume we read: "Over and over Paul strikes this note of joy. So he strikes this refrain, 'Rejoice in the Lord always.' There is no other ground of perpetual optimism that is not blind indifference. Only 'in the Lord' is it possible to get a view of life as a whole that will stand the shock of sorrow and sin. Paul knows that he has said 'always,' and that this word covers the darker side of human life. So he says it over again after pausing in contemplation of sorrow. This philosophy of life is no ephemeral emotion, but a settled principle, a deeper feeling that underlies all the storm-tossed waves on the surface. Men differ in their opinion as to the sweetest song bird. Some say the nightingale, some the mocking bird, some the English skylark, some the Kentucky cardinal, some the wood robin. Each bird has his individual note, but each has

the note of joy. Christians have not risen to their privileges in the matter of conquering joy. It is resistless as a witness for Christ and as an antidote for grief." As an illustration of his style of exposition in seeing new meanings in familiar words and phrases, take the passage on Chapter 3. 16. "The word for 'walk' means to 'walk in file,' to 'keep the step.' This is hard to do. It is climbing a sandy mountain often. We slip back almost as much as we go on and up. The tramp, tramp of the soldier is fine, but in time one is weary and it is hard not to lag behind. One comes to the jog-trot of the Christian life. There is monotony in work, the tedium of household cares, the grind of church services, the petty details of pastoral life, the minutiæ of scholarship and all forms of Bible study, the treadmill of spiritual exercises, the humdrum of things like three meals a day and going to bed every night—these things tend to pall on the sensitive spirit. But we shall die if we do not eat, sleep, walk, work, breathe. We shall die without the common details in the spiritual life." All through the book Professor Robertson sees how he can meet the problems of preachers and the needs of churches. The exhortation "hold such in honor" (chap. 2. 29) means keep on doing so. This plea for the proper esteem and treatment of soldiers of the cross is not without point to-day. Certainly preachers get their share of public esteem and criticism. They are outstanding targets and cannot escape a certain amount of rough handling which is not wholly bad. As a rule preachers get what love they deserve and often more. It is well to insist that ministers deserve due appreciation because of the high and holy task committed to them, particularly if they do their duty steadily and faithfully. But, as a rule, preachers are paid a pitiful salary and are expected to live on less than most other people with economy and good appearance. There is something better than monuments and that is right treatment while they live. In particular, one may note with pleasure the endowment funds for aged ministers now under way in most of the denominations. That is the least that can be done and it ought to be done. Any decent nation takes care of its old soldiers. This is a good volume for the preacher to study with the Greek Testament by his side. He will receive a richer conception of the life of Christian joy and victory, and be able to commend it with satisfaction to his people.

Essentials of Evangelism. By Oscar L. Joseph. 12mo, pp. 167. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

The author of this stimulating volume is one among the younger ministers of the Church who inspire us with confidence and hope for the evangelical preaching of the future. His books already issued and the articles from his pen, which have appeared in various religious periodicals, bear the marks of a devout and cultivated mind, in constant contact with the spiritual needs of the age, and having a clear and wholesome perception of the methods to be used for the advancement of truth and righteousness, both in doctrine and practice. This latest of his volumes exhibits these and other qualities. It is one of the best and handiest

works yet published on this absorbing theme. Evangelism as here set forth has to do with the entire constructive program of the Church, whose purpose is to redeem society and the world by first changing the individual and setting him in right relations with God and men "in the interest of world-wide democracy and fraternity." It is not an easy subject to discuss, but Mr. Joseph succeeds in discerning "things that differ," and in putting emphasis at right points. The message is given with much incisiveness and evidences a wide background of reading as well as much consideration of pressing problems. "Our evangel is the good tidings of Jesus Christ, who generously and opulently redeems men from the fatal dominance of sin, and delivers them from the depths of despair, and saves them from the peril of passion, and guides them with ever deepening consecration toward the splendor of light, the fullness of life and the perfection of love in God." Since this writer believes intensely in the indispensable mission of the church, he goes to the root of things and points out with delicate insight and candor not only the shortcomings of the thought and activity of the modern church, but also its strong points and how they might be further developed. He is healthily free from subtle reserve or disingenuous compromise. He sets the task of the church in its central place and discusses the dynamic aspects of its business in the interest of aggressive and progressive Christianity. He is always concerned for the gospel in its entirety, for the total as distinguished from the incomplete meaning of the Incarnation. Yet he never gets into a sublimated atmosphere beyond the reach of practicability, nor does he fail to relate the great mystery of Godliness to the human interests in which it is always involved. Indeed, the volume has a strong and timely note. There is a sane optimism in it that is greatly needed now in this hour of darkness. The clearness and practical turn of the discussions show the hand of the active pastor at grips with the real problems of the ministry. The chapters are happily named and replete with historic and literary reference of an engaging and stimulating kind. "The Supreme Unction" is a discerning discussion of the work of the Holy Spirit. "Only the enlightening and energizing Spirit can make of the church an inspired and inspiring people, who by reason of their superior vitality will destroy the enervating and enfeebling atmosphere of the world, with its disregard and discounting of the creative and redemptive presence of the everlasting God. This will give the aroma and fragrance of the full Christian life with its exuberance of joy and gladness." A searching treatment of prayer is given in "The Central Practice," in which our urgent needs are forcefully brought home. "Answers to prayer do not consist so much in receiving what we ask as in getting insight and moral strength for the performance of duty. It is illumination that we need, which gives us guidance and ability to do at any cost. So if we pray in the Spirit, weakness will turn to strength, uncertainty to confidence, fear into courage, anxiety into assurance, panic into peace." "The Holy Passion" has to do with the eager and enthusiastic spirit in which the work of evangelism must be done. There is an unusually bright and helpful chapter on

"Religious Conversation," suggesting how the idea underlying that of the class meeting might be enlarged and adapted to present needs. "So many Christian people surround themselves by inaccessible walls of exclusiveness and they remain silent touching the deep interests of life. Such a spirit of reserve and restraint is most unhealthy. We have become so afraid of cant and hypocrisy that there is a sentimental sensitiveness about giving oral expression to our religious feelings and desires. Let us recognize the causes of our distress and honestly remove them. One of these is the lack of 'seasoned conversation' and 'seized conversation.'" The chapter entitled "The Personal Touch" is a good treatment of a hackneyed subject. "Many objections which are raised against personal work are purely theoretical. They are generally offered by those who have neither a correct idea of the purpose of the gospel nor a clear experience of its power in their own lives. The story of the mission field is one continued illustration of the indispensable value of the personal touch in inducing non-Christians to consider and accept the claims of Christ. Effective evangelism is individual evangelism, and as we realize the bigness of the issue, we shall see that 'individual effort is imperative if collective success is to be obtained.'" The importance of lay pastoral work is convincingly dealt with in the chapter with the arresting caption, "All at It and Always at It." A chapter that will quicken thought is that on "The Needed Revival." While the author recognizes the place of the familiar and popular revival practices, he notes that while they may stop the leakage in the church for a time, they really evade the problem how to secure steady and continuous accessions. More then must be made of religious education, in "the nurture and culture of the virtues and graces which adorn character and beautify conduct." This particular phase of the subject is further considered in the chapter on "The Evangelistic Teacher." The teaching function of the pulpit and the strategic value of preaching on big themes are impressively treated of in the chapter on "The Persuasive Preacher." "The great preachers of the church were generous in their proclamations. The secret was that they breathed the spacious atmosphere of the Bible and expounded it with a wealth of learning and of spiritual insight to gladden and strengthen their hearers with tidings of the unsearchable riches of Christ. In these days, when we think of the Scriptures, not as a quarry of texts but as a literature of life, our use of the Bible should be more thorough than that of any previous generation. Where this is the case, an evangelistic-teaching ministry is exercised, and there is witnessed a steady stream of conversions with their marvel and joy, and a continuous flow of consistent confessions of Christ made by speech and in service." This book is admirable in all respects and should interest and stimulate those who are concerned in the progress of the Kingdom. Preachers, teachers, evangelists, and laymen who desire to form a close acquaintance with the problems of aggressive Christianity and their best solution will be wise to study the painstaking, scholarly, and comprehensive treatment which Mr. Joseph has given to them in this genuine piece of constructive work.

The Mount of Vision. Being a study of life in terms of the whole. By CHARLES H. BRENT, Bishop of the Philippine Islands. 12mo, pp. xix+ 141. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

IN this volume Bishop Brent shows the advantage and the necessity of taking a comprehensive and balanced view of life. He has no sympathy with the "devotees of the cult of the incomplete," who suffer from faulty use of vision rather than from defective sight. "All that is needed to change many a life from darkness to light, from fear to courage, from defeat to victory is a lifting of the eyelids." It is a solemn truth that those who have seen far and deep have had their power sharpened rather than dimmed by darkness. "The fairest songs ever sung are those which so far from being silenced are quickened by a furnace of hostile flame. It was when John, the beloved disciple, was in exile for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus that he became John the seer. Of the seers of pre-Christian days, Abraham, Isaac, Moses, and Isaiah, to go no further, each had his most brilliant vision when he was in a hard place. Coming to later times, it was in a cemetery during the throes of Civil War that Lincoln caught his immortal glimpse of democracy. In brief, the highest mountains of vision, in a spiritual sense, are frequently if not always deep valleys." We need men of vision who will interpret the significance of our confusion and bewilderment and enable us to understand the spiritual values of the war, and indeed of all experiences of suffering and sorrow. These meditations by Bishop Brent meet a really pressing need. It is a book of intense spiritual argument and requires close thought and attention, but it rewards the reader with a clearer, saner, and fuller vision. It is in a class of books by itself, to which belong The Justification of God, by Forsyth, The Valley of Decision, by E. A. Burroughs, and Concerning Prayer, by Streeter. The volume is not large, but it is weighty, because of its deep reasonableness, its optimistic earnestness, and its informed confidence in the ultimate triumph of righteousness. He rightly reminds us that Christianity is justified only by its thirst for the best and by its determined claim upon completeness according to God's plan. He therefore insists that we should cultivate the passion for wholeness, which is holiness in its bearing on God and those made in his image. His conception of wholeness is forcibly expressed in this paragraph: "I would make here a passionate plea for a whole Bible, apocrypha and all. More than that, a Bible which is but the beginning of a Christian library, divine and human, and which will rest not only on a lonely table as a thing apart, but which will rub covers with Dante and Bacon and the sages of the Orient, and be the richer and the more masterful because of its company on a crowded shelf. The Bible, in one sense, is a new starting-point for literature. Its last book launches us out into unlived centuries, just as the Old Testament carries us into past and representative history. The Bible is a prelude, not a conclusion. Its last words are against incompleteness and in defense of wholeness. The context of the Bible is the immortal literature of the ages, past, present, and future." The first chapter, on "The Ground-

work of God's Character," points out that it is in the cross that God has been fully revealed. A great deal is lost if we fail to use the Old Testament under the mistaken impression that it is an imperfect revelation. The God of the Old Testament is not only "the God of might, holiness unapproachable, and austerity," but also "the God of passionate gentleness and unspeakable patience. No literature in the world can produce such a splendor of compassion as shines from the pages of the Old Testament. Its groundwork is shaped in the form of a cross, and the chief sufferer depicted is not man, but God." The thought of the divine sympathy is well worked out in the chapter on "The Self-Identification of God with Man," while the truth of the divine sacrifice is tenderly interpreted in the chapter on "The Lamb As it Had Been Slain." Man's likeness to God consists "in capacity for self-giving." Some timely lessons are drawn from this truth. Self-giving must be both "vertical" and "horizontal." The vertical choice leads the soul to leave side issues and dilettanteism far in the rear and to "choose ambitiously the highest heights, surmounting clouds, adventuring sunward and beyond." The horizontal choice inspires us with "the thought that the human race is our heritage and the measure of our capacity for fellowship," is second only to the thought that God is ours and we are his. One of the strongest chapters in the book is headed "Purified As By Fire." The author has in mind the colossal suffering of our day and tries to understand the meaning of it in the plan of God. "There are few of us who have not learned by experience the remedial value of suffering when we have used it as a sacrament. It is astonishing how evanescent the memory of pain is, both in its acute and in its more prolonged forms, and how living a thing is the deposit made by a right correspondence with the opportunity hidden in the heart of suffering. This latter softens the disposition of that which at the moment seemed like unrelieved disaster and, as we look back, gives a benign expression to its severe countenance. To the growing character all his past suffering is a distinct asset and from none of it would he be separated. He would not, if he could, eliminate a single pang." Those who are trained in the school of suffering make "The last great adventure," which is death, without fear. "There is too much black about Christian death. If for us it is a hard discipline to say goodby for a while, the going from earth makes a gala day for the one who goes. The house of death should abjure the artificial. The tone of triumph should dominate our farewell. We cannot force ourselves into this temper of mind, but it will follow on us as the logical result of a Christian view of death." These enlightening and quickening meditations are concluded with a chapter on "The City that Lieth Foursquare." It exhibits a spirit of catholicity, so unlike the provincialism and incompleteness against which the volume is a healthy protest.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Mountains in the Mist. Some Australian Reveries. By Frank W. Boreham. 12mo, pp. 285. London: Charles H. Kelly. Price, cloth, 4 shillings, net.

Neither sermons nor essays; the author calls them "Reveries," but that name does not fit. They are too lively, sprightly, exhilarating, stirring for reveries. But who cares what they are called, so they are enticing, stimulating, endlessly suggestive, as increasing thousands find them to be, fresh and easy reading, variously profitable withal. Judge for yourselves whether our praise is true. Taste and see. Begin with this on Etiquette: The old gardener at Versailles was in sad distress. What pains he took with his flower-beds! How patiently he mapped them all out in the evening, and how deftly he executed his own designs in the daytime! How he longed for the summer, that he might feast his eyes upon the perfect patterns and the beautifully blending blossoms! But that joy was never his! For as soon as he had got his rare seed nicely sown, his fragile plants fondly set, and his delicate young cuttings tastefully arranged, the courtiers from the palace trampled them all down, and reduced the poor gardener to tears. Season after season the noblemen and great ladies in their strolls among the beautiful terraces and graceful parterres, ruthlessly destroyed the cunning labor of the old man's skillful hands. Till at last he could endure it no longer. He would appeal to the king! So right into the august presence of the great Louis the Fourteenth the poor old gardener made his way, and confided all his sorrows and disappointments to his royal master. And the king was sorry for the old man, and ordered little tablets—"etiquette"—to be neatly arranged along the sides of the flower-beds, and a state order was issued commanding all his courtiers to walk carefully within the etiquette. And so the old gardener not only protected the flowers that he loved from the pitiless feet of the high-born vandals, but he enriched our vocabulary with a new and startlingly significant word. The art of life consists in keeping carefully within the ways marked out by the etiquette. From cannibalism to culture is a long way. And the individual or the race that sets out on that pilgrimage forfeits more and more of freedom at every step. The cannibal can do as he likes, and have what he wants, and go where he pleases. He tramples without restraint on all life's flower-beds. But as he moves towards civilization he finds himself becoming subject to all sorts of rules and regulations. "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" speak out imperiously. He must not do this, and he must not have that; he must not touch here, and he must not go there. His path is marked out by the etiquette. And the more refined and cultured he becomes, the more those laws subdivide and multiply. He must not only do this thing; but he must do it in a certain way. He must not only go to this place, but he must go at a certain time, and dressed in a certain fashion, and stay for just so long. Cannibalism is freedom—and wretchedness. Civilization is bondage—and delight. For the beauty

of it is that the pleasures of King Louis' lords and ladies were not at all curtailed, but were really very considerably increased, by the introduction of the etiquette. I can easily imagine that for a month or two, whilst they were chafing under the new restrictions, and whilst as yet the gardener's precious bulbs were but slowly developing towards their coming glory, the courtiers thought of the old man as a boor, a nuisance, and an enemy to their freedom. Why could they not tread wherever they liked? But afterward, when their well-kept promenade was fringed and bordered by the most rare and beautiful and fragrant blossoms, then they blessed the old man as a benefactor, and laughed at their earlier folly. It is a very ancient heresy. Ever since the soul of the first man revolted against the eitquette that marked off one tree in the midst of the garden, the minds of men have rebelled against the royal legends, "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not." We abhor, as we saunter through the park, being eternally commanded to "Keep off the grass." We forget that it is only through the instrumentality of that obnoxious mandate that there is any grass left for us to keep off. The verdant and velvety lawn that charms the eye and soothes the sense is the triumph of the etiquette that sounds like tyranny. The truth is that I never enter into my best inheritance by putting my foot upon it. I more often come into my own keeping my foot carefully off it. The world is too wisely arranged to play into the hands of the tramplers and the trespassers. The etiquette that subtracts from my freedom multiplies my felicity. Otherwise the cannibal and the criminal would be the happiest men breathing. Things never work out that way. The courtiers learned in time that it is not necessary to trample upon a thing in order to enjoy it. We are most of us somewhat slow in making that discovery. In The Roadmender Michael Fairless tells us how she came upon a beautiful island out in the river, smothered with a riot of radiant flowers. "At the upper end of the field," she says, "the river provides yet closer sanctuary for the daffodils. Held in its embracing arms lies an island, long and narrow, some thirty feet by twelve, a veritable untrod Eldorado, glorious in gold from end to end, just a fringe of weeds by the water's edge, and save for that—all daffodils. A great oak stands at the meadow's neck, an oak with gnarled and wandering roots, where one may rest, for it is bare of daffodils save for a group of three, and a solitary one apart growing close to the old tree's side." Michael Fairless sat down beside the lonely little daffodil and feasted her eyes on the island in the stream. It was "a sea of triumphant, golden heads, tossing blithely as the wind swept down to play with them at his pleasure." And as she watched under the oak, and gazed upon the cloth of gold on the island, she exclaimed, "It is *all mine* to have and to hold without severing a single slender stem or harboring a thought of covetousness; *mine*, as the whole earth is mine, to appropriate to myself without the burden and bane of worldly possession." Now here we have a very beautiful picture. Let us pause to reflect upon some of the questions that its beauty suggests. Why are there only four lonely little daffodils here by the gnarled old oak on the river's bank? and why is this island out in the stream a

tossing sea of gold? The answer is obvious. The water round the island is like the tablets round the flower-beds. It is *liquid etiquette*. And, so far from impoverishing the strollers on the bank, it greatly enriches them. This girl sitting under the oak gazing on the golden glory of the island tells us that she felt, not like a courtier only, but like a queen. No palace on the planet held a princess so conscious of her wondrous wealth as was she in that delicious hour. It was just because she could not set foot upon her inheritance that it was so splendidly and delightfully her own. But perhaps the best illustration would have been the case of Richard Jefferies. Everybody who has read Mr. Edward Thomas's beautiful life of the young English naturalist knows how, in his brave fight with a cruel disease and with grinding poverty, Jefferies was comforted every day by the sight of the wild life around him and the sense of its complete and glorious possession. It was all his; and it was his just because he never tried to touch or tame it. Hear what he says: "Every blade of grass was *mine*," he cries exultingly, "as if I had myself planted it. All the grasses were my pets: I loved them all. Perhaps that was why I never had a pet, never cultivated a flower, never kept a caged bird. Why keep pets when every wild hawk that passed over my head was *mine?* I joyed in his swift, careless flight, in the throw of his pinions, in his rush over the elms and miles of woodland. What more beautiful than the sweep and curve of his going through the azure sky? I see the lark chase his mate over the low stone wall of the ploughed field, to battle with his high-crested rival, to balance himself on his trembling wings, outspread a few yards above the earth, and utter that sweet little loving kiss, as it were, of song. Oh, happy, happy days! So beautiful to watch; and all *mine!*" It was just because the poor, frail young naturalist kept his feet off the flower-beds, never caged a bird or potted a plant, that all the birds of the forest, and the flowers of the field, seemed so thoroughly and gloriously his own. Life is all a matter of etiquette. Louis the Fourteenth never supposed for a moment that the dainty little tablets would prevent the courtiers from trampling on the bulbs if they were determined to do so. The tablets indicate the king's pleasure, that is all. Indeed, that is all that etiquette ever does. It is indicative, not imperative. God does not protect his flower-beds with impregnable fortresses. He makes the way perfectly clear to a man; but if the man has set his heart on outraging the etiquette, there is nothing to prevent him. God in his mercy *hedges* our way about with his commandments, his exhortations, his revelations; but it is the easiest thing in the world to break through a *hedge*. Bunyan's pilgrims made that discovery. "The way was rough, and their feet tender; so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way. So they went to the fence, and saw soft grass in the meadow on the other side. 'Come, good Hopeful,' said Christian, 'and let us get over.' 'But how,' replied the suspicious Hopeful, 'how if this should lead us out of the way?' 'That's not like,' said Christian. So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile." But the story does not end there. On the soft green grass beyond the fence the pilgrims were captured by Giant Despair, and

flung into the dark dungeons of Doubting Castle. And, half a dozen pages further on, Bunyan tells how, sadder and wiser men, after their escape, they climbed back over the fence on to the road they had formerly left. "And when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive what they should do to prevent other pilgrims from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they erected a pillar, and engraved upon the side thereof this sentence: 'Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeketh to destroy his holy pilgrims.' Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger." It is perfectly plain to me that Bunyan's fence, and Michael Fairless's river round the island, and King Louis the Fourteenth's tablets round the flower beds, and even the pillar erected by the pilgrims beside the treacherous stile, are all different ways of saying the same thing. It is all a matter of etiquette. Now, this illustration from Pilgrim's Progress reminds me. Whilst I was perfectly right in saying just now that God does not protect his flower-beds with frowning forts, I was perfectly wrong if I gave the impression that trespassers will not be prosecuted. The pilgrims quickly discovered that severe penalties lurked in wait for them on the other side of the fence. There is a quaint old text that expresses the truth of this matter about as nicely as it can be stated. "*Whoso breaketh a hedge*," said a very wise man once, perhaps not without a wince, as memory reminded him of his own hedge-breaking, "*whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him.*" I confess that I never quite understood what this very wise man meant by the serpent until I sat at the feet of a very wise woman. And the very wise woman made plain what the very wise man had left obscure. "Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure?" good Susanna Wesley asked of her son John. "Then," she added, "take this rule. Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things, *that* is sin to you." Sin is, of course, the outraging of etiquette. And here, according to Susanna Wesley, one of the world's very greatest and very wisest, and very saintliest women, here are the bites of the serpents: "The weakening of the reason, the impaired tenderness of the conscience, the obscured sense of God, the lost relish for the spiritual." And when this wise and holy woman—the mother of the Wesleys—talks in this strain, she frightens me. She describes these symptoms with such skill that I feel the horrid virus in my own veins. I have outraged the divine etiquette myself. I have trampled on the King's flower-beds; I have clambered over the stile like Bunyan's pilgrims; I have broken through the hedge, and the snake has bitten me. I am glad that Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, and I am thankful that the Saviour left us in no doubt as to the meaning of that weird and wondrous symbol. All the etiquette of the law is designed to keep a man from trampling on the flowers: and all the etiquette of the gospel marks out for contrite trespassers the way that leads up to the Cross. Read what Boreham writes on Frightening Timothy: It is an evil thing and a bitter to frighten Timothy. And

it is wofully easy to do it. Timothy is very young. He always was! He always will be! Timothy has solved the problem of perpetual youth. He will never grow old. He was very young when he went up to Corinth that first time. Paul felt sorry for him. He was such a boy. "*If Timothy come,*" the wise old man wrote to those Corinthian Christians, anticipating their amazement as they beheld the boyish ambassador, "*if Timothy come, see that he be with you without fear. Let no man despise him.*" And ten years later poor Timothy is still in trouble about his perennial juvenility. "Let no man despise thy youth," Paul writes again in this later letter. It is very beautiful. The boyishness of Timothy is chronic, inveterate, incurable. He simply won't grow old. He was very young when Paul sent him to Corinth. He was still blushing over his boyish bearing when the veteran addressed to him his last pathetic letter. And he was still young when I myself met him. And just because there are still so many Corinthians who despise poor Timothy's youth, it is still necessary for Paul to beg and entreat those thoughtless believers not to frighten Timothy. "*If Timothy come, see that he be with you without fear.*" "*If Timothy come,*" says Paul. And Timothy often comes. I met him once as a young convert, setting himself with great hesitation, and with much trembling, to the high and holy enterprise of local preaching. I met him again as a young home missionary, encountering insuperable obstacles in his large and lonely district in the Never-Never Country, yet not half as much afraid of the muddy roads and impassable fords as of the peril of unfaithfulness among his scattered people. I met him again as a student pastor, burdening himself, after the heavy scholastic toils of the week, with the spiritual oversight of a pastorless congregation on the Lord's Day. And I met him once as a young minister, fresh from college, pulling himself together after the solemn and searching ordeal of his induction, and wondering who, among saints or angels, was sufficient for these dreadful things. Poor Timothy! Paul felt very sorry for him. So did I. "*If Timothy come, see that he be with you without fear.*" Timothy is very shy, very sensitive, very timid. At least, so all the commentators say, and if they don't know, who should? Yes, I feel sure that they are right. It is impossible to read of Paul's tender solicitude for Timothy without being driven to that conclusion. Timothy is very shy, and very sensitive, and very timid. All the most winsome and most lovable things are. The birds on the bough, the rabbits in their burrow, the deer in the forest glades—all the feathered and furry creatures to which we feel irresistibly and instinctively drawn—are shy, and timid, and shrinking. And so is Timothy. "*If Timothy come, see that he be with you without fear.*" Some day, when I have a Sunday to spare, I mean to run down to that bush congregation, to that country pastorate, to that suburban out-station, at which Timothy usually preaches. I should like to have a quiet talk with the people about this matter of frightening Timothy. I cannot persuade myself that they fully recognize the gracious opportunity which Timothy's presence offers to them. It may be theirs to foster, and cherish, and nurture in him all that is most spiritual, and tender, and noble, and Christlike; and to send him

forth at last from their tearful farewell meeting, not only with a silver-mounted umbrella or a Gladstone bag, but with a spirit sweetened, and instructed, and enriched in preparation for a great and fruitful ministry. Nor do I feel quite sure that they recognize the weight of their responsibility. They may quite easily and innocently spoil Timothy. They may frighten him out of all that is best in him. And they may dispatch him at last from their farewell meeting with a very beautiful silver-mounted umbrella, or a very handsome Gladstone bag—*and with nothing else.* And neither a silver-mounted umbrella nor a Gladstone bag is a quite adequate preparation for the Christian ministry in strenuous days like these. It is a dreadful thing to frighten Timothy out of his dreams, his ambitions, his ideals. He always has them. There is nothing else to attract him into the ministry. It is perfectly safe to assume that when Timothy boards the train that will bear him to his country pastorate, his head is full of the most beautiful ideas as to what a Christian minister should be. He has been reading Richard Baxter, or William Law, or Alexander Whyte, or the Yale Lectures. Or at least he has been reading his Bible, and he feels it a fearful thing to be called to follow in the footsteps of the Old Testament prophets and the New Testament preachers. And he has prayed until his face has shone that he may show himself worthy of so solemn and sacred a charge. And all this thinking and dreaming and talking and reading and praying have but enlarged his heart, and inflamed his emotions, and heightened his ambitions. And with all this wealth of spiritual fervor surging, like a tumult of flood-water, through every fiber of his being, he sets his face towards his mission district or student pastorate. And when Paul sees him setting out in this temper, he trembles for him. Such a spirit is very fragile. It would be so easy for those thoughtless but well-meaning people at Corinth to frighten it all out of him. *"If Timothy come, see that he be with you without fear."* In his amazingly candid autobiography Benjamin Franklin tells an ugly story. He has been describing his passionate and methodical struggle after goodness. And then he likens himself to "my neighbor who, in buying an axe of a smith, desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him, if he would turn the wheel. He turned, while the smith pressed the broad face of the axe hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing. The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on. At length, he said he would take his axe as it was, without further grinding. 'No,' said the smith, 'turn on, turn on, we shall have it bright by and by; as yet it is only speckled.' 'Yes,' said the exhausted man, 'but I think, after all, *I like a speckled axe best!*'" Now, I have heard that there have been such tragedies as *failures* in the Christian ministry—men who have lost the rapture, and the vision, and the glory. Such things might move an angel's tears. But I wonder in how many of these cases Timothy was frightened. The conversation at Corinth was so exclusively about finance and trivialities and externals, and he met with so little real comradeship and spiritual response, that he unconsciously adjusted his standard to fit his environ-

ment, and determined to content himself with a speckled axe. I fancy that the most intense peril lurks in the matter of pastoral visitation. Timothy has come to think of such a visit as a very beautiful affair. He imagines that he will be straightway taken into the inmost confidences of the home. His advice may be asked; at any rate, his sympathies will be invited. He pictures himself reading an appropriate Scripture, pointing out, it may be, in a sentence or two, its wealthy encouragement to the dwellers in this particular homestead. And then, surrounded by parents and children, he sees himself bowing in prayer, and pouring out his soul in earnest intercession on behalf of the family clustered around him. This is Timothy's dream. And it will be a tragedy of the worst kind if the people of Corinth frighten him out of it. If they are awake to recognize the day of their visitation, they will put themselves to some trouble to make Timothy's dream come true as soon as he knocks at the door. It will be a fine thing for him, and a fine thing for them. But——. But let me venture on a parable. In the depths of a Brazilian forest stood a giant tree. Its branches were ablaze with the most glorious orchids. They grew out of every crack and crevice in the old tree's bark. It was a riot of radiant color. One morning the sun rose upon it, glorifying its dazzling charms. Birds of every note filled its branches, and flooded the valley with liquid song. Other birds of brilliant plumage passed to and fro among the sunlit branches, like flashes of golden flame. It was a picture of Paradise. Then arose a sound of swishing boughs and crackling twigs. The gaiety was hushed on the instant. A troop of apes invaded the sylvan solitude. The birds flew in terror. The gorgeous petals were soon scattered in all directions. The glade re-echoed with the meaningless jabbering of the monkeys. The song was dead, and the forest seemed very poor. I fancy I have seen something like that happen, although I have never been to Brazil. It is easy to frighten the poetry out of the soul of Timothy. It is easy to quench his fires. It is a pitiful thing when chatter takes the place of song. Ian Maclaren has a lovely story of John Carmichael that I somehow think would have been very much to Paul's taste as he thought of Timothy and his peril at Corinth. Now, Carmichael was like Timothy, very young, very shy, very sensitive, and very shrinking. He entered upon his first charge. But he felt—painfully, acutely, constantly—the awful chasm that yawned between his radiant dreams and his actual achievements. And he felt that the people must be regarding him either with pity or contempt. One Sabbath, as he was sitting in the vestry, all the elders filed solemnly in. He felt that they had come to tell him that they could tolerate it no longer. Then the sagest and kindliest of them all addressed him. They had noticed his fearfulness, and nervousness, and timidity, and wished him to be completely at his ease. Was he not among his own people? They would have Timothy among them without fear. "You are never to be troubled in the pulpit," the old man went on, "or be thinking about anything but the word of the Lord and the souls of the people, of which you are the shepherd. We will ask you to remember, when you stand in your place to speak to us in the name of the Lord, that as

the smoke goeth up from the homes of the people in the morning, so will their prayers be ascending for their minister, and as you look down upon us before you begin to speak, maybe you will say to yourself, next Sabbath, 'They are all loving me.' O, yes, and it will be true from the oldest to the youngest, *we will all be loving you very much.*" "And *that*," Ian Maclaren says, "*that* is why John Carmichael remained in the ministry of Jesus Christ, the most patient and mindful of ministers." And I, for one, can easily believe it. Do you wish another sample? Take this about SPECTRE AND SONG: I. I confess that I was puzzled. I had been reading that chiefest and choicest gem of all devotional literature—David's great penitential psalm, li, and I had been arrested by this startling statement: "*My sin is ever before me!*" Now, when you come to think of it, that is an awful thing. To be haunted, summer and winter, sleeping and waking, by that ugliest and most hideous of all spectres, its ghostly finger continually pointing relentlessly and accusingly into the contrite penitent's face! It was with him in the night, and he drenched his pillow with his tears. It rose with him every morning. It tracked him through every day. His whole life was a sob. "Ever before me! Ever before me!" There can be no apparition, in fact or in fiction, so fearfully frightful as that! But I have not yet stated the real cause of my perplexity. It was just this. Even as this dreadful sentence was beating itself into my shuddering soul, it flashed upon me that I had come upon it in the world's greatest and grandest hymn-book—the book of Psalms. I had found this gruesome utterance in the very heart of a burst of rapturous music. Now, here is the riddle: How could it come about that this man, whose life was haunted by his past transgression, was at the same time the blithest songster that Israel ever knew? How did it happen that this man, with the hunted look in his eyes, with his tear-drenched pillow, with his stricken conscience and broken heart, was the gayest, happiest spirit that the world has ever known? Now, *there* was the problem that baffled me as I sat with my Bible on my knee —the incongruous conjunction of misery and melody. It may have been a flight of fancy that followed. I do not know. But I felt that I should like to submit this puzzling discord to the very highest authorities, and to sit humbly at their feet whilst they pronounced upon it. But to whom should I go? I wanted the masters, not of the *head*, but of the *heart*. At last I thought of the twelve who companied with Jesus. But I could not ask them all. And, besides, they did not all alike impress me as being authorities on such a puzzle of the inmost soul as that which baffled me. Then, suddenly, I thought of that sacred triad which Jesus formed from out of the twelve. Amidst the glory of the holy mount, in the solemn stillness of the dead child's room, and in the dreadful anguish of Gethsemane, he took with him James and Peter and John. These were his comrades and confidants. Perhaps *they* would know. I thought I asked them. And this is what they said. II. I asked *James*. I told him that it seemed to me that David was haunted by a grim spectre that he could not lay even if he would, and that he would not lay even if he could. And yet how his whole heart sang! How was it? And I

thought that the apostle answered me. David liked to have his sin ever before him—terrifying as the shocking apparition was—in order to keep fresh and sweet and warm within his soul the rapture of the divine forgiveness and the infinite tenderness of the divine love. Now, whether this conversation was a mere frolic of my fancy or not, that reply is worth thinking about. James could remember a time when he aspired to a lofty place in the Messiah's kingdom. He knew how easily the heart forgets the real treasures of the kingdom of heaven and hankers after baubles. And the man who has his sin eternally haunting him will never wander far from the wealthiest things. He will build his home near the Cross. It is so easy for us ministers and officers and teachers to become superior and professional, and to forget that we were cleansed from our old sins. But the minister or officer or worker whose sin tracks him down as David's did, and stands, with ghostly accusing hand outstretched, perpetually before him, will clap his hands as he rises every morning for very joy that he is forgiven. As he eats his meals and does his work —his sin ever before him—all the bells of his heart will be ringing with holy merriment. He will preach because he cannot be quiet, and sing as the thrushes sing because it is easier to be songful than to be silent. III. I asked *Peter*. I told him that it seemed so strange to me that David could be so terribly haunted and yet so tremendously happy at one and the same time. How was it? And I thought that Peter answered me. David liked to have his sin ever before him, in order to keep him wary and watchful, guarded and prayerful. And again I say, whether this conversation of mine was a mere freak of my fancy or not, that reply is worth turning over. Peter's memory lashed him sometimes most mercilessly. Could he ever forget that threefold denial and threefold absolution? Never! And what then? The horse that has once fallen may easily tumble again! The tiger that is tamed may once more feel the old passion for blood! The snake that is charmed may yet show the force of its fangs! That is why Peter, in his epistles, had so much to say about being *kept*. "*Kept* by the power of God." Ah, yes; Peter and David liked to have their horrible, shameful, gruesome old sins ever before them, that they might tremble one moment and trust the next. Whilst such alarming memories haunted them, they were incessantly on their guard lest, peradventure, in a moment that they thought not, like a thief in the night, the old tragedy recurred. IV. I asked *John*. I told him that I was puzzled by this singular juxtaposition of horrid spectre and of happy song. How was it? And I thought that the beloved disciple answered me. David liked to have his sin ever before him, and would not lay that ghost, even if he could, in order that he might be exceedingly tender, and charitable, and compassionate, and sympathetic, in his treatment of others. And once more I say that, whether this conversation of mine was a mere trick of my imagination or not, that reply is worth a thought in passing. David and John felt that it was the *delight* of their lives that God had so wonderfully forgiven them. They felt that it was the *duty* of their lives greatly to forgive others. They therefore made it the *determination* of their lives never to forgive themselves

—to keep their sin ever before them. When John Wesley was recrossing the Atlantic on his return from his mission, he was greatly troubled concerning his own unseemly conduct and his unworthy conversation with his fellow passengers on board. He therefore resolved "never to speak to any one who might oppose him, or who might sin against God without having all his own sins set clearly in array before his face." When Livingstone was asked how he contrived to treat the treachery and villany of African natives and Arab traders with such infinite patience and extraordinary calm, he quietly remarked, "*I have faults myself!*" His own sin, ever before him, gave him tender and charitable thoughts of others. There is nothing like it, as David knew, and as John knew, and as Wesley knew. It was just because his own sin was ever before him that David could write his wonderful evangelistic psalms, giving encouragement and hope to the vilest things creeping. It was just because his own sin was ever before him that John went down to his grave, in the days of gray hairs, still repeating, "My little children, love one another; love one another." It was just because John Wesley's own sin was ever before him that the roughest men and the foulest women of England were made to feel the warm glow of his sympathy and the resistless power of his message. How can I harshly judge the guiltiest thing that breathes if my own sin is ever before me? It is impossible! V. I took the Bible from my knee, closed it, and laid it aside. I had seen daylight through my mystery. It is only those who know what it is to be haunted who know what it is to be happy. The Spectre and the Song are inseparable.

What Can Literature Do For Me? By C. Alphonso Smith, Poe Professor of English in the University of Virginia. 12mo, pp. 228. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Price, cloth, $1.00.

We have long intended noticing this book, not because it transcends other books of similar character, but because it has a distinct aim and value of its own, making it practically helpful. It is as interesting as it is instructive. These are the things the author says Literature Can Do. It can Give You an Outlet, It Can Keep Before You the Vision of the Ideal, It Can Give You a Better Knowledge of Human Nature, It Can Restore the Past to You, It Can Show You the Glory of the Commonplace, It Can Give You the Mastery of Your Own Language. This book shows quite successfully *how* Literature does all this for diligent students and disciples. This is how the book begins: "I can remember," says Abraham Lincoln, "going to my little bedroom after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over, until I had put it into *language plain enough*, as I thought, *for any*

boy I knew to comprehend." Of all the incidents in Lincoln's life this has always seemed to me the most remarkable. That a boy of his years should have felt so keenly the burden of the inexpressible and should have spent sleepless hours in attempting to free himself from this burden seems at first glance to remove Lincoln from the class of normal men. We think of him as peculiar, as apart from other boys, as not so representative as he would have been if he had gone straight to bed and not bothered himself about putting into definite words the thoughts that were busy in his brain. But, explain it as we may, the desire for self-expression in clear words is universal. Lincoln had it to a greater degree than most boys or most men. But all have it. We are often not conscious of it, but as soon as we read or hear our own thoughts better expressed than we could express them, we realize at once that they *are* our own thoughts and that we are the better and stronger for their adequate expression. It was this passion for self-expression that made Lincoln one of the great spokesmen of his age. It enabled him to say in many letters and speeches what others were beginning to feel but could not express. It made him one of the great masters of English prose. He became a leader of men because he interpreted them to themselves. He gave back as rain what he received as mist. Take his Gettysburg speech: "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Why is this literature and why is Edward Everett's two-hour speech on the same occasion not literature? Let us picture the scene: There were men, women, and children in that audience who had lost brothers, sons, husbands, and fathers on the very ground on which they now stood. It was to them a holy place. It did not suggest to their minds vexed political questions; it suggested memories that were almost too sacred for words. What these people needed was a spokesman who should put into fitting words the dumb emotions that

filled every heart, and this is what Lincoln did. He put their emotions into language "plain enough for any boy I knew to comprehend." But he did more. He expressed what all of us feel when we stand on a spot hallowed by heroic self-sacrifice. It may be a battlefield of victory or an equally glorious battlefield of defeat; it may be the birthplace or the grave or the home of a great man. The important thing for us is to feel anew the ennobling, the dedicating influence of the place itself. The man who can put this universal feeling into universal words not only creates universal literature, but becomes a universal benefactor. This is just what Edward Everett did not do. He did not speak for the audience, but to them. He entered into a long argument as to the relation of the federal government to the state governments. "Your argument," wrote Lincoln, "was new to me, and, as I think, is one of the best arguments for the national supremacy." Everett replied: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes." Now what Lincoln did for the Gettysburg audience, the great poets and prose writers, the masters of literature, have done for mankind at large. The author quotes Louis Stevenson: "Shakespeare has served me best. Few living friends have had upon me an influence so strong for good as Hamlet or Rosalind. The next book, in order of time, to influence me, was the New Testament, and in particular the Gospel According to Saint Matthew. I believe it would startle and move any one if they could make a certain effort of imagination and read it freshly like a book, not droningly and dully like a portion of the Bible." Upon this the author comments: You will notice that Stevenson does not refer to a particular passage or verse or chapter from the Bible; he refers to a whole book. He evidently read the Bible not by fragments, but by books. No masterpiece of world-literature has suffered so much by piecemeal reading as the Bible. On Sundays it is read aloud by select chapters or parts of chapters, and expounded by select verses; in Sunday schools it is taught with an equal disregard of book divisions; and even in home study and private reading the same hop-skip-and-jump method is generally followed. Suppose we should read Shakespeare the same way—one day a few passages from *Romeo and Juliet*, the next day an act from *Hamlet*, the third day a scene from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. It has been practically overlooked that each book of the Bible, like each play of Shakespeare, is a unit in itself. The authors of these books wrote not because they had to say something but because they had something to say; when they had said it they stopped, or began another book. Try reading each book at a sitting and as if you had to furnish a subtitle for each, giving the main content of each book as you understand it. Thus, *Job*, or *Piety without Prosperity; Ecclesiastes*, or *Prosperity without Piety. Ecclesiastes* recalls another writer who recognized the book units in the Bible. "There is one immortal work that moves me still more," says Rider Haggard, whom we do not think of as owing much to the Bible, "a work that utters all the world's yearning anguish and disillusionment in one sorrow-laden and bitter cry, and whose stately music thrills like the

voice of pines heard in the darkness of a midnight gale; and that is the book of *Ecclesiastes.*" The author's exposition of Hawthorne's story of the *Great Stone Face* is essentially a sermon. Here it is: The *best philosophy* of idealism was given by Saint Paul when he said: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory," and the *best commentary* on these words is Hawthorne's *Great Stone Face.* This wonderful story is summarized thus: There is in the White Mountains of New Hampshire a freak of nature known as the Great Stone Face. The expression of the face is kind and noble, and there was a tradition in the valley that there would some day appear a great man with the very countenance of the Great Stone Face. This man was to be a sort of saviour of the people. Ernest, a little boy living in the valley, heard from his mother's lips the tradition of the Great Stone Face and lived in eager expectation of the coming of the great man thus foretold. The changing but always noble look of the Great Stone Face had an increasing influence upon the development of Ernest's character. By looking and longing he was being slowly "changed into the same image." Three times, as the years went by, it was confidently proclaimed in the valley that the great man so long foretold was about to come. Ernest goes out each time to welcome him, but returns disappointed. The people believed the resemblance complete, but Ernest did not. "Old Mr. Gathergold," a type of the merely rich man, "Old Blood-and-Thunder," a type of the military hero, and "Old Stony Phiz," a popular type of the statesman, though they possessed some admirable qualities and have done some service for their country, did not have, as Ernest thought, "the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies" of the Great Stone Face. At length, after Ernest had become an old man, a poet visited the valley. He too had been born in the valley and had felt the influence of the Great Stone Face. He was a poet (1) of nature and (2) of personality: (1) "If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it. (2) The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified, if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin." He and Ernest talked long together and Ernest hoped that the great man had at last come. The poet, however, con-

fessed to Ernest that his deeds were not in harmony with his words. "Suddenly the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted, 'Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!' Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face." Ernest had set his ideal high and was thus saved from being the victim of the popular and passing ideals of money, war, and politics. Though he still looked for a better man, his own recognition and reward had come. The author condenses as follows Goethe's masterpiece: *Faust* marks not only the highest reach of its author's genius but the highest reach of modern thought about human nature. The situation and the problem presented are simple enough for any child to understand. Faust is a scholar and investigator who cannot find satisfaction for his spirit. His ideals of happiness and attainment are far beyond what he has been able to achieve. At last he enters into a contract with Satan. "Take me in charge," he says, "and tempt me with all the pleasures of mind and body at your disposal. If you can satisfy my innate desires, if you can make me say to any passing moment, 'Stay, thou art so fair,' then you may bind my soul in your bonds." Faust journeys with Satan for fifty years. "The little world and then the great we'll see," Satan had said. During this time he enjoys every delight that his imagination craves—banquetings, revellings, woman's love, the revelations of magic, comradeship with nature, the achievements of intellect, and the witchery of all forms of beauty. But in every experience Faust is either disgusted or in the moment of enjoyment feels the call to something higher. But broadened and ennobled by his struggles, Faust enters at last upon the joy of serving others. Though blind and a hundred years old, the climbing mood is still dominant within him. Having obtained a bit of seashore, he redeems it from the waves and colonizes it with happy laborers. He had begun this work merely to exhibit the victory of mind over nature. But as it progresses he is conscious of a happiness unknown before. His spirit glows at the thought of the good that he is doing and of the millions who in after ages will labor fruitfully and gratefully on the land that he has rescued. If he could only look down the ages and see this free people on a free soil, he would be willing to say to the moment, "Stay, thou art so fair." He falls dead, Satan orders his minions to seize the ascending soul, but the angels bear it aloft singing:

> The noble spirit now is free
> And saved from evil scheming.
> Whoe'er aspires unwearied
> Is not beyond redeeming.
> And if he feels the grace of love
> That from on high is given,
> The blessed hosts that wait above
> Shall welcome him to heaven.

"In these lines," said Goethe, "the key to Faust's rescue may be found—in Faust himself an *ever higher and purer form of activity* to the end, and the eternal love *coming down to his aid from above.* This is entirely in harmony with our religious ideas, according to which *we are saved not by our own strength alone,* but by and through the freely bestowed grace of God." Many solutions of Faust's problem were possible. He might have said "Stay" (1) to some moment of physical pleasure, (2) to some moment of intellectual achievement, (3) to some moment of artistic enjoyment, or (4) to some moment of victory for others. He said "Stay" to none of these. His ideal was still in the ascendant. He said "Stay" not to a present moment, but to a moment of unselfish achievement yet to be. Tennyson epitomized Goethe's work in these lines:

> I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

In his exposition of *Pippa Passes* the author says: The best introduction to *Pippa Passes* is found in Emerson's *Over-Soul:* "There is a vast difference between one and another hour of life in their authority and their subsequent effect. Our faith comes in moments; our vice is habitual. Yet there is a depth in those brief moments which constrains us to ascribe more reality to them than to all other experiences. For this reason the argument which is always forthcoming to silence those who conceive *extraordinary hopes* of man, namely, the appeal to experience, is forever invalid and vain. *A mightier* hope abolishes despair. We give up the past to the objector, and yet *we hope.* The objector *must explain this hope.*" *Pippa Passes* is the dramatization of the tidal moment, and Pippa is the little alchemist who transmutes the metal of the moment into gold. The author quotes what Thackeray wrote his mother about his object and intention in writing *Vanity Fair,* which is his masterpiece: "What I want is to depict a set of people living without God in the world (only that is a cant phrase), greedy, pompous men, perfectly self-satisfied for the most part, and at ease about their superior virtue." Of the closeness and spiritual beauty of the relationship between Dante and Beatrice, the author says it has no parallel in literature; and then quotes what Dante himself wrote of Beatrice's effect upon him from his first meeting with her, which was at a May festival in 1274: "From that time forward love quite governed my soul. . . . And here it is fitting for me to depart a little from this present matter, that it may be rightly understood of what surpassing virtue her salutation was to me. To the which end I say that when she appeared in any place, it seemed to me, by the grace of her excellent salutation, that no man was my enemy any longer; and such warmth of charity came upon me that most certainly in that moment I would have pardoned whosoever had done me an injury; and if one should then have questioned me concerning any matter, I could only have said unto him 'Love,' with a countenance clothed in humbleness." This book, more enjoyable and helpful than subtle and profound, is of value to ministers.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

"Over There" With the Australians. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett. 12mo, pp. xi+339. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

From Montreal to Vimy Ridge and Beyond. By Lieutenant Clifford Almon Wells. 12mo, pp. xiii+321. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.35, net.

The Soul of the Soldier. By Chaplain Thomas Tiplady. 12mo, pp. 208. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

The Brown Brethren. By Patrick MacGill. 12mo, pp. 126. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.35, net.

Of the many books on the war we have selected these four because they enable us to understand the character of the men who are fighting for the world's liberty. There is no attempt to gloss over anything, and the writers are open and straightforward in what they have to say. The passion for genuineness is one of the healthy features of war books of this type. When it is remembered that the soldiers of to-day were the citizens of yesterday, and that after the war they will again be found in the ranks of the citizens of the blessed to-morrow, it is interesting to know how these men are viewing life in the presence of the stern realities of death and the tragedies on the battlefield. "We haven't long to live," said one of these heroes, "but we live well while we do live." After eighteen months with a fighting regiment on the front, Tiplady writes: "I have never spoken to any officer who did not regard it as a mathematical certainty that, unless he happened to fall sick or be transferred—neither of which he expected—he would be either killed or wounded. And I agreed with him without saying it. He does not even hope to escape wounds. They are inevitable if he stays long enough; for one battle follows another and his time comes. He only hopes to escape death and the more ghastly wounds. The men take the same view. The period before going into the trenches, or into battle, is to them like the Garden of Gethsemane was to Christ; they are 'exceeding sorrowful' and in their presence I have often felt as one who stood 'as it were a stone's throw' from them. They are going out with the expectation of meeting death." One of the most stirring books is the recital of the achievements of the Australians, written by that brave Anzac scout, Knyvett. He was invalided by wounds, but so deeply absorbed was he in the issue of the war that he continued making campaign speeches. It was on one of these occasions that he collapsed on the platform and was carried out to die. His book is intended to quicken interest among the American people, and right well does it succeed. As we read what the Australians have done and suffered since the war began, we receive a new conception of the greatness and nobility of men and women. "There has never been a day for three years that hundreds of Australian wives have not been

made widows. There has not been a single week that there has not been more than a full page of casualties in our daily papers. Every woman in Australia if she has not seen there the name of her near kin has seen the name of some that she knows. I know a father and five sons that have all been killed. Within fifty miles of one town that I know there is not a man under fifty years of age. There are ranches and farms that will go back to the primeval wilderness, the fences will rot and fall down, and the rabbits and kangaroos will overrun them again, because the men who were developing them are gone and there are none to take their places. Never was there a country so starved for men, and sixty thousand are gone forever or maimed for life. Tell me, where are we going to replace these men? No country in the world could so ill afford to lose its young men, the future fathers of the race, for we have still our pioneering to do, a continent larger than the United States, with about the population of New York." In sheer human interest this book is hard to surpass. It stirs the blood to read of the abandon, the enthusiasm, the daring, the courage, the sacrifice exhibited by these men in Egypt, at Gallipoli and on the Western Front. The chapter on "The Psychology of Fear" is marked by unusual insight. He well describes this war as "not a fight for 'race' but for 'right'"; and his challenge to keep faith with the dead is irresistible. Canada has also paid a heavy price for the freedom of the world. The best of her sons have already laid down their lives. Wells was a graduate of Johns Hopkins University. He was holding a fellowship and was getting ready for university teaching, when he responded to the call of his country and enlisted in the Fourth University Company, Canadian Light Infantry. His letters reveal a noble character, whose sterling worth was recognized by all his friends. These heart documents retail incidents in the daily life of the soldiers. The favorite subjects of conversation at the officers' mess were religion and athletics, and the men frequently had heated discussions. What Wells describes as his most thrilling letter describes the battle of Vimy Ridge, in which he actively participated. We must quote from the letter to his mother which he forwarded to his brother George, to be delivered to her in case he was killed. "It is just a last message of love to you, for I do love you more than anyone else in the world. You have been the best mother I ever knew or heard of, and my greatest grief is the sorrow which my death will cause you. Please do not grieve too much, mother dear. Remember that I died doing my duty—the very best I could do for the cause which we all believe is right—and that we shall be together again in heaven, where God will wipe away every tear from our eyes. God and heaven seem more real here in the presence of suffering and death than they ever did before." Soon after his mother received news of her boy's death she met with a fatal accident and passed away. Tiplady is right that "war is a cross on which woman is crucified. Every soldier knows that his mother and wife suffer more than he does, and he pities them from his soul. The soldier dies of his wounds in the morning of life, but his wife lingers on in pain through the long garish day until the evening shadows fall." Tiplady's pictures of life on the

front are vivid and sympathetic, and his reflections on the outcome of the war and the problems that must follow are very sensible and to the point. It is a noteworthy item of information to be told that the soldiers "over there" sing no patriotic songs. The reason is that their patriotism calls for no expression in song. "They are expressing it night and day in the endurance of hardship and wounds—in the risking of their lives. Their hearts are satisfied with their deeds, and songs of such a character become superfluous." His explanation of the widespread fatalism of the soldier is better than anything we have seen. "It is the fatalism of Christ rather than of old Omar Khayyam. 'Take no thought for your life . . . for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. Take therefore no thought for the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' And this works. It enables men to 'put a cheerful courage on' and do their duty. There is none of the paralysis of will and cessation of effort which follows the fatalistic philosophy of the East. The Christian fatalism at the front destroys no man's initiative, but keeps him merry and bright, and helps him to 'do his bit.' When he shall pass from the banqueting-house of life, into the Great Unexplored, he will leave as his memorial, not a turned-down glass, but a world redeemed from tyranny and wrong." Some of the excellent chapters are "The Cross at Neuve Chapelle," "The Children of Our Dead," "A Soldier's Calvary." Tiplady is persuaded that when the boys return home they will be just as bright, affectionate, and good as when they went out. "The only change will be a subtle one—a deepening in character and manly quality, a broadening in mind and creed, and an impatience with cant and make-believe whether in politics or business, Christianity or rationalism. There will be an air of indefinable greatness about them as of men who have been at grips with the realities of life and death." There is, however, a dark side, to which reference is made in passing. Some of the men are forming evil habits which they will find hard to break. One of these is drinking. One of the men confessed to Tiplady that he was becoming addicted to this slavery because of loneliness and depression. "I never touch it at home," he said. "The society of my dear little wife is all the stimulant I need. I would give the world to be with her now—just to sit in my chair and watch her at her sewing or knitting. The separation is too much for me and, you know, it has lasted nearly three years now." MacGill describes some of these seamy situations in his realistic sketches. They are worth reading for the unusual skill he shows in mingling humor with tragedy. "The trench is a world within itself, having customs, joys, and griefs peculiar to its limitations. The inmates can only claim for the most part a short existence; they have degrees of opulence and poverty, but the former is far removed from those who are legally heirs to it, and all the dwellers in the trench commune share their poverty in common. The word 'ours' is on all lips; save for a few relics of outside civilization there is nothing which a man claims as 'mine.' Food and drink and clothing are 'ours,' as also are the parcels from home, though the men to whom they are addressed have generally the privilege

of opening them." Each chapter is prefaced with several lines of verse, original or quoted, which throw light on the hopes, fears, and desires of the soldiers.

Audubon the Naturalist. A History of His Life and Time. By Francis Hobart Herrick, Sc.D., Professor of Biology in Western Reserve University. 8vo, pp. xl+451; xiii+494. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, cloth, two vols., $7.50.

These volumes, well written, richly illustrated, and finely printed, make excellent reading for the blithesome summer time. They will be read with appreciation not only by Audubon lovers but also by all who are interested in the natural history of North America. Much valuable sidelight is also given on the pioneer life of Revolutionary times; and the reader is pleasantly introduced to some of the leading characters of those epoch days on both sides of the Atlantic. Audubon's impressions of Sir Walter Scott are worth quoting: "His long, loose, silvery locks struck me; he looked like Franklin at his best. He also reminded me of Benjamin West; he had the great benevolence of William Roscoe about him, and a kindness most prepossessing. I could not forbear looking at him; my eyes feasted on his countenance. I watched his movements as I would those of a celestial being; his long, heavy, white eyebrows struck me forcibly. His little room was tidy, though it partook a good deal of the character of a laboratory. He was wrapped in a quilted morning-gown of light purple silk; he had been at work writing on the 'Life of Napoleon.' He writes close lines, rather curved as they go from left to right, and puts an immense deal on very little paper. I talked little, but, believe me, I listened and observed." The wizard's impressions of the naturalist are equally interesting: "He is an American by naturalization, a Frenchman by birth; but less of a Frenchman than I have ever seen—no dash, or glimmer, or shine about him, but great simplicity of manner and behavior; slight in person, and plainly dressed; wears long hair, which time has not yet tinged; his countenance acute, handsome and interesting, but still simplicity is the predominant characteristic." Audubon's references to himself are worth quoting here: "Circumstances never within my control, threw me upon my own resources, at a very early period of my life. I have grown up in the school of adversity, and am not an unprofitable scholar there, having learned to be satisfied with providing for my family and myself by my own exertions. The life I lead is my vocation, full of smooth and rough paths, like every vocation which men variously try. My physical constitution has always been good, and the fine flow of spirits I have, has often greatly assisted me in some of the most trying passages of my life. I know I am engaged in an arduous undertaking; but if I live to complete it, I will offer to my country a beautiful monument of the varied splendor of American nature, and of my devotion to American ornithology." No biographer could be more conscientious and devoted to the subject of his essay than Professor Herrick. He has untangled many a knot and

cleared up many a mystery and removed misunderstanding, as a result of diligent and extensive research. He not only portrays the checkered and Bohemian career of Audubon, which was finally crowned with success; but he also discusses many a problem of natural history, being himself a recognized author and authority on bird life. The first thing that impresses us in the character of Audubon is his contagious enthusiasm. This is good in the case of any person. He gave himself wholeheartedly and sacrificially to the work of collecting, drawing, and describing specimens of American birds. To this end he traveled incessantly, going to little known parts, from Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico. He saw nature vividly, directly, and with passionate love, and he mingled his own varied experiences with his accounts of bird life, thus giving a personal touch and tone to all his writings. His industry was another striking feature of his life. His painstaking energy is thus referred to by John Bachman, who lived and worked with him for months at a time. "He rises at the earliest dawn, and devotes the whole of the day, in intense industry, to his favorite pursuit. The specimens from which he makes his drawings are all from nature; carefully noting the colors of the eye, bill and legs; measuring with great accuracy every part of the bird." He once wrote: "By dint of hard work and rising at three, I have drawn a *Colymbus septemtrionalis* (Great Northern Diver) and a young one, and nearly finished a Ptarmigan; this afternoon, however, at half-past five, my fingers could no longer hold my pencil, and I was forced to abandon my work and go ashore for exercise." One result of his exacting toil was that his drawings of birds and quadrupeds represent these creatures with a truthfulness not possible to instantaneous photographs. Many illustrations of his work are given in these two volumes. The quality of his productions is well stated in this authoritative description. "All is life, health, and beauty. Never before were birds so represented, and if ever again they will be, still Audubon will be the chief of a school, of whom it will be said that it studied nature. Turn now to any volume of plates that you can find, and what presents itself? Not a bird surely, but an effigy stuffed with straw, and more worthy of being burned, than that of a Tory statesman by a radical mob." This was written in 1835. Since that time many progressive changes have been made in the art of illustrating nature, but we can never improve on accurate observation of real life. In this respect all earnest students of nature will find much help in these two volumes. His genius was first recognized in the old world, where he had his books published. The failure of his own country to do him justice may be explained in part by the unsettled conditions of the country. On the other hand, there were leaders like Daniel Webster and writers like Washington Irving, who bore eloquent testimony to the international character of his work as our first American naturalist. When in England he tried to get an audience with King George IV. Our American ambassador, Albert Gallatin, explained to Audubon the difficulties in his way. "The king sees nobody; he has the gout, is peevish, and spends his time playing whist at a shilling a rubber. I had to wait six weeks before I was presented to him in

my position of ambassador, and then I merely saw him six or seven minutes." We can understand the Revolution when we know the character of the German King of England. Audubon's life was one of struggle, failure, and depression, but through these inevitable experiences he ultimately reached gratifying success. He could never have accomplished what he did without the earnest encouragement of his wife. Adequate recognition is given of her services in these pages. During the period of his greatest activity she had traveled much and met people distinguished in every walk of life. She also supported herself by teaching and it was her hard earnings that helped him through many a tight place. It may truly be said of him that he enriched science and learning because he was willing to forego the comforts and privileges of life. Succeeding generations have not failed to express their grateful appreciation of his important contributions, and these two volumes are a worthy testimony to genuine worth. The value of his work is well expressed in this sonnet by Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Roscoe:

"Is there delight in Nature's solitudes,
Her dark green woods, and fragrant wilderness,
In scenes, where seldom human step intrudes,
And she is in her wildest, loveliest dress?
Is there delight in her uncultured flowers,
Each ripened bloom or bright unfolding dye,
Or in the tribes which animate her bowers,
And through her groves in living beauty fly?
Then, on thy canvas as they move and live,
While taste and genius guide, the fair design,
And all the charms which Nature's work can give
With equal radiance in thy colors shine;
Amidst the praise thy country's sons extend,
The stranger's voice its warm applause shall blend."

My Life With Young Men. Fifty Years in the Young Men's Christian Association. By Richard C. Morse, Consulting General Secretary of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations. 8vo, pp. xiv + 547. New York: Association Press. Price, cloth, $3.50.

These autobiographical reminiscences and reflections by the pioneer in Young Men's Christian Association work are of the utmost value in understanding one of the aggressive movements of the Christian Church. In a real sense, the Association is an offspring of the church and it has done much to develop the resources and multiply the activities of the church. Some of the great evangelists, like Moody, Sankey, Yatman, Sunday, Munhall, entered on their beneficial mission after strong leadership and good training in Association work. The missionary interest has been greatly fostered and increased by the Student Volunteer Movement, which was the direct outgrowth of Association activity in our colleges and universities. The first Student Summer Conference was held at Mount Hermon in July, 1886, at the suggestion of Moody. Since that date what a chain of conferences and institutes continue to be held every summer for the divers causes of the Kingdom of God! In this connection

mention must be made of the larger practice of Bible study, of personal work, of evangelistic undertakings, of social service, of educational advantages and of physical culture, which have been encouraged by the Association, and which in turn have been taken up by the church. It blazed the trail for missionary progress and helped to make Christianity a vital issue in the life of young men. Of even far greater importance is the fact that the Association has made conspicuous the worth of work by laymen. All this and much more is chronicled in these pages, "which afford an interesting background of the religious life of the last two generations." To quote Dr. Mott: "This period has been characterized among other things by the wonderful development and organization of the lay forces of the church, by the larger and more scientific application of the social principles of Jesus Christ in the life, the work, and the relationships of men, by the drawing together in closer fellowship and cooperation of the various Christian communions, and by the world-wide expansion of the Christian religion. The author of this book has helped to guide the Association with such prophetic spirit and wisdom that it has had a large part in facilitating the achievement of these notable results." The volume is replete with recitals of conventions and conferences, and the names of most of the prominent men in public life appear in these chapters. It is with gratitude that we read of what the Association has been doing for railroad men, for the army and navy, for colored men, for boys, through its multiplied activities which touch every worthwhile phase of life. Its foreign work has indeed been a notable achievement. One department has been added to another until at the present day it is recognized as a world-power. It is moreover hailed by the churches as the only efficient agency in bringing the denominations together. When the war broke out it was inevitable that the Association should be in the forefront of all endeavors for relief and redemption through its National War Work Council. An appeal was made for thirty-five millions of dollars, but the campaign brought in over fifty-one millions of dollars. This is a proof of the high regard in which the Association is held among all classes of people. Throughout the entire period of progress, the basis of fellowship and work has been consistently adhered to. It is this: "The Young Men's Christian Associations seek to unite those young men who, regarding the Lord Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour, according to the Holy Scriptures, desire to be his disciples in their doctrine and their life, and to associate their efforts for the extension of his Kingdom among young men." The cooperation with the Young Women's Christian Association has further been mutually beneficial. There is no man at the present day who is more prominent in the religious world than Dr. Mott, the International Association General Secretary. A reference to his earliest public appearance is worth quoting: "A most interesting incident of the Northfield Conference of 1888 occurred at a session in which the students listened to a few speakers from among themselves. These had been selected and asked to tell of their own convictions concerning the value of the summer conference and to give reasons for its continuance and enlargement. As the speaker

who made the deepest impression on his fellow students was closing his address, Moody turned to me as we sat together on the platform and said: 'You ought to keep your eye on that young man!' 'Yes,' I replied, 'it is because already we are doing so that he is speaking here to-day.'" It must certainly be gratifying to Mr. Morse as he reviews the fifty years of leadership to note what marvelous things God has wrought. As Consulting General Secretary he writes in conclusion: "From the point of view gained in this new office, the prospect of the mission, message, and work of the brotherhood and its committee is so full of the promise of stronger leadership and wider and better achievement, that the whole retrospect covered by these many pages of reminiscence takes on the aspect of a John-the-Baptist period—a half century of forecast and preparation for the coming of a Kingdom of achievement now near at hand, a Kingdom sure of triumph less because of what has gone before than of what the future has in it of opportunity, personality, and power, human and divine." All who are keen on the coming of this Kingdom, and who are laboring to hasten that blessed time, should read this remarkable story of world-wide advance in the name of Christ the King.

A READING COURSE

The Christian Doctrine of Reconciliation. By Principal James Denney, D.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2, net.

Powerful preaching has always been based on the New Testament testimony to the efficacy of the sin-bearing and sin-expiating love of Jesus Christ. This is the only gospel of redemption which gives hope and offers the greatest dynamic for the noblest living. The New Testament declares with self-consistent unity that the sacrifice on the cross is of indispensable and permanent importance for the spiritual life of all humanity. No writer in recent times has done more to bring this issue directly and forcibly before the church than the late Principal Denney. His classic volume on The Death of Christ interprets to the modern mind the New Testament message of grace, with insight and daring. Another volume on Jesus and the gospel is a careful investigation of the teaching of the New Testament, in the light of critical scholarship, reaching the conclusion that the glowing spiritual life therein recorded is due to the incomparable place given to Jesus Christ as sole Mediator and only Saviour. His latest volume, which is the subject of our study for this month, is a masterly discussion of the work of Christ, "for us men and for our salvation." That great gospel preacher of Edinburgh, Dr. Alexander Whyte, writes of this book: "I cannot tell you all the expansion and elevation and exhilaration and gospelizing of mind and heart that have come to me from my repeated readings of that masterly book. Read it again and again, and then preach its New Testament doctrine all your days. I do not know any modern book that has so much preaching power in it as this book has." Such an exhortation carries the weight of

authority and quickens our interest. We shall not be disappointed but be much illumined by its earnest study.

No volume has impressed us more with the truth that it is the heart that makes the theologian. Many of the controversies which have disrupted the church time and again were caused by the failure to recognize the historical and experimental basis of Christianity. Many theologians dwelt too long in the region of the intellect and insisted more on the tests of formal creedalism than of vital character. Some illustrations of this failure are given in the second chapter. We have long needed a critical and historical treatment of the course of theological and ecclesiastical thought on the Atonement. This omission has only recently been supplied by Principal Robert S. Franks in two large volumes entitled, A History of the Doctrine of the Work of Christ. It promises to be the standard work on the subject. Dr. Denney's chapter of ninety-six pages will, however, serve the needs of the busy preacher. There is nothing better than this succinct review with its searching estimates of the leading contributions toward an understanding of the supreme deed of redemption. A few sentences of criticism will suggest the drift of Dr. Denney's thought and prepare us for his own constructive chapters. "Experience contributed too little to the doctrine of Athanasius on what Christ does for men; it has not sufficiently either inspired or controlled his thoughts." A warning note is heard in the discussion of Augustine, whose Christian thought was sometimes flavored by the non-Christian elements in his philosophical inheritance. "Anselm gives no prominence to the love of God as the source of the satisfaction for sin, or to the appeal which that love makes to the heart of sinful men." Abelard "had not entered deeply enough into the moral world himself; passionate and tragic as was his career, he had not comprehended how much sin meant to God, nor what a problem it created for the Creator." The books by Schleiermacher, Ritschl, and McLeod Campbell were among the original contributions of the last century, and they rested on the basis of history and experience, with a strong ethical emphasis. Indeed, this is the distinction of Dr. Denney's book. In the first chapter, on "The Experimental Basis of the Doctrine," he writes: "Just because the experience of reconciliation is the central and fundamental experience of the Christian religion, the doctrine of reconciliation is not so much one doctrine as the inspiration and focus of all." Again, "the basis of all theological doctrine is experience, and experience is always of the present." The note of reality characterizes every chapter of this book, and the prevailing spirit throughout is that of candor and conviction.

One of our leading weeklies recently declared that "the modern soldier is less interested in Lloyd George's ministry of reconstruction than he is in Saint Paul's ministry of reconciliation." This is equally true of all thoughtful persons, whose needs and desires are expressed by Dr. Denney with all the charm of a lucid style, of deep insight, of critical acumen and of exegetical genius. The expositions of such passages as Rom. 1. 16; 3. 26ff.; 6. 1-11; 8. 3; Gal. 2. 20; 5. 5; I Cor. 10. 3 contain germ thoughts for strong sermons. This book is of par-

ticular value to the preacher, whose mastery of its mature thought will enable him to proclaim the complete counsel of God, in the power of the Holy Ghost and of persuasiveness. As to the indispensable qualification of the preacher he writes: "An evangelist who has himself been reconciled to God through Christ, and who can make the New Testament witness to the reconciling power of Jesus his own, is a far more powerful minister of reconciliation than any institution or atmosphere can be." What constitutes good preaching is clearly set forth by Dr. Denney in his article "Preaching Christ" in Hastings's Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels, which it would pay to consult. The third chapter, on "The New Testament Doctrine of Reconciliation," reaffirms the teaching in his volume, The Death of Christ. Note with particular care his discussion of the freeness of forgiveness, and also what is written in a later chapter on the relation of forgiveness to the wrath of God (p. 227ff.). This writer is not in sympathy with mere abstract categories which at best are a beating of the air. He is more concerned with the spiritual and ethical experience, which he interprets from the standpoint of psychology rather than of metaphysics. "To say that the sin of the world in all its tragic reality was borne by Christ on his cross, so that he is a propitiation for that sin, is one thing; to say that the penalties due to all men's offenses were summed up and inflicted on him, is another and an entirely different thing. He came into our lot as sinners, and was baptized with our baptism; but this truth, essential as it is to the gospel, is spiritual, and not a truth to be expressed in terms of bookkeeping."

What was stated in the opening paragraph of the book is worked out in detail in the fourth chapter, on "The Need of Reconciliation." This need is seen in the very constitution of human life, with the outstanding fact of alienation. The discussion of conscience in this chapter deserves close study. "Nothing is more real to conscience than its responsibility to God." On the other hand, conscience is not limited to itself and it has been the weakest of all restraints. The relation of sin to death is another subject which is considered with insight. The fifth chapter is on "Reconciliation as Achieved by Christ." The futility of much of the metaphysical hair-splitting of Catholic and Protestant theologians is rightly criticized. It has diverted the thought from the major issue and imported distinctions which are foreign to the New Testament interpretation of the sinless life which appeared within the limitations of human life. "Apart from sharing our experience, that sharing of our nature, which is sometimes supposed to be what is meant by incarnation, is an abstraction and a figment. But everything in that sharing of our experience is essential." His impatience with irrelevant speculations on the life and work of Christ is repeatedly shown. "What is wanted is a more concrete, less analyzing and abstract way of looking at the death of Christ than has sometimes established itself in theology."

METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1918

ON GERMAN IDEAS OF THE STATE

In a study of origins of the present world-conflict it becomes increasingly evident the farther we go that, among the many causes producing this war, a false conception of the state, its nature, function, and powers, taught for two generations in German universities, is in a very large and profound sense among the most potent lying behind the things that are seen. This may seem like going a long way back to find an adequate cause. Nevertheless reasons for things do not always lie about our feet. The "hidden things" of God are kept from the "wise and prudent," and there are no people so likely to be blind to the real currents of political life as those whose business it is to guide the ship of state. The unpreparedness of England and France for the emergency which Germany suddenly thrust upon them, notwithstanding the warnings of many years in German's increase of armaments and the spread of Pan-Germanism, is sufficient illustration of the fact that simply looking at the clouds is not understanding the signs of the times. Ideas are dynamic, but the eventual effect of ideas can never be known till tested by experience. We now see, as they could not have been foreseen, the results of revolutionary ideas in the writings of French political philosophers prior to 1789; as we can now trace the influence of Hegel and of Fichte on the struggle for German unity, and the effect on the course of American history of the writings of Washington and Adams, of Jefferson and Hamilton. The Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence make good political literature, but their value to the human race could be demonstrated only by experience in the freedom and power of the American people.

Under the teachings of publicists and historians who wrote history for political ends Germany adopted certain ideas of the powers and duties of the state which in their very essence must of necessity have produced this world war. Once such ideas, strengthened by national egotism of an extreme and repulsive type, took possession of the soul of Germany from long-continued education, historical, biological, and political, there could be, in the nature of things, no other outlet, no matter what other governments might have done to prevent the explosion. And thus it is that in this conflagration we see, as we could not have seen without such experience, the destructive character of the false conception of what the state is, and what it is for, which has become the political religion of Germany. The same ideas held by any other nation must under favorable conditions produce similar results. A careful study of these ideas will indicate their necessary effect on national life and thought.

According to the historians and publicists of Germany the state is Power. This is a fundamental idea. The development of this power is therefore a primary duty of the state, since the primal instinct of the state is self-preservation. The state is also an organism which grows by assimilation of surrounding material. To preserve its life it must grow. This may be at the expense of the material, which, if living material, may also desire to preserve its own life, but which if inferior in power must surrender to the demands of the stronger. In this military power finds its justification, since it is by military force alone that the state can assert itself and overcome opposition. To become great and powerful, and able to fulfill its mission to create for humanity the largest good, the state must expand, since no small state, limited in power and material resources, can compete with a larger and stronger state. "If we look at the matter more closely," writes Treitschke, the most influential of German publicists, "it is clear that, if the state is power, only the state which is really powerful is true to type. Hence the obvious element of the ridiculous attaches to the existence of small states." This law of self-preservation thus interpreted demands that the enemies of the state shall be as far removed as possible from the centers

and wealth of the state by remote boundaries, but these will constantly need expanding as the nation increases in population. Therefore, as a living organism assimilates to itself dead matter surrounding it, so the state must absorb into its life the governmental, economical, and cultural life of the smaller states which surround it, and thus, by adding to its strength, become great and mighty; impressing its laws, its language, and its civilization upon alien peoples, who, while desirous of maintaining their own civilization, must nevertheless submit, by reason of their inferiority, to the greater power of the superior. The effect of this German concept of the state as an organism, which it is not, though it may be like one, may be seen in its practical application in Germany's record in Belgium, in Poland, and in its African colonies. Germany, it seems, can never get away from the idea of force. It has never learned the lesson that the conqueror can never, or rarely ever, successfully impose his civilization on the conquered by mere force. Charles V of Spain tried it with his religion on the Netherlands and failed. England tried it with an alien church and a landlord despotism on Ireland and failed. The Portuguese and the Spaniards tried it and failed. Even our own government, during the reconstruction period, attempted to force obnoxious measures upon the South and ingloriously failed. For this reason Germany has failed as a colonizer and as long as she holds to such state doctrines must inevitably fail, or, as Tacitus said, "create solitude and call it peace." The Romans did not thus colonize, nor did the Hellenes, as the Germans have done in Africa and have tried to do in Belgium. They did not eliminate, they assimilated. They respected the laws, the religion, and the customs of the people. Finally, by contact, by gradual process of unforced education, the conquered learned the language, adopted the laws, and defended the institutions of the conqueror. To-day the natives of French and English colonies and possessions in North Africa, Egypt, India lay down their lives with the soldiers of the Entente on the battlefields of France.

No nation in the world has such opportunity to put into action, for its own enrichment and territorial expansion, false ideas of the state as the American people have had, especially in

their relations with Mexico. If Germany had suffered half the provocation from a weak state on its borders that the American government has received from Mexico that state would now be a part of the German Empire. But President Wilson knew that Mexico needed books more than bullets, and that the American principles of government and the rights of small states were worth more to America and the future of civilization than all the wealth of Mexican mines. If Germany were the United States would the Rio Grande be its boundary, under such teachings, or Cape Horn?

But this conception of the function of the state, it is affirmed, is in the nature of things absolutely moral, since Might is Right. It is natural right. Here German publicists bring to their aid biological law. In all the universe we see a ceaseless struggle for existence, and only those survive who by superior physical force or intellectual power are able to overcome the weak and therefore have the right to survive. The right is in the might. Might is Right. Weak nations, therefore, have no right to complain that as nations or states they are wiped out of history, since in the struggle for existence, though tolerated for a time, they were never intended to survive; a fact demonstrated by their inferiority. The laws of evolution work only for the production of the best. The best, therefore, is the design of nature, and whatever is ordained by nature in the broad sweep of creation, from the quivering mass of protoplasmic jelly to the seraphim before the throne of the Highest, must be essentially right, since that is the eternal law grounded in the constitution of things. It follows from this that the state can have no morality. It is force. It can have no morality which is contrary to its own well-being or does not originate in its own necessities. If on all occasions a state should surrender to the moral demands of other states it surrenders its own interests to those states and thus weakens or destroys the fundamental principles of self-preservation. Must a hungry lion surrender to the inherent weakness of a lamb? If so, where is the rightness of force? The state is under no obligation except to that which makes for its own interests. "A state cannot commit a crime," declares Professor Lasson. "The greatest

fault with which it can be charged is a lack of far-sighted prudence. . . . The state that breaks a treaty commits an act of war; it acts unwisely if it provokes the decision of arms without being assured of its superior power. If assured of this the state may pursue its interest; for between states no law obtains but that of the stronger." This was not the morality of Gladstone in his prompt dealing with Russia's declaration, in 1870, of her intention to dispense with a certain treaty. Through Lord Granville, Ambassador at Saint Petersburg, Gladstone wrote, "It is quite evident that the effect of such doctrine, and of any proceeding which, with or without avowal, is founded upon it, is to bring the entire authority and efficacy of treaties under the discretionary control of each one of the powers who may have signed them, the result of which would be the entire destruction of treaties in their essence." Nor is it true that nothing but the law of the stronger obtains in disputes between states if governments are sufficiently civilized to practice the simplest elements of morality, as is shown in the dispute between England and the United States in the Alabama case. The case was submitted to a Court of Arbitration. Great Britain accepted the findings of the court and paid the bill. This, says Blease, in his History of English Liberalism, was the greatest act of the government. "For the first time in history a great state, instead of asserting its claims by force, had agreed to be bound by the decision of an impartial tribunal, and had paid damages for its wrong-doing as if it had been a private person in a court of law." This statement, however, is not strictly correct. There are many instances in the sixteenth century and prior to that of kings settling disputes without resort to arms, such as the case of Henry II of England and the Spanish states of Navarre and Castile; of the Emperor Frederick and Lombardy (1158 A. D.); of Henry VIII and the King of France; of Spain and Switzerland; of the Duke of Austria and the Duke of Würtemberg. The provision for arbitration of disputes between the United States and Great Britain was inserted in the first treaty made with that country in 1794. The relation of the subject to the state is that of a cell to the organism. The individual does not exist for himself, he belongs to the state.

Hence, unquestioning obedience to the needs of the state is among the first duties of the subject without regard to any other relation. Since the state is supreme, and cannot tolerate divided allegiance, personality, freedom, liberty, in the meaning of "inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and all they signify can have existence only within the sphere of state interests and can never conflict with the larger freedom of the state, whose authority is absolute over all within the state.

Such in sum are the ideas of the nature and powers of the state drilled into two generations of Germans by their philosophers and university professors and disseminated among the people by government officials of every grade, writers, teachers in the lower schools, newspapers, pulpits, and the infinitely varied agencies which mold a people's life. If through lack of historical knowledge one is unable to connect abstract ideas in political literature, or philosophical discources on government delivered to thousands of students in the universities, with great popular movements, or fails to see the effect of such teachings upon the collective mind of a nation and throws aside such suggestions as purely academic, he has only to study the mind of Germany to-day as it reveals itself in its literature and in its monstrous defiance of all laws of civilization in the conduct of war. Germany was supposed to be civilized, and boasted of its Kultur. It was supposed to be Christian. But where, in what nation, among what people, in what age of the world, except in the middle ages, was there ever a race or tribe or clan so utterly devoid of honor, so inhuman and cowardly, so subtle in treachery, so utterly abandoned to every nefarious device, so pitiable in their insanity of assumed greatness, yet so delirious and frantic in their savage fear of defeat, as this people—who pretend to be a civilized people, a people who imitate the language and the customs, the religion and the personal refinements, the science, arts and culture of a civilized and Christianized humanity? History presents no parallel. Turkish atrocities in Armenia have horrified the world, but the Turk, notwithstanding his Oriental silks and carpets, is only a semibarbarian, and makes no pretense to the culture of Christendom.

How shall we account for this degeneracy of the German

people? In the war with France in 1870, though there were occasional outbreaks of violence, there was no such manifestation of the brute in the German armies as have dishonored the German army and navy in this war. The appalling atrocities in Belgium and France and the cowardly record of the submarine have put forever the brand of infamy on the brow of Germany. To what, then, shall we attribute this remarkable change in the German character? Neither the German civilian nor the German soldier is naturally a criminal. They are husbands and fathers. The same soldier who yesterday shot a defenseless girl in cold blood, or committed brutalities unspeakable just for the sake of *Schrecklichkeit,* will if taken prisoner to-morrow act as if he were wholly unconscious of his enormities and the cowardly deeds he was compelled to commit. Prior to the victories of 1870-71 the German people had one character, to-day they have another. This has been imposed upon them by changed industrial conditions, by Pan-German propaganda, by the revival of primitive instincts for war and conquest by the creators of a collective mind directed to one end, Prussian military life and the blind belief in the infallibility of Germanism—which itself is a product of the teachings of historians and professors; a disciplined press, and the brutalism of government acting upon a crude and docile mass into whom has been drilled, from the cradle to the camp, obedience to authority. But, while all these have had their share in changing the national character, the true cause probably is the brutalizing effect of materialistic belief among the educated classes. Once Christianity is flung aside the Slav and Mongolian trait in the Prussian character comes to the front. The masses may still be Christian, and cling in a way to the simple faith of their fathers, but material prosperity, the destructive effect of historical criticism, and the universal spread of materialistic interpretations of the sciences among the cultured classes, resulting in their renunciation of the spiritual principles of the Gospel for a coarse materialism, have done more to change the German people than all other causes combined. It is De Dampierre who says, "The Prussian officers of 1870 were, generally speaking, Christians; those of 1914, with a few exceptions, are Christians no longer."

And Eucken himself, the philosopher of Jena, calmly declares, "In our great cities, in Germany at least, every attack or even aspersion on Christianity meets with rapturous applause."

As the worth of a bad example, if it has any, is to show what not to do, so the value of false belief is to show us what to shun. An analysis of German teachings of the state, therefore, may enable us to see the falsity of that teaching judged by its fruits by Christian principles, and the standards of free peoples seeking to realize those just principles in state government and international law.

Now it is an elementary truth that the state is Force. A state which lacks the power to execute its own laws, to protect property, or to defend its members cannot be a state. For where there is no law there is anarchy, and anarchy can never be the expression of highest reason, which is the will of the people composing a state. "The state," says Treitschke, "is the public power for defensive and offensive purposes." But, while the state is force, it is also justice! To deny justice to the state is to deprive it of reason. German writers admit that the state has an ethical side, but the emphasis is placed so strongly and persistently upon the state as might that the moral character of the state in its relation to other states is swallowed up in the formula—Might is Right. "Might is the supreme right," declares Bernhardi, "and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives a biologically just decision, since the decision rests on the very nature of things"—a statement which is false in idea and illogical in reasoning. The failure of Grouchy to reach Waterloo in time to throw the balance of power on the side of Napoleon had nothing more to do with biology, or the moral right involved in the conflict, than the fact that the ground was so soft after a night's rain that Napoleon could not bring up his artillery as early as was necessary. It is immoral in idea, since, if Might is Right, then what is right will depend upon the violence of the greater number, and the vilest crimes in history may be justified by the victory of the criminals. Surely this is to overthrow the nature of righteousness in the universe and in all the relations of life. It is, however, a convenient formula for

German justification of the violation of international law. The defense of this immoral teaching is that there is a wide difference between public and private morality. Whatever may be the moral relation of the state to its people, which is internal justice, there is a vast gulf between that and its ethical relations to other states. "The acts of the state cannot be judged by the standard of individual morality." Here again is justification for every brutality and villainy and Bismarckian bullying, for every deceit and secret trickery, such as Germany's attempted intrigue with Mexico against the United States while professing friendship for us, which has so scandalized honorable nations that President Wilson declared before Congress that so mendacious, so lacking in moral character was the German government that no self-respecting nation could deal with it.

Supposably there are statesmen and lawyers who will insist, with Prussian apologists, that "the morality of the state must be developed out of its own peculiar essence, just as individual morality is rooted in the personality of the man and his duties toward society. The morality of the state must be judged by the nature and *raison d'être* of the state, and not of the individual." And Treitschke declares, "He who is not man enough to look this truth in the face should not meddle in politics." Well, in the first place, it is not a "truth." While the theory is and has been in history universally accepted, every moral nation should denounce it, since it is intrinsically false, anti-Christ in essence, and can never be other than, like all political falsehoods, a promoter of social wrong and international distrust so long as it is recognized and acted upon in state laws and international dealings. Every robber trust company and soulless corporation assumes that its morality must be different from personal morality, and therefore it will do as a corporation what no individual member of the body would dare to do as an individual. Every literary or theatrical genius who by profligacy of life defies with filthy immoralities the sense of decency in the community is apologized for, by a class of degenerates, as a law to himself, and is not to be judged by the ordinary codes of decent conduct. There are not, there cannot be, two kinds of morality. The universe is

one. There cannot be one morality for the rich and another for the poor, one morality for king and another for peasant. Right is right, and wrong is wrong; and if emperors, diplomats, and murderers of the human race who start wars could be put on trial for their lives at the bar of justice, just as other criminals are for their murders, there would be fewer wars. But such criminals shelter themselves on the ground of the moral irresponsibility of the state. This denial of moral responsibility extends to the right of the state to violate its agreements with other states. "Not all the treaties in the world," says Lasson, "can alter the fact that the weak is always the prey of the stronger whenever the latter desires and is able to assert this principle. As soon as we consider states as intelligent entities lawsuits between them are seen to be capable of solution only by material force"—another falsehood, as already shown, which humanity will some day get rid of. For, at bottom, what is the state but an aggregate of moral beings organized for social and moral purposes? When, then, did the individual unit of this organization lose his moral nature and obligations? If the purpose or mission of the state is the moral education of its members, how can the state remain non-moral? If there is no universal morality imbedded in the nature of humanity, if this morality is not of universal obligation, and if, because of the state's relation to its own particular duties and self-interests, it is not practically possible to conform to this standard, then, despite all gospel preaching, the declarations of peace societies, and agreements of Hague conventions, it is impossible for wars ever to cease. Justice will never reign upon the earth, since the foundations of justice are destroyed; and the dream of the ages, when "all men's good shall be each man's rule, and universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land," can never in the nature of things become a reality. Humanity is doomed. Ever-recurring conflict for supremacy or self-preservation is as certain as the motion of the stars, since, as German writers proclaim, the final arbiter in every dispute must be Force. In order to justify the right of the state to extend its boundaries over other states by brute force the biological law of the Survival of the Fittest, which seems to

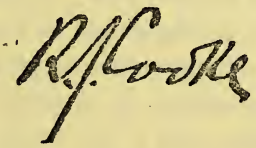
be a universal law of life, is brought over from the jungle and applied to the state as a law of nature to which the state must conform in the struggle for existence. "Struggle is a universal law of nature, and the instinct of self-preservation which leads to struggle is acknowledged to be a natural condition of existence." "This duty of self-assertion is by no means satisfied by the mere repulse of hostile attacks; it includes the obligation to assure the possibility of life and development to the whole body of the nation embraced by the state." This, of course, means expansion, and underlies the German demand for the annexation of Belgium and northern France and the absorption of Russian provinces.

Darwin's theory of evolution, based on Malthus's theory of population, came at an opportune time for that class of people who needed some support for their assumption of superiority over others. The Tories in England seized it for political purposes. Every law for the betterment of the working classes, the poor and unfortunate, found scientific reasons against its adoption in this newly discovered law of the survival of the fit. In Germany it was readily adopted by the military classes. Through the influence of Haeckel and other materialistic scientists it became popular in university teaching and aided immensely in the growth of national egotism, since, if it could be shown that in the evolution of races the Germans were a superior people, as their philosophers and historians had made them believe, they were destined by a law of nature, by fair means or foul, to overcome all other races and thus accomplish their mission. The adaptation of this law to the nature and function of the state fitted easily into the philosophy of Pan-Germanists and gave scientific validity to all their plans. Whether there is or is not in reality, and without any metaphor, such a struggle for existence in nature as Darwin postulated need not be considered here. It is bound up with the German theory of the state and is used to justify their policy of war. It is, however, a false philosophy of human life. For let it be granted that there is a real struggle for existence in physical nature, beast killing beast, that nature, in all realms of life, "red in tooth and claw," is by every device and trickery seeking to

kill in order to eliminate the unfit, still, if we consider the vast gulf between man and the brute creation it must appear utterly unscientific to insist that man, gifted with reason and endowed with a moral nature, is in the grip of such a law, and must by a necessity of his nature conform to that law. The struggle for existence is a physical law for physical nature. But man is not wholly physical, he is also spiritual. A purely physical law, therefore, cannot apply to the spiritual, or to any nature other than the purely physical. Animals depend for life upon their response to their environment, upon their instinct for obtaining food, for avoiding enemies, and upon their physical ability of adaptation to existing conditions. But man is a reasoning being, he thinks and plans, and by reason of his powers of intelligence puts himself outside those laws which dominate in the lower animals. He creates environment and masters conditions. Instead of being a subject of laws he compels those laws, by his knowledge of them, to coincide with his will and to work in harmony with him. Reason, which is ever at war with brute law, is the answer to the struggle for existence. That a nation may adopt this brute law, casting aside all restraints of reason and morality as an individual may, and prosper in things physical, need not be disputed. We may go further and admit that riches, industrial prosperity, territorial expansion, glory and power may follow in its conformity to physical law because the nation fulfills that law, but it will be at the price of its soul. Even then its supremacy will be only ephemeral. Having sunk itself in the physical it loses the spiritual. But the spiritual alone stays. The physical, subject to the laws of death, vanishes in the struggle for existence. Like the leaves on the trees the generations of men come and go, and the grass grows where once their civilization flourished. The Arab pitches his tent on the site of Babylon. But we still have the Iliad and the Æneid; the Tragedies of Euripides and Æschylus; the Orations of Demosthenes and the Disputations of Cicero; the History of Thucydides, the Annals of Tacitus, and the Pandects of Justinian, and the celestial rose of Paradise in Dante's Divina Commedia will continue forever to ravish the soul of the saint gazing on eternal beauty, though the windows

of Notre Dame, which it is said suggested the vision, be shattered to dust by German Kultur.

Moral laws have their innings. They work automatically. The state composed of moral beings is a moral entity. It cannot therefore violate the laws of its life by becoming purely physical or non-moral, as some Germans assert it may, without the loss of those spiritual qualities which first gave it ideals; without debasing its literature and art by drying up their sources; without lowering the character of its people, and without plunging deeper into the qualities of the brute in order to defend itself against enemies which in the process of its physical expansion it has aroused against its insatiable ruthless ambition. Thus, by exciting the enmity of all nations, it will be driven by the momentum of its history and the biological law of self-preservation to force mankind into wars and miseries only to fall a victim at last to the physical powers it has insanely evoked. History shows that evolution is working, and has always worked, not primarily for the supremacy of the strong, as German writers infatuated with militarism think, nor even for the intellectual, but steadily through the ages for the triumph of the good. "The meek shall inherit the earth." Not antagonism, but cooperation is the law of human progress. This is the law of Christ, and this law is the soundest political philosophy. Along this road, if our statesmen, our labor leaders, our lords of capital, the people, would only take it, is the way to industrial peace, social progress, international friendship, universal brotherhood.



MAKING THEOLOGY LIVE

Henry van Dyke has made a declaration in one of his poems to the effect that this is a bad day for kings. There is a sense in which it is also a bad day for queens. It is at least true of the queen of the sciences. She seems to have been thrown forcibly from her throne. She lies at its foot with body wounded and garments torn, and men pass her by in careless scorn. Systematic theology has indeed fallen upon evil days. Men are thinking things apart. They are not thinking them together. They are interested in the qualities of separate fragments. They are not interested in the fashion in which all the parts of life articulate in a great whole. The typical mind is analytic. It is not synthetic. It is busy with pieces of life. It has never seen life. It is busy with bits of experience. It has never sensed experience as a total significant unity. It is endlessly busy collecting data. It is quite helpless when it faces the task of thinking of all this data in complete and organized fashion. In saying all this we are not making an attack. We are simply describing a situation. If, as a result of this, life is ragged and fragmentary and confused, and a good many men are trying to play the game without having the slightest notion what it is all about, that is probably an inevitable by-product of the whole intellectual and ethical situation in which we find ourselves. We did not create it, but we can at least try to understand it. And we can try to find a way out of it. In such a time and in the tangle of such a set of experiences it is infinitely refreshing to come into the presence of a vigorous and buoyant mind alive to all contemporary currents, yet steadily preserving the passion for a total view of things, and rising from bits and fragments to a conception of life itself. Untold stimulus and inspiration come from contact with a mind which presses beyond the multitudinous details to the place where they meet and combine in organic unity and meaning. We have not been tempted to think of life as a tale told by an idiot and signifying nothing. We have been tempted to think

of life as a tale told by a million experts no one of whom had related his knowledge to that of the rest, with a resulting series of gaps and confusions which left the mind in complete bewilderment. We have plenty of pictures of particular hills and valleys. We have had no map of the whole country. And when, all weary with this endless array of photographs, we have come across a man who was trying to see life steadily and see it whole, the very sight of him has given us new courage. When such a man gives his life to systematic theology, and brings to its teaching rich and varied gifts of exposition, we may not agree with all his conclusions, but we are sure to find him stimulating and kindling. And we may find that he turns our attention to paths which offer very rich and satisfying rewards.

For eighteen years (1896-1914) Professor Olin Alfred Curtis occupied the chair of systematic theology in the Drew Theological Seminary. At an earlier period of his life for six years (1889-1895) he filled the same chair in Boston University School of Theology. Now that he is gone from us and it is possible to think of his whole career, there need be no hesitation in saying that he possessed a quite unrivaled power of making systematic theology a commanding and vital matter in the lives of students. He declared once in his striking way that as it was said of Alexander Hamilton, that he touched the corpse of American credit and it sprang to its feet, so it ought to be said of the teacher of systematic theology that he touched the corpse of doctrine and it sprang to its feet. Men in all parts of the world will testify, as they look back to the hours spent in Professor Curtis's classrooms, that he did indeed make theology live. It will be worth our while, then, to look into the sources of this man's power and to see how it was that, at his lectures at least, the queen of the sciences once more arose and sat grandly on her throne. Such an achievement as his has significance which reaches beyond his own personality and beyond the men whom he touched. His secret ought not to be allowed to pass from the earth with him.

I. Making Theology Vivid. Professor Curtis had a mind of remorseless analytical power. It moved with a precision and a logical definiteness quite its own. He was a patient and indus-

trious student, and he was willing to give years to obtaining a genuine mastery of the materials of his subject. He never substituted a brilliant epigram for a careful process of investigation. You always knew that there was the most careful work back of his lectures. But he was vivid. He did make his words flash as if tipped with fire. He did find the phrase and the illustration capable of photographing themselves on the mind of the hearers. He always added to his accuracy of statement a certain energy which made his conceptions stand out as if they had been seen sharply against the sky. He once said that a preacher could get much doctrine from the masters of theology, but he ought to get his style from the masters of literature. Professor Curtis himself was an omnivorous reader of the writings which may be described as essentially literature. The great poetry, lyric and dramatic, the great fiction, the great essays, he had on the tip of his tongue. His own sensitiveness to literary effects would have made him the creator of powerful and haunting phrases in any event. His intimate friendship with the writings of authors who used words like slaves had developed and increased this gift. Words came marching forth like well-equipped armies at his command. There was no subtlety of theology too intricate for this gift of telling and glowing phrase. Before you went into his class you had probably been reading some stately and pretentious tome which moved with cumbersome dignity along the highways of a profound and difficult theme. Professor Curtis discussed the same theme. His resilient and glowing mind played with it, viewed it from all sorts of angles, let the light fall upon it in all sorts of ways. And as his lambent, telling words discussed it, by some curious magic it became a thing of living relationships. Ideas came to have individuality and new and holding interest as he discussed them. A fire was always burning in his mind, and the conceptions which he discussed always took to blazing, but were never consumed. His immediate grip on his classes came from the clear and luminous vividness of all his speech.

II. Making Theology Dramatic. John Milton was a systematic theologian who happened to put his theology into sono-

rous and splendor-lit verse. Paradise Lost, although not a drama in form, is a drama in essence. The material with which Milton dealt was the most dramatic in all the world. The material with which the theologian deals is of this same essentially dramatic character. When it is reduced to formal logic and expressed in mathematical form it ceases to be itself. It becomes a dead body. Professor Curtis's lectures were strikingly and powerfully dramatic. It was never that he placed the lights so as to produce an artificially dramatic situation. No man ever had a more austere sense of sincerity and candor in dealing with his materials. But he knew life so deeply, he knew theology so profoundly, he knew the action of the living Christ upon the hearts of men so thoroughly, that he understood that when you speak of these things truly you have to speak of them dramatically. Life is not static. It is in motion. Sin is belligerent. Virtue is in a suit of armor. The Son of God goes forth to war. Redemption is an achievement of the most tragic cost. The new life is a mighty adventure of the spirit. He could not reduce these things to platitudes of colorless correctness. They burned in his blood. They were at white heat in his brain. They energized his will. And they were a summoning passion in his voice. Theology, like Saint Paul, went forth to fight with beasts at Ephesus. The amphitheater was crowded. The wild beasts roared with fury. The battle was on. And every nerve tingled with the meaning of it all as you became a part of the fray.

When you listened to Professor Curtis you saw every doctrine with all its tragic and glorious implications because you saw it as a reality affecting the character of men, and not merely as a postulate forged in the study of a cloistered thinker. Once in a lecture he began speaking of hell. Now everybody who knows anything about the psychology of contemporary life knows that it is almost impossible to make hell authentic to the modern mind. Dante could write the first part of the Divine Comedy just because hell was ethically authentic to the Middle Ages. In one dramatic flash of thought Professor Curtis made the ethical connection he desired for his hearers. "Brethren," he said, "the awful thing about hell is not hell. It is that some men *like* hell." In an

instant the artificial was brushed aside, and the essential tragedy of the man who becomes evil at the center of his life was sharp and terrible before the men who listened.

The tragedy of sin and the tragic cost of redemption lived in his lectures until you might have felt that the spirit of a new Æschylus or a new Sophocles brooded back of his speech. The mastering and compelling thing about all this was its intense reality to Professor Curtis. He never tried to create feelings which he had not experienced. His own face was torn by a sad, terrible passion as he spoke, and his own face had a sudden glory in it as he sensed the victory of Calvary in all its tortured pain. He found human experience terribly and gloriously dramatic. He found Christianity tragically and magnificently dramatic. And the spell and the reality of his own experience laid hold upon the men who heard him speak.

III. Making Theology Human. Jesus was perpetually finding theology in a farmer's fields, and eternal truth looking out from the floor when a busy woman was about household tasks. The amazement of the parables is just in their making the most recondite and far-reaching principles human. As a matter of fact if you cannot put a truth into a story you have not fully mastered its significance for your age. All trained students of Christian doctrine know how it is especially true that systematic theology has a way of taking the bit in its teeth, going off at a gallop and leaving actual human experience quite out of sight. You watch it raising a cloud of dust in the distance and you feel as if you would never catch up with it. Now one of the most characteristic aspects of Professor Curtis's work was the way in which he made theology human. It might be the difference between the law and the gospel which he wanted to make real. First he made you feel that living under the law was trying "to do the thing" yourself. Living under the gospel was going through the days by means of a great trust in Christ your Saviour. All this was clear, but it had not yet mastered your imagination or pressed into the heart of your experience. Then came one of his marvelous illustrations. You saw a father and a little daughter starting for a climb in the White Mountains. The daughter

needed to learn that she could not meet either life or a mountain alone. The father allowed her to push on up the steep trails in her sturdy, proud, child's independence. She went bravely for a while. Then she began to stumble on the stones. Thorns cut through her stockings and hurt her cruelly. She fell as she climbed. Still she held to her purpose. She would show father that she could do it all alone. But at the last the trail and the mountain were too much for her. She gave up the endeavor. She turned with a cry to her father. His arms were waiting. They had been waiting all the while. He held her fast and helped her at every step, and together they went to the top of the mountain. So an abstract theological doctrine became an intimate human experience. And the very illustration which made the doctrine human interpreted its inner meaning.

This sort of thing was all the while happening in Professor Curtis's class. He made every doctrine human by interpreting it in the terms of actual human experience. And his illustrations still haunt the memory of ministers and missionaries all over the world.

IV. Making Theology Cosmopolitan. Two keen young students in a certain university were once discussing life and religion. "The queer thing to me," said one of them, "is that religion is so much smaller than life. You feel shut up in a church when you talk about religion, and life is as big as all out of doors."

"It's not religion that shuts you up indoors," replied the other; "it's somebody's notion of religion. The real thing is as big as all out of doors and indoors. It includes everything there is."

What the first lad expressed regarding religion many men have felt to be true of theology. Somehow it was smaller than life. Somehow it was sitting in a corner making microscopic syllogisms while the big titanic movements of things went by unheeded. The theologian had a dignified and careful piece of work to do. But the rich and manifold and generous aspects of experience hardly touched his carefully fenced in little spot in the intellectual life of the world. The lectures of Professor Curtis gave an impression quite the opposite of all this. To him systematic theology included everything else, and he made you feel

that it included everything else. In his lectures it never smacked of the provincial. It was gloriously cosmopolitan. Perhaps in part this effect was produced by the range and richness of Professor Curtis's culture quite outside the technical materials of his own department. Professor Curtis was one of the best-read and one of the most widely read men in the Methodist Episcopal Church. English literature, as we have indicated, lived in his mind. The masterpieces of European literature were familiar to him. He believed that there is such a thing as American literature and he knew it as did few other men in America. He had the tastes of a humanist combined with the most intense interest in his own field and a brilliant command of its materials. As a result of all this his lectures glowed and gleamed with allusions as wide as the field of human letters. Then he was a great lover of nature, and he had, for instance, an interest in birds and a scientific habit of observing them which gave him a knowledge of some aspects of bird life which passed that of the amateur. In outstanding aspects of science and art and music, and in odd and out-of-the-way knowledge regarding these things, he was always surprising you. Sometimes it seemed as if a friendly and genial encyclopedia had suddenly taken to teaching theology. He carried all his erudition and his variety of interests with light and firm step. His lectures were never overloaded with references. It was all natural and simple and spontaneous. And his bright gayety of spirit, his quick and telling humor gave a heartiness to his lectures which saved them from ever becoming pedantic. Deeper than this, he knew that theology must interpret all of life or it interprets none of life truly. He bravely accepted the challenge implied in this situation, and his theology enlarged and expanded until, to paraphrase the Latin poet Terence, "all that concerned humanity belonged to it." This sense of a message as large as the passionate activity of God and all the multitudinous activities of men became a part of the life of his students. Their own thinking was saved from provinciality and became cosmopolitan.

V. Filling Theology with Moral Urgency. If Thomas Carlyle had never written words thundering with the storms on

Mount Sinai Professor Curtis might have lived and taught, but he would not have been just the teacher who bent our minds and hearts in reverence before the splendors of the moral law. Carlyle's passion for reality, Carlyle's storm-tossed sense of the moral meaning of life, Carlyle's rugged and terrible sincerity had entered into Dr. Curtis. It was a Carlyle made into an evangelical Christian to whom we listened, but it was a Carlyle, for all that, trembling with the urgency of his moral passion. Dr. Curtis liked to talk of Immanuel Kant, and to him, as to Kant, the categorical imperative was not merely an idea, it was an experience. The might of the moral *must* seized and mastered him. If conscience did not make a coward of him it did make a theologian of him, for he approached every theological problem through its relation to moral experience. It was here that he made one of his most far-reaching contributions to the life of his students. He saw life as a great ethical adventure. Like the Pope, in The Ring and the Book, he could say, "Life is a probation, and its business just the terrible choice." To listen to him was like hearing the "stern daughter of the voice of God" all over again.

As he described man's passionate pilgrimage for peace, and told the tale of his tragic failure until he entered the way of trust, men came to live over again the deepest and most typical struggle in the life of humanity. With amazing versatility he related his fundamental ethical conceptions to all sorts of situations and to all sorts of human types. All his work was done with an impelling sense of that moral demand which is the deepest and most challenging experience in the life of men.

VI. Making Theology the Epic of the Spiritual Life. Dante translated the theology of Thomas Aquinas into immortal poetry. Professor Curtis made his own theology into singing and rapturous poetry for those who listened to his lectures. Many theologians, like Molière's hero, have spoken prose all their lives without knowing it. Professor Curtis spoke poetry without knowing it. It was not that he used rhythmic forms, though in passages of spiritual passion his lectures had a noble music whose very words had wings, but, deeper than this, his message was a journey which came to the homeland of the soul at last. And the

spiritual serenity, the spiritual victory of Christianity as he interpreted it to men reached that height of vision which had all the glow and inspiration of rare and beautiful song. His Ulysses of the spirit journeyed long and far. But at last there was the homeland, the home of joy and peace forever more. The connection between the stern and tragic moral passion of one aspect of his message and the glowing high peace of its consummation was in his own vivid experience of the meaning of the person and work of Jesus Christ. Athanasius would have listened with kindled heart, could he have journeyed from the fourth century into ours, to the powerful expression of the meaning of the divine Christ for human life which fell from the lips of this teacher. And all the resources of his mind, all the stern loyalty of his will, all the devotion of his heart, every outreach of his life met in his experience of the meaning of the Cross. It was not merely a doctrine. It was the very life of his spirit. Because the very Son of God died for him he had found his way into the wonder of the peace ineffable, and knew how to point others to that home of the spirit.

VII. Making Theology Dynamic. Is there something more to say? Principally this: Dr. Curtis's lectures demanded more than hearers. They released energies which had to be put into action. Men sometimes disagreed with the particular interpretations which came flashing forth from his masterful brain. What they received in any case was a mental and moral and spiritual stimulus which set them moving with new and powerful momentum. Dr. Curtis helped men to have courage to disagree, even where he was masterful with the dogmatism of a terrible earnestness, and at the very moment he roused in them a passion for truth, a sense of the meaning of religion, a consciousness of the high commanding power of Christ, which sent them forth with a new light in their eyes and a new purpose in their hearts. He kept hanging where many a student saw them the words of Paul: "Not that we have lordship over your faith, but we are helpers of your joy." He wanted to be a man's master only in the sense of helping him to attain the power of a masterful and adequate use of his own powers.

We sat in his room watching the play of that rare mind, feeling the richness of that spirit, and then, as he most desired, forgetting him in the sense of the winsome friendliness and the high majesty of the One whom he served. He was contented to be a theological John the Baptist, pointing men to the Christ who—none knew better than he—must reveal his own greatest secrets to the men who were to be his ministers. So, somehow, again and again it happened that before the lecture was over, the slight, tense figure of our professor seemed to have slipped away and a presence august and summoning had entered the doorway of our lives. "I must decrease, but He must increase" was the very desire of the teacher who wanted the best and richest things for his boys. We are not asking now the place of his theology among the various interpretations of the faith, we are contented to remember how he made Christianity regal in our thought, and made us eager that that vision should pass out to other lives. In this fine and high sense he was our master in the things of Christ. In this notable and far-reaching fashion he was our teacher in the things of God.

Lynn Harold Hough

GODS AND HALF-GODS

The ideal arrangement of the spiritual world is such that the entrance of the gods is anticipated by the exit of the half-gods. The contemporary facts in the case are to the effect that the thrones once warmed by the greater deities are now to be used as places of repose for lesser lights. Twentieth-century theism is upon us, and we would best make our reckonings with it, dead reckoning though they be. We have lost the stolid frankness of eighteenth-century atheism and the mental resignation of nineteenth-century agnosticism; our theistic condition is one of humanism, wherein God is most eminently "our God." Our looms do more than weave khaki for soldiers; they are turning out the goods which Faust beheld at the feet of the Earth Spirit—the "garments of God." Have we not the right to inquire whether such god-garments are up to the measure of the specifications? Each age according to its own caste, for one thinks and speaks as the Zeit Geist dictates upon its Ouija Board, and our age must express its ideas in its own spiritual slang. What our age seems to be doing is to attempt the solution of mystical problems in a non-mystical way, and they that be wise may prefer to be "suckled by a creed outworn." We are not a contemplative crowd, but are more conspicuous for our money-seeking, our labor-saving, and our pleasure-seeking. Are these the times when one may speak authentically of the skies?

"If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him; but all nature cries out that he does exist." Herein we have one of the shrewdest remarks which ever fell from the mouth of man; in it the thin lips of Voltaire spoke for the wistful atheism of his own age; but we have not failed to make the maxim a kind of guide for our own. Nature and man hold the secret of the skies; if we have not the mental wrenches which will pinch the secret from an out-crying nature, we have the inventive genius of man, and this must supply us with the intellectual improvement which we need for our commerce with the spiritual order.

Our times have chosen the industrial rather than the intellectual method of getting at truths; we have mental laboratories with curious devices adapted to measuring the abilities of artisans and detecting the crimes of malefactors. These inventive arrangements may supply us with theistic tests. If we cannot believe in God as such, we may be able to exercise credence toward the godly experience within our own hearts; and if the Creator is out of style and reach in an age which thinks less of Copernicus and more of Darwin, we may be able to elaborate anew that which sage thinking has for centuries sought to banish from the brain—the Finite God! This war-economy is now being practiced here and there, so that the time may come when we shall have meatless, wheatless, and godless days. Then the sting of war tends to make men unusually friendly, whence some have begun to *tutoyer* the Most High; or, like a certain young swindler, who insisted that the King of Spain always wrote to him over the cognomen, "Alph," we assume that we are rather familiar with the Power-Not-Ourselves.

The men of our day have shown that they have little desire to return to the metaphysical muttons of the more carnivorous ages of faith and unbelief. What is the reason for this deistic decline in connection with which the common stock is rated higher than the preferred? Does it lie in politics or philosophy, in democracy or scientism? The dry season set in some time ago. As far back as the days of Kant, it was noted that the wings of the philosophical falcon had been clipped to such a degree that metaphysical wings could rise to a height no greater than that dictated by the moral needs of mankind. Hegel, with all the language-stretching augustness of his transcendental logic, confessed a certain amount of humanism, which was promptly applied by Marx to economics, by Wagner to the political music of the future. The Hegelian God looked like the Man who was to come, and there arose a new interpretation to the motto—*homo homini deus*. Balzac's irreverent Human Comedy declared that "science had pensioned God," although the author of the anthropological encyclopedia showed no disposition to worship the Man he knew so well. Ibsen took up secularism, with

its "homes for human beings to dwell in," soon after his Peer Gynt received the news—"The Absolute Reason departed this life at eleven last night." The idea that the divine death may have been "greatly exaggerated" does not occur to those who watch the finite Phœnix emerging from the smoldering ashes of the elder Deity. In getting at him speculatively, they are guided by John Stuart Mill, a logician who always counted on his finger; by Professor Schiller, who appears anxious to show his Oxford colleagues that his is not their classical idealism; by Professor James, a psychologist who was ever on the lookout for mental novelties; and by Mr. H. G. Wells, who—well, who is the Mr. Wells that we have known in other connections. The near-god of these latter-day seers has made its impression upon such a journal as the New York Sun, whose Don Marquis has written a full column in honor of the democratic Deity.

To inquire further into the genesis of the new god is to observe a general alteration in the contemplation of the natural order, which in Voltaire's day had the voice to cry out its theistic burden. The old Nature was a mathematical and mechanical affair whose deity must have gone to work with the care and ambition of some architect; of such as Newton and Spinoza took he counsel when he framed the heavens. But to all theistic intents and purposes, there is no such nature at all, for dogmatism has given place to Darwinism, and the cosmic plan is a "creative evolution" in accordance with which the world adopts the language of Topsy, and says, "I wasn't born, I just growed." To make use of one of Hardy's most painful distinctions, and to introduce a bit of Hardy's revolutionary pessimism into the pleasant scheme of these optimistic romancers, we contrast the operations of God as "sage" and God as "somnambulist." Our somnambulistic deity blunders along with steps more slow than sure in the ponderous movements of the mundane order; but if he makes a *faux pas* now and then we excuse him on the ground that he is finite, and even our best leaders in Congress or at camp make their blunders. Hardy, who has a right to be heard in company with Wells, laments the fact that "the old-fashioned reveling in the general situation," so obvious in Æschylean days, is now out

of date, and it is fair to presume that such old-fashioned revelings in general situations, of which Mr. Britling is so innocent, were more likely to reveal wonders of nature than is the case with personally conducted tours along beaten paths of humanity. The metaphysical meanderings of those who used to proceed afoot produced durable results; at all events they gave the philosophical pedestrian superb thighs. Of the thin-legged jaunts of contemporary theists we are not so sanguine, for they seem to lack the endurance which their logic demands of their legs. In the elder time, men cudgeled their brains, for, as Pascal said, "God geometrizes"; nowadays, since sociology has taken the place of tougher disciplines, God is not allowed to demonstrate his cosmic propositions, but is expected to go slumming.

Into this soft redoubt the war drove a shell of incredible caliber. The moral nature of man was shattered, his spiritual blood drawn. The character of Godhead rather than its metaphysical nature became the subject of private contemplation if not of public discussion, and the clear-cut debate between the thinking subject and the tight intellectual world gave place to a babel of ethical protest. If God be infinite in power, and will not stop a war which a thoughtful President and a contrite Pope are anxious to end, and that right early, then that God cannot be good. Or if God be good, and the war does not stop, then that God cannot be infinite. The metaphysical Peter must be robbed to pay the moral Paul; ergo, the very God that exists rejoices in a nature made up of good intentions, but painfully limited in practical expedients. He is an "invisible king"—a singularly unhappy title for an English work. For ourselves, we show at this juncture that we prefer the Good to the True, and, like Kant, will "sacrifice knowledge in order to make room for faith." We do show a commendable love for a certain type of ethical excellence, but are not so meritorious in upholding an equally lofty standard of truthfulness. The horror of the wrong is not matched by a fear of the false; as a result, our epigones will find it difficult to understand how we twentieth-centurists would flout our skulls in behalf of our moral hides.

A perfect God in an imperfect world, or a Copernican deity

in a Darwinian situation is bad enough, but when the leading species of an inconspicuous orb like our planet begins to indulge in insane activities, the bad becomes worse. The flood of contradictions drives us into such arks as we can extemporize, while the Ararats fail to lift their heads above the outrageous deluge. At this point, we forget that the sons of men have ever had to worry along in the midst of just this antinomy, out of which has come the navigation of the Scylla-Charybdis straits and the psychological patience of one Job by name. Our contradiction is, *mutatis mutandis,* the tragic contradiction felt by all serious minds at almost all times, so that Æschylus and Sophocles, Dante and Milton were just as sorely stricken as Mr. Wells and Sir Conan Doyle. Such literary characters should see that, with its obvious inconveniences, a chaotic cosmos has the advantage of providing them with a literary vocation more or less remunerative, just as disease and crime give doctor and lawyer respectively their special means of livelihood. Such states of distress keep journalism alive, since its presses run to the mournful tune of human sin and sorrow, and there is at least one case of a fine metropolitan daily which throve because a large number of elderly people prized and paid for it on the ground that it had the longest list of death notices. To bring the war to a sudden termination would cause certain changes of plan among those who are now busy turning out bellicose copy, while a complete Utopia would be as disconcerting to the average man as is prohibition to the distiller.

In the present case, which is frankly without human parallel, and which makes it unnecessary for Dantes and Miltons to manufacture poetical infernos, we are in a bad way because of our perverse optimism, or a fervid desire to see things as they are not. Fare forth with the bland notion that creation is supposed to include nothing but a garden of Eden, and you will be in theological trouble the moment the merest serpent begins to writhe his way through the grass. As to serpents, we are now being advised that our native desire to kill them on sight is untrustworthy, since the gardener has need of the aid which serpents alone can contribute. Start with the expectation of trouble, and storms at mountain peaks will entertain you with their bass

music in the valleys. As to the special idea of evil, which has threatened the security of heavenly ideals when it might better be charged to the account of earthly devices, it is fair to inquire whether any one ever wished to see evil wholly banished from the world. Are we not pretty much like Mr. Dooley, who might have managed without his friends, but who could not possibly get along without his enemies? Cut-throat competition, with its advertising nuisance, is bad, but would we have Wall Street turned into an entrance to Trinity Church? Drink is a curse which state and nation are taking in hand, but some total abstainers can see danger in national prohibition. War is indeed Shermanesque in its complications, but—and here we move with caution—would we forever interne Mars, turn sword and spear into gardening implements, or have our arms and munition plants more Ford-like in the products which they should turn out? Dare we run the evangelical risk of peace on earth and human good will? Would not perfect peace be as unsettling as perfect war?

Wealth, whisky, and war are implements which we think we would take from the hands of men, but the resulting spectacle of a perfect world is not without its terrors; it has a sinister look, and we must dread the monotony of old China and the stagnation of India. Junker and Jingo are bad enough, but we are not ready to accept the ideals of Mandarin and Swami. We are willing to pay in coins of various realms the actual cost of war; why should we balk at the philosophic price of evil in the world? It is more like man to assume the double debt in its gigantic proportions, and make the world safe for both democracy and divinity. We have no right to repudiate our metaphysical obligations, and in the course of time we may see our way clear to pay them. It's our optimism which has been our undoing, and, like Strindberg, we are beginning to see that "one may be *lost* by one's faith." We have listened to the voices of Pippas on their holiday strolls, and have been persuaded that the world is a place where one may walk about in his bare feet. Shall we seek to change the world for the benefit of such artlessness, or go rougher shod and sing sterner songs than those of the optimistic coloratura?

Apparently, then, the god-inhabited heaven is somewhat

higher than the skies of Pippa and Mr. Wells. At all times and places, decent devotion has felt the "pathos of distance," and has been willing to heed the commandment, *Noli me tangere.* When Mr. Wells reaches out after the manner of British empiricism, he expects to touch the fringes of Deity; but one cannot always establish a connection between what he believes and what he worships. Demiurges, Athenas, Virgins, and the like must often be interpolated as means between extremes so pathetically separated. In happy periods of intense devotion and clarified thought, philosophizing and praying are pretty much the same, so that one finds his help in Him who made heaven and earth. But when the strain of divine distance is felt, what's to be done? Shall we seek to lower Deity in a kind of marking-down way and thus have God at a bargain; or shall we grip the other dilemmatic horn, and thus operate upon man? If the mountain show no disposition to come to Mahomet, perhaps the prophet may be persuaded to take the initiative. It is the elevation of man's mind in the good old metaphysical-moral way that seems most needful and appropriate at the present juncture; and while chairs of "mental and moral philosophy" are sadly vacant in our universities, their opulent endowments may provide for such instruction as the theistic situation seems to demand.

The trick of bridging the gap by humanistic elevation will not be found new or untried. Israel's prophets knew how to raise the more clamorous of the tribe out of their anthropomorphism. Vedanta did to the Veda what the lofty liberals of Palestine attempted. Socrates showed the Greeks how to find Deity while doing nothing else than improve their insight into self and perfect their moral habits. The case of Socrates and our own Lincoln is about the same. To the timid theist, who was anxious to know whether he, Mr. Lincoln, thought that "God was on our side," this ironical sage replied interrogatively by putting the complementary question, "Are we on God's side?" Men of this stamp, and there are many of them, are of the opinion that the would-be theist would best tap the superior sources of his nature, say, the moral and metaphysical ones, rather than trust to the functions of the soul's sympathetic nervous system. Mr. Wells and his friends

are of the contrary opinion. They want less and less Deity, as a moneyed man might long for less wealth or a muscle-bound gymnast sigh for a certain amount of flabbiness. But in things spiritual we are not burdened with either too much money or too much muscle; it's quite the other way, so that to come to an understanding with the universe in its largesse one would best count his cash and feel his biceps. We have natures which stand the strain of earth, why should we protest against the severity of the skies? Any one who can live in a modern city such as New York ought not to complain of the confusing and complicated proportions of the old-fashioned Deity. But Mr. Wells seems sadly suburban in his theology; unable to navigate the City of God, he turns to the philosophic faubourg where the Finite God is more neighborly and less pretentious.

Against this novel new theology one may easily bring the old charge of anthropomorphism, once a defect, but now a kind of merit. Such a humanistic way of proceeding to the heights is not plausible in the minds of those who realize what a mere apology for baggage the aeroplanist carries. At this point, one recalls the case of "Johnny" Poe, of sad Gallipolin fame, and a humorous incident in a career more expressive than effective. About to embark for home after the Spanish war, Poe insisted that he be allowed some fifty-four pieces of baggage, said impedimenta turning out to be "a deck of cards and a pair of socks." There is less levity than logic in this episode, since it provokes the question, "Just how much soul-baggage may one carry over into the beyond?" The florid theists of the newest dispensation are insisting upon any amount of precious freight—emotions, prejudices, whims, and what nots. All such are labeled, "Wanted on voyage." The cool theist of the old order, Spinoza preeminently, was persuaded that the everlasting essential of the soul was enough intelligence to enjoy the Deity forever. Finite theists and immortalists, the Wellses, Doyles, Lodges, persist in clogging the immortal gangway with the amount of earthly luggage which the itinerant Anglican is wont to carry abroad with him; whence the notion of private Deity and popular immortality which these Englishmen would carry around pretty much as the Londoner

would fare forth accompanied by his folding bathtub. Such ideals are decidedly anthropic.

Since we must be more or less anthropomorphic, and, like Saint Paul, "speak as a man," it may be well to pay some attention to the *anthropos* in the case, and persuade him to limit his expectations of the Invisible. It is not necessary to conclude, with Dostoievsky's Ivan Karamazov, that the tri-dimensional mind of man must give up all hope of finding a Deity who feels no such spatial fettering; or is it wise to indulge in the self-relinquishment of this same Slav, who returned to the Deity the "entrance ticket" into the spiritual order on the ground that he could not use it. The entrance ticket to the Circus Maximus is valid and of value to us, but we must assure ourselves that it is something more than the humanistic pasteboard which the new theists are handing out everywhere. Man at his best may be altogether vanity, but he is a being capable of Infinity, and we should be as successful in our metaphysics as in our mathematics. Man rather than God stands in need of adequate definition. If we style man "a digestive tube" or "an animal with a musket" (both of them Gallic descriptions), we shall have trouble in setting up relations with the invisible order, and the Kingdom of God, which prescribes matrimony, must be just as inimical to eating and fighting. But if our "man" is some sort of thinker and actor, a hearer and doer of the word, he will be no worse off at the entrance to existence than the camel in front of the needle's eye. Until we are in the proper mood, we would best let Deity and dead alone. Certainly we gain no insight into the beyond when we make God look like a perplexed premier and consider the dead as carrying on in about the same way that they did here in the midst of their mortal antics.

If nature so fails to cry out the existence of Deity, so that we are driven to inventions of the Invisible, it is because we have not prodded her the way the sharp-witted thinkers used to do. If the human brain refuses to bring forth robust ideas, it is perhaps due to the twilight sleep which has fallen upon it. The High God does not appear because we do not devote the high thought to him, who has been called *quo majus nihil cogitari potest.* Our than-which-no-greater-can-be-thought is a feeble affair of finite propor-

tions. Our philosophers suffer from atrophy in the category of quantity. Our poets are so un-Goethean that they refuse to cry out, "What shall I name him, and who dares so confess him as to say, 'I believe,' or 'I believe not'?" Such a supernal being is full of music, of distant dissonances, which know how to find their ultimate harmony. But if one is still unwilling to make room for the High God whom sages have striven to enthrone, he might at least express some regret at his own inability to keep the engagement. Like another one of the brothers Karamazov, he should have the grace to say, "I am sorry to lose God."

Charles Gray Shaw.

THE BITER BITTEN

The ethics of Jesus have been so emphasized that we have forgotten that he gave ethical significance to the material world. What the prophets used as illustration Jesus used as foundation; where they saw affinity he rested authority. What the prophet used to enforce his teaching Jesus used as an immutable base on which to rest his message. He is a revealer, not a creator, of God. He taught nothing that is not in the world about us. All his great doctrines are firmly founded on the nature of things.

His doctrine of Providence is not built on the changing circumstances of human life. No incident is big enough to sustain a doctrine. We must not reason that God loves kingship because he takes cares of a king. We cannot argue God dislikes ships because one went down in a storm. It does not follow that God favors your mission because you have "fair wind." It is no proof that God is against you because the wind is "dead-ahead." Every doctrine must be based on a changeless law: one variation is a crack in your foundation; for that reason Jesus turns to the flowers. "Consider the lilies. . . . O ye of little faith." The idea that God will care for you is rested on the fact that he does, not he did, care for the flowers. They would have been trampled out of existence long ago did he not care for them.

The reference to the birds is of the same import.

In these two illustrations the basic thinking is: God cares for small things, *therefore* he cannot neglect you. The deduction has behind it the operation of a universal law.

The greatest claim that he laid on his followers rests on the simple fact that the "rain and the sunshine" are given without discrimination.

Recall the fifteenth chapter of Luke. Whatever may be the nature of the divine being, as set forth in that chapter, is not now the question. We note the fact that Jesus grounds his teaching on the homely truths that the shepherd seeks the straying sheep, the woman looks for a lost piece of money, and a father is glad to welcome his returning son. Whatever the spiritual significance

of the chapter may be gets its force from the fact that in human society its teachings are true.

This is no place for any exhaustive study of Christ's method of thinking. We give enough to substantiate our claim, that the ways of nature are a revelation of the laws of God.

According to Christ's thinking the *message* is the important matter in all the things at which we look. The value of a flower is neither its form nor its fragrance; its importance lies in its message. The birds preach far greater than they practice; their message is louder than their melody.

In the thinking of Jesus the lessons for life are written in the world about us. What we should believe about God is taught us by the flowers, the birds, the rain, the sunshine, and the human heart. God would save human life the waste of itself in the discoveries of its laws. *The divine arrangement is that you shall find in the lower the laws that govern the upper realm.* As human life is only being lived it must end before its laws could be discovered in itself. The animal world is complete enough for you to see the terminus of certain dispositions. You take your choice and with the choice you are responsible for the result. One cannot help but note the surprise of Jesus that his followers should be so blind. "If God so clothe the grass . . . shall he not much more clothe you? O ye of little faith." Look patiently enough at this statement and you shall discover what *faith is. Faith is that act of the human mind that lifts the truth from the lower to the upper realm; and the daring of spirit that trusts that truth when so transported.* If God clothe the life of a flower in form that shames the splendor of a king, will he not "clothe *you*"? Faith acts as if he would, and so looks into the grave unafraid. To thoughtful people the comeliness of the human form is not a pandering to lust. It is the highest *form* in all the world, and was found worthy to wrap the Deity. It is a declaration that God seeks appropriately to garb personality. That the way we live has to do with "how we look" is God's way of telling us he clothes life *fitly.* The fact that we walk, instead of roll, is a declaration that you can trust all on a small basis when you are in tune with the law of God.

The foregoing is foundation enough to give the stamp of Christian thinking to the following illustrations, given to exemplify the simple proposition: the biter is always bitten.

This is not a study of the incident, but of the nature of war. The incident of war is beyond the human mind. The agony this war has written on human bodies, the anguish it has wrung from human hearts will never be transferred to paper. The infinite folly and damnable imbecility of the Germany that started it, no mind can be perverse enough to understand. That it was purposed is now a certainty, and I wish to record an incident.

At a house where I boarded were two young men, one from Scotland, the other from Germany. The accidents of a city's life had brought them together and they were friends. That the German might the sooner learn to speak English the Scotch boy had brought him where he would have to "talk American." Six weeks before the war began the German got a cable, "Come home." He cabled back "Why?" and got the answer, "Come at once." He went without delay. Some months later the Scotch boy got a letter from his father: "Your brothers are in the army; we think you ought to be with them. . . . You will, of course, please yourself; but we wish you to know how we feel about it." A week later he was gone. He will never return. The last letter was from "Somewhere in France" to the effect: "We are on our way to the front. . . . We will not do a thing to the Germans. . . . I pray God I may not meet 'Fritz.'"

When the privileged classes of a country can thus reach half way around the world and bring friends, one by force and the other by choice, and set them in deadly combat, there is "something rotten in" Germany. That Germany is the aggressor no rational mind can doubt.

If the *laws* of life are dependable, that for which Germany stands, that which Germany is, cannot win out. If Germany should succeed in building a world empire, in the very nature of things it would go to pieces. As we turn to the study of the laws of God, as revealed in the world about us, it is our opinion that the law of war is more readily understood than the incident thereof.

There are two kinds of animals in the world; animals that defend themselves and animals that are aggressive.

The aggressive animals of the world are losing out. In the animal world the vicious are going to the wall. The lion is being whipped to a frazzle by the lamb. The two sides of one truth are seen in the relative positions of the lion and the lamb.

Give a little study to the lion. See how he is built: the lithe sinuous body with its wonderful strength; the claws, fashioned the deeper to sink the more his prey pulls. Look at a picture of his massive skull: the short strong jaws, made wide to give abundant room to the strong muscles by which they are worked; the broad joint of the jaw making a strong hinge to hold against the struggling prey, and the pull of the powerful muscles. Mark the fangs, with the short incisors to give full play to those cruel long teeth, built especially for holding their victim. From the end of his nose to the tip of his tail he is built for fighting. His velvet feet, his efficient diplomacy, but add cruelty to his ability. Of course this does not make the lion. The real lion is that disposition that lurks behind, or shows itself through, all this aggregation of bone and brawn. The spirit of the creature is the beast. For centuries he has been the king of brutes. He is equaled among his kind only by the tiger, who seems to be just a little ahead of him on the road to oblivion.

The only addition we could make to the lion, as a fighting animal, would be to make it possible for him to win. But that is utterly impossible without changing the constitution of the universe. As long as the laws of God are unchanged and the Almighty does not abdicate the throne of the world nature will never build an animal that will bite his way to the mastery of a continent. Our whole claim is that nature never intended to do so, but to show, rather, that it cannot be done and so save man from the folly of trying it.

In historic times the lion has roamed the south of Asia, including Syria, Arabia, Asia Minor, Persia, and the greater part of northern and central India and probably Greece. In still more remote times, when the lion was having his day and possibly

dreaming of conquering the animal world, he ranged the greater part of Europe and most of North America.

However near he came to the place where all animals must be lions, or dominated by them, it is sure he never reached it; it is now a certainty he never will. His empire will dwindle utterly. Himself will pass away, or cease to be a lion, that is, become domesticated. He may learn that aggression can never be the road to permanence; he certainly teaches it.

It is not likely that where the lion has failed the bear or the wolf will succeed. We wish to emphasize this simple fact; the aggressive animals do not dominate the animal world.

This is true also among the birds. Birds of prey are losing out. Eagles are not as common as turkeys. Hawks and owls are fairly rare. Every creature that eats raw flesh is on the down grade.

Domestication, in all probability, has greatly modified sheep. Their structure would indicate that they have never been fighting animals, in the sense that lions are. Fighting has never been their business and they have never made a business of fighting. The word fighting, as here used, means that they have never been aggressive. All animals, from worm to man, defend themselves with all their powers. Defense is that side of fighting that is not war. Now sheep have defended themselves far more successfully than lions have.

Do not jump at the conclusion, "Man has been their defender." We must ask ourselves, who defended them before the advent of man? The animals were here when man arrived. We are face to face with the rugged marvel that in nature's boiling caldron sheep held their own, alone and unassisted, amid the turbulence of savage nature. Put a pair of sheep in Maine, a pair of lions in California, leave the continent to them, and the sheep will smother the lions to death.

It would seem perfectly natural that when man arrived, and began to kill for food, he would begin among the least resistant. What now is a protection was once an added burden to the gentle of the world. It is not likely that man's first relation to sheep was in the field of domestication. It is far more likely that man

joined the lion, as a foe to sheep. It is also probably true that man has always killed more sheep than he has slain lions. The fact remains that there are more sheep than lions in the world. We claim the reason for that fact is in the lion. The *law* of things is against the lion; or, rather, the *lion* is against the law of things. We utterly deny that sheep are weak, defenseless creatures. They defended themselves, unassisted, before man came as an added burden, or with his added protection. We claim that their protection is in the fact that they are in line with the ethics of the universe. If folks cannot think of strength apart from brutality, that is not the fault of sheep. I must confess that I can understand a lion more easily than I can understand a lamb. It is a very simple rule: If you want anything take it. If you can you may. The German philosophy is the simplest thing in the world, *to the brute*. Any savage beast would understand the German activity; any snake his diplomacy. But we are not asking whether I am more lion than sheep. We are dealing with something far more important than my attainment. We are seeking the law by which I shall be able to attain and to maintain myself in the enjoyment of my attainment. We are trying to get at the core of the animal world and find the message proclaimed by the brute creation. When Jesus proclaimed that among men "the meek shall inherit the earth," he rested his prophetic utterance on the simple fact that in the world of nature, the animal world, the meek *do* inherit the earth. If you think "meekness" is weakness you are mistaken. The whole animal world proclaims that "meekness" is strength, and that brutality—commonly called "frightfulness"—is inherent weakness. The lion will be just as fine a creature, and far more lovable, when he has learned to "eat straw like an ox." He will then discover that service is the only way to personal permanence; just as the dog has found it better to be a dog than to be a wolf. In the animal world, where creatures meet to decide by contest "who is who," and where the stronger is the last in the ring, the lamb has "put it all over" the lion's cub.

We do not claim to know all the reasons "why," but we do claim to have sense enough to see that it is so and we are possessed

of the conviction that it is not the result of accident. We can see the lion is losing and we claim that is God's message to man that you cannot bite your way to success. Written in all the bloody struggle where the "meek" are eaten by the "strong" and the lion licks his bloody chops, in all the full content that only a full lion can know, is this simple fact: he has always been eating himself out of the contest. He has been living on himself as surely as though he had begun at the end of his tail and was now engaged in the process of swallowing his own head. In the animal world the biter is always bitten.

Notice some reasons:

Lions do not herd. Herding is an attribute of strength; it reduces the danger to the individual. The lion takes all the dangers of a lion's life himself; every lion takes them all. They are always with him. Where he is all his dangers are. With sheep the personal danger is divided by the number in the flock. When lions hunt they get one from the flock; when the lion is hunted the hunter usually gets all he sees. The lion's fighting disposition is not a tower of strength; it is an element of weakness, because it separates him from his kind. He is alone. His disposition is a net that gathers about himself all the dangers of the world. The first thing the lion loses is the bravery of all the other lions.

In the very nature of things aggressive animals are lonely creatures. The more vicious they are, the more complete is their isolation. No animal will ever be bred to the place where viciousness will hold large numbers together. No savage people have ever built a complex civilization, for the simple reason that savagery does not, in the very nature of things, hold its individual parts together. The gregarious in human life is teetotally opposed to the fighting instinct. The fighting instinct makes the community impossible; you cannot fraternize with the man you are waiting to bite.

The opposite to the herding instinct is that the lion becomes a foe to his kind. He is not only cut off from community help, but he becomes opponent to each unit that should make the community. If lions fought only the animals they eat they might win out; but fighting is fighting, and so they fight each other. He

not only stands alone, but he stands *against* all others. His very success increases his danger. He is the perfection of all factionalists, for each is a faction in himself. The increase of his kind threatens to annihilate each. There comes a time when the fighting instinct threatens the perpetuation of the fighter in the animal world.

All fighting empires have broken into fighting factions. Whatever the sword has built the sword has divided. He that "takes the sword" perishes by the sword. Savagery can settle no ethical question. Ethics are not matter of brawn, as everybody but a savage knows. The man is not right because he is the stronger brute. Many a defeated man has fought for the right, but the right was not defeated in his fall. Were the law of things otherwise God himself might be defeated.

Empire building by the sword has been tried often enough for all but fools to know it cannot be done. If the autocrat was a divine product then thousands of men would be seeking him for their master, as the water seeks the sea.

The question of weapons enters only into the time element; strength of jaw and sharpness of teeth may prolong the struggle, but in the world of God the aggressor always makes war on himself.

Savage things are slow breeders. Nature never gives opposite tendencies in fullness to the same creature. Where nature's gifts differ there must be a better. Sheep cannot fight like lions; they breed better; that is their defense. The lion puts the question of his perpetuation into the field of brawn; sheep put the same question into the land of disposition and go on breeding. Viciousness strikes at the springs of life. The statement, in the book of Exodus, "Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments" is the statement of the fact that wrong shall not become permanent through breeding, but that right tends to perpetuate itself at the springs of life. Any other kind of a law at the source of life would put us in an immoral world.

One of the facts of this war is that when it is over there

will be less human bodies for the savage German spirit to dwell in. That is the simple law of the jungle. But we must not forget the other fact: there will be more free men. Every time a man dies for freedom, two freed men take his place. That is the only way freedom can spread. It never seems to have dawned on men who dream of conquest by the sword, that what the Almighty has never tried is probably beyond the reach of man. The boy who looked into his father's face and said, "You may make me, but you cannot make me want to," had discovered that *he* was out of the reach of men. Suppose God should start this kaiser business. He might throw stars at the world, send battalions of unseen spirits against us, and he would succeed only in raising revolt in the moral world against himself. The whole idea of the mastery of others by force is false. It is against the constitution of the universe. No man was ever conquered by force. Millions have been won. Men have been captured, held, bound, but never mastered.

Be it remembered that the lion and the man are enemies. If it be said that man is the fighter in this contest, we answer, the lion is the aggressor; he *is aggression*. This is a case where the higher defends himself against the lower. Failing to make friends with man, the lion meets his deadliest foe. The lion's failure to link himself in friendship to man is his greatest loss. One can get along without a friend below himself; provided he has a friend above himself. Let him become domesticated—that is, cease to be a lion—and he shall become as common as dogs and cats. The *lion* must vacate that wonderful body before man *can* make peace with him. Man will never make friends with the *lion*. The lion is INCAPABLE of friendship with the animal above him—Man.

One of the blasphemies of human life is the claim of friendship with God by men who have sought conquest by the sword. To see the hideousness of such a claim walk Christ through Belgium, as the German walked, breaking his plighted word, with all the infamy that has accompanied the kultured German. One finds no difficulty in seeing the Christ go to the help of the oppressed and giving his life for the saving of others. That is just what he did. And the world was never more Christian than

now. "Christianity failed." Not yet, please God! Not while the manhood of the world is ready to meet the devil's doctrine and drown it in their blood. No, the lion must become manly, or the man must become lionlike before they can be friends. God would have to become vicious to be "mit" the kaiser. God breaking his plighted word and ravishing a neighboring state? Impossible! The Germanic claim can become true only when the laws of the immutable world shall have been moved from the rock of eternal righteousness to the shifting sands of expediency. "Who can fight against God and prosper?"

When you move from the animal world into human history the Biter is always Bitten. "The Ape-man of Java" is improved on by the "Piltdown" who came some thousands of years later; both are below the "Neanderthal" man who comes on the scene much later than either of them. The savage has always been giving away in the history of man. No message comes to us from the past with more perpetual sameness than the endeavor to lift man from savagery. The "Power that makes for righteousness" never changes. The supplanting of the savages of Western Europe by the "Cro-magons" was but an illustration of the law we have called the survival of the fittest. Nature shows that the fighting animal is not the fittest. History shows the same among men. The most savage races to-day are the races that are departing. The law of nature, the trend of history, and the Eternal God are against the aggressor. Show me the most savage race and I will point out to you the "next" to go into oblivion. Wherever they are, the jungle of Africa, the bushes of Australia, Luzon or India, Borneo or Berlin, makes no difference to the operation of this law. The law of the universe is against the fighting animal, be he quadruped or biped.

Turn to that world we have called Experience, that realm where the spiritual forces of life make themselves known to all of us, and you'll find a confirmation of these messages from nature and history. You have been wronged. It is not impossible for you to pray for the one who wronged you. Now wrong some one and, in the very nature of things, you cannot pray for him. Jesus taught the injured should pray for the one who did the wrong.

He also taught that the guilty could not pray. "If, therefore, thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee: leave there thy gift . . . first be reconciled to thy brother, and *then* come and offer thy gift." Why did not Jesus tell the injured one to seek reconciliation? Because being injured does not keep us from the Divine presence; but injuring does. The "woe" is to him by whom the offense comes. The personal spiritual loss is to the aggressor in wrongdoing. Belgium can pray for Germany and there would be nothing irreverent in her so doing. Germany cannot pray for Belgium; to pretend to is a blasphemy. The wrong done walls up the way to God. Belgium has lost much; Germany much more. Belgium, like a lamb, has been bitten, torn, and is bleeding. It is from German chops that innocent blood drips and far better be the bleeding lamb than know the spirit that animates the bloodstained beast. The "song of hate" does not injure those about whom it is sung; it is the singer who suffers. The "song" does not keep the listener from God; it makes his presence impossible to the singer. Christ on the cross is far better circumstanced than those who nailed him there. Every man has had proof of these things in his heart. When hurt you can pity and forgive. When you hurt you hurt yourself in hurting.

If it be said that the lion and the lamb are but divergent types of one far off original source, we answer: The lion took the wrong road. God's message in nature, history, and experience is: The brutal fails. The biter is always bitten.

J. B. Stockdale

THE PLACE OF TEACHING AND THE LITERATURE OF TEACHING IN CHRISTIAN ADVANCE

Like the Jewish religion in the days of its ascendency Christianity is preeminently a teaching religion. Vital Christianity is always and everywhere an educational force. Religious education is a major element in the total program of Christian advance. The achievements of Christianity are ultimately educational accomplishments by means of which the educational life comes gradually to fuller, higher self-realization and to an experience of the life more abundant. In like manner the social order is advanced through intelligent cooperation of its individual and group units until a higher group experience is achieved in an improved environment. If this be true we have a right to expect: (1) that Jesus should by example and precept emphasize teaching; (2) that at every turning point in the history of the church, during every period of marked advance, we shall discover large emphasis upon the work of Christian teaching. "Jewish education by its consistent teaching of lofty monotheism and its emphasis, sometimes incidental and sometimes outstanding, upon righteousness and holiness of life as a condition of participation in a future Messianic kingdom, prepared the way for the Christian view of God and the world set forth in its original distinctness of outline and incomparable simplicity in the teachings of Jesus. The social inheritance of Jesus was religious and it was educational. Jesus was more than a teacher; but he was a teacher first. To his contemporaries he appeared as a Jewish rabbi of exceptional influence and popularity. He used the teaching methods of the rabbis; gathered about him, as they did, a group of chosen disciples (learners) whom he trained and taught more explicitly with a view to perpetuating through them his own influence and work. His followers called him Rabbi and Master, and the scribes and Pharisees conceded his popularity and power. He taught, as did the rabbis of the time, in the temple courts, in the syna-

gogue, in private, and on the public highway, as the exigencies of the case demanded. His textbook, so far as he used any, was the same as theirs; his form of speech (parable and connected discourse), manner of life, and methods of instruction were theirs. Yet into his message and method he put a new note of authority that challenged attention and inspired confidence. Breaking with the traditions of the past, he substituted for devotion to the letter of the law an interest in men, with boundless sympathy for their misfortunes, abiding faith in their worth and high destiny, and earnest solicitude for their regeneration and perfection. Where his contemporaries and even his own followers saw only 'as in a glass, darkly,' he saw clearly; and his views of God and the world, of human life and human destiny have been cherished through the Christian centuries as a divine revelation vouchsafed the world in him." (Article, "Religious Education," International Students' Bible Encyclopedia.) It is no wonder, therefore, that Christianity became a teaching religion. The division of labor in the apostolic church provided for teachers, both laymen and clergy, set apart for this specific task. The apostles considered their work to be largely that of teachers. The apostle Paul, in contemplating the rapidly increasing volume of early Christian literature, reminds Timothy that "every scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching." Even the content and form of apostolic religious instruction is in part preserved for us in the books of the New Testament. The Master's final commission to his disciples had been to teach all nations all things whatsoever he had commanded them. (Matthew 28. 19, 20.) With these words Jesus placed upon his disciples, and upon all who in the years and centuries to come were to carry on his work of establishing among men the kingdom of God, a life-long and a world-wide task of Christian education. Ever since then Christian education and the advance of the kingdom of God have gone hand in hand.

In the early post-apostolic age, that first age of rapid expansion of the church, converts from heathenism were prepared for admission into the Christian fellowship by prolonged instruction in successive classes of Christian catechumenate. The re-

markable progress made in the Christianization of Europe under Charlemagne was the direct result of his famous "Institutes," aimed at thoroughly establishing religious instruction throughout his realm. In 801 and 802, for example, royal decrees were issued making parents and godparents responsible for the instruction of children in the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. A royal decree of 804 provided that all laymen who were not able to repeat both were to fast and be scourged until qualified. The example of Charlemagne was followed by the church councils of this period. In 913 the Council of Mainz formally decreed:

> "In order that the Creed and the Lord's Prayer be learned the clergy shall continually admonish all, punishing the delinquent by the imposition of fasts and scourgings. Moreover, parents shall send their children to school, either to the convents or to the presbyters outside, in order that they may properly learn the Catholic faith and be able in turn to teach others at home. He who cannot do otherwise may learn both in his mother tongue."

Similar decrees were passed by the Councils of Friaul, Rheims, and Tours. Councils of Tours and Rheims also decreed that clergy should preach in the language of the people and that bishops should translate their homilies, and instruction concerning the creed, the eternal blessedness of the good and the eternal damnation of the wicked, into the dialect and idiom of the people. These decrees led to the institution of the first German Katechese under Louis I (the Pious), son of Charles the Great. The manner in which the Germans had been brought under the yoke of Christianity—whole tribes and clans being baptized "en masse" without any previous instruction and with no immediate change either in outward manner of life or in religious rites and practices —brought it about that the church for a long period gave first attention to the religious instruction of adults, only gradually realizing its obligations to children or the opportunities that the religious instruction of children offered for the spread and perpetuation of the faith. The religious instruction of adults was closely linked with the church confessional, to which, however, children were admitted at the age of seven, although in actual practice the age varied from seven to fourteen years.

Throughout the Reformation period the emphasis upon popular religious instruction is very clear and the historical data more abundant, due to the invention of printing. The Reformation leaders, both in England and on the continent, with a few noteworthy exceptions, were schoolmen, many of them schoolmasters. The Reformation on the European continent was prepared for by a long process of education. Rather, it resulted from such a process extending back over more than a century. But this educational preparation is frequently overlooked, more especially because of the stimulating effect which the Reformation in turn had upon popular religious instruction, as witnessed more particularly by various church and school ordinances passed and measurably enforced by cities, provinces, and kingdoms, by the expansion of the curriculum of instruction and the production of a teaching literature. In this revival of religious instruction children were not overlooked. The Reformation leaders demanded that children be taught the fundamentals of the Christian faith. Many of the textbooks in religious instruction of this period grew out of actual experience, and these and others were intended either wholly or in part for use in teaching children. The church in many places introduced regular religious instruction, especially for children, under the name of "Kinderlehre." Most of the early school ordinances, many of which are contained in the church ordinances of the period, provided for some religious instruction in the schools. Another example of this emphasis on Christian teaching coincident with religious progress is found in the early New England colonies. The founders of Plymouth, for example, professed the Calvinistic doctrine as taught in the English church at Geneva. Their pastor, in his Appendix to the Six Christian Principles of Rev. William Perkins, enumerates the five offices of the ministry of the church as follows:

"The pastor, to whom is given the gift of wisdom for exhortation. The teacher, to whom is given the gift of knowledge for doctrine. The governing elder, who is to rule with diligence. The deacon, who is to administer the holy treasure with simplicitie. The widow, or deaconesse, who is to attend the sick and impotent with compassion and cheerfulnesse. Chosen by the church whereof they are members for the present, and to which they are to administer."

In Massachusetts Bay Colony John Cotton was chosen to the position of ordained teacher evidently at Newton. His election and ordination are described as follows:

"Cotton is elected teacher of the congregation, and ordained, by imposition of the hands of the presbytery, in this manner: 1. He was chosen by all the congregation testifying their consent by erection of hands. Then Mr. Wilson, the pastor, demanded of himself if he did accept of that call. He paused, and then spake to this effect: 'That howsoever he knew himself unworthy and unsufficient for that place, yet having observed all the passages of God's providence (which he reckoned up in particular) in calling him to it he could not but accept it.' Then the pastor and the two elders laid their hands upon his head, and the pastor prayed, and then taking off their hands laid them on again, and, speaking to him by his name, they did thenceforth design him to the said office in the name of the Holy Ghost, and did give him the charge of the congregation, and thereby endue with the gifts fit for his office, and lastly did bless him."

In 1645 Thomas Hooker writes concerning five separate and distinct offices in the church thus distinguished between the pastor and the teacher, or Doctour in Ecclesia, as he is called:

"The duty of the pastor is to work upon the will and the affections by savoury, powerful applications of truth and exhortation, to lay open the loathsome nature of sinne, and to let in the terror of the Lord upon the conscience, to quicken, strengthen, and encourage the soul in every holy word and work."

As contrasted with this the duties of the Doctour in Ecclesia are described as follows:

"That wherein he shares in common with the pastor is, that they have both of them authority and right from Christ to consecrate and to administer the sacraments. . . .

(1) "The aim and scope of the doctour is to inform the judgment, and to help forward the work of illumination, in the mind and understanding. . . .

"To dwell upon the interpretation of the text, so far as the difficulty and intricacie thereof may require, and to clear it to the capacity of the meanest.

(2) "To him it appertaines to lay down a Platforme of wholesome words, and to deliver the fundamentall points of Christian faith, the principles of Religion, and the maine pillars of truth, which may underprop our apprehensions, that they may not be carried aside with every winde of doctrine.

(3) "To him it belongs to handle such controversies as are on foot,

and doe arise betwixt the church and adversaries of the Truth, to state them clearly, strongly and solidly, to confute them out of the Word, etc."

The same distinction in function is made in answers given by the colonists to a list of questions sent by clergymen in England to the colonists in Massachusetts: "Question 22" was answered as follows:

"Pastor and teacher have various duties in common, both preach by way of doctrine and application, and administer the seals. Still there is a difference between them. The teacher 'is principally to attend upon points of knowledge and doctrine, though not without application,' and therefore his work is thus expressed: 'Let him attend on teaching'; but the pastor's principal duty is to preach on 'points of practice, though not without doctrine,' and hence his work is 'to attend on exhortations.'"

A careful reading of the religious educational history of colonial New England will show this plan of pastor-teacher supervision of the parish to have been the common practice, if not the universal, continuing well into the eighteenth century. The "ordained teacher" of this period thus becomes the early present-day director of religious education.

When we come to the period within which fall the beginnings of the early Sunday school movement both in England and America we discover that the emphasis upon Christian teaching, which the movement represents, synchronizes in point of time with a popular revival of religion much wider in extent and in influence than the Wesleyan movement which constituted its most outstanding manifestation. The attention paid to the religious instruction of children and to the Sunday school by the Wesleyan fellowship in America, however, well exemplifies the educational emphasis that characterized the religious advance of this period. When the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in Baltimore Sunday schools already existed among the Methodist societies, especially in centers of population. The book of Discipline, 1784, and the 1787, Section XXVI, contain this question and answer:

"Question: What shall we do for the rising generation?

"Answer: 1. Where there are ten children, whose parents are in society, meet them an hour once a week; but where this is impracticable, meet them once in two weeks.

"2. Procure our Instructions [Textbook on Instructions for Children] for them, and let all who can, read and commit them to memory.

"3. Explain and impress them upon their hearts."

In the Conference Minutes for 1790 we find the first official reference to the Sunday school.

Question: "What can be done in order to instruct poor children, white and black, to read?"

Answer: "Let us labor, as the heart and soul of one man, to establish Sunday schools in or near the place of public worship. Let persons be appointed by the bishops, elders, deacons, or preachers, to teach, gratis, all that will attend and have a capacity to learn, from six o'clock in the morning till ten, and from two o'clock in the afternoon till six, where it does not interfere with public worship. The council shall compile a proper school-book, to teach them learning and piety."

In 1796 the following footnote appears in the Minutes:

"The proper education of children is of exceeding great moment to the welfare of mankind. About one-half of the human race are under the age of sixteen, and may be considered, the infants excepted, as capable of instruction. The welfare of the states and countries in which they live, and, what is infinitely more, the salvation of their souls, do, under the grace and providence of God, depend in a considerable degree upon their education. But, alas! the great difficulty lies in finding men and women of genuine piety as instructors. Let us, however, endeavor to supply these spiritual defects. In towns, we may, without difficulty, meet the children weekly, and in the plantations advise and pray with them every time we visit their houses: Nay, in the country, if we give notice that at such a time we shall spend an hour or two in such a house with those children who shall attend, many of the neighbors will esteem it a privilege to send their children to us at the time appointed."

A special resolution passed by the Conference of 1824 reads:

"That as far as practicable, it shall be the duty of every preacher of a circuit or station to obtain the names of the children belonging to his congregations, to form them into classes, for the purpose of giving them religious instruction, to instruct them regularly himself, as much as his other duties will allow, to appoint a suitable leader (teacher) for each class, who shall instruct them in his absence, and to leave his successor a correct account of each class thus formed, with the name of its leader."

There is no doubt that the records of other denominations for this same period would show much the same emphasis upon

religious instruction, especially of children. That this emphasis on Christian teaching was general is attested by the growth of the Sunday school movement. Meanwhile in 1791 there had been organized in Philadelphia "The First Day or Sunday School Society," which in 1816 became the American Sunday School Union, after which time Sunday school progress in America closely paralleled that in England. The Quarterly Register of the American Educational Society for 1830 contains a summary statement of Sunday school progress. According to this summary, which is based upon the reports of various Sunday school societies, the enrollment (as of 1828) was as follows:

SUNDAY SCHOOL ENROLLMENT, 1828

	Schools	Teachers	Scholars
Great Britain and Ireland	9,243	92,866	922,282
America	5,901	52,663	349,202
Total	15,141	145,529	1,271,504

Periods of progress in the history of the Christian church have without exception been times of serious educational endeavor, including especially the religious instruction of children. And emphasis upon Christian teaching in turn has resulted in the more rapid growth and expansion of the church. It remains to be noted that the present is likewise a period of marked religious educational emphasis in the work of the Christian Church. There is today in the Protestant Christian churches of North America a rapidly growing company of men and women who have faith in the training of youth as an effective means of extending the Kingdom. They constitute, as it were, a teaching fellowship of kindred spirits, having common problems, responsibilities, and privileges as coworkers in the field of Christian education. They believe that evangelism implies nurture and is incomplete without long-continued patient training in Christian conduct. More than three million Sunday school pupils and teachers in America last year (1917) pursued closely graded courses of study. The combined total circulation of the religious educational literature known as Sunday school publications was approxi-

mately 30,000,000, thus exceeding the total enrollment of the Sunday schools by more than thirty-three and one third per cent. Who will question, or who can measure, the power for righteousness and the aid to every cause of reform and of human betterment represented by these forces?

In the missionary enterprise of the churches likewise the work of Christian teaching today occupies a deserved place of first importance. Except the ministry of healing performed by the medical missionary and the Christian hospital, no other department or part of the work of the Christian church in pagan lands has made so favorable or so lasting an impression upon the non-Christian mind as that made by Christian education. None has been more influential in the social and industrial transformation and regeneration of backward races. But what is more important, the hope of the future, the achievement and the character of the world democracy, for which we so diligently pray, hinges ultimately upon the program of Christian education that can be successfully carried out on a world-wide scale and in the spirit of an all-inclusive human brotherhood.

Ours is a shaken world today, a world whose political, social, and religious foundations are rapidly slipping away. It is a world heavily burdened with debt. The annual interest on the combined war debts of all the belligerent nations already exceeds the normal total annual income of these nations from all sources. It is a world bowed in suffering and in sorrow; and yet a world revealing marvelous new capacities, strength of endurance, power of recuperation, unrealized and undreamt of before. It is a world in revolution against every form of autocratic power, which is at the same time teachable, inquiring, and responsive, waiting for leadership, with its face set toward the sunrise of a new day of hope and opportunity. The imperative call is for trained Christian leadership. Such leadership is needed in the far East, now plastic after long centuries of closed doors. The mass movement in India is a result of Christian education, and depends for its proper fruitage upon Christian education; in Africa, where the question whether the ideals of Christianity or of Mohammedanism shall rule must be settled within half a generation; in

Latin America, to the south of us, where a fine spirit of modern democracy is shaking off the fetters of a benighted ecclesiasticism, reaching out for the higher moral and spiritual standards of a democratic Christianity; and in Europe, also, where Russia, France, Italy, the Balkan States, and even the Central Empires and Turkey are shot through with a hunger for a new and higher form of life and human government.

So much for the place of religious education in Christian advance. What place has the teaching literature of the church held in its program of advance? What place does it hold to-day?

One very interesting and important factor in every religious-educational advance which Christian history records is the large volume of teaching literature that each period has produced, and which in every case has served both as a medium of promotion and as the means of perpetuating its net results. The Old and New Testaments were such bodies of literature, and the Christian centuries before the invention of printing are not without other notable illustrations. Thus, in the homilarium prepared at his request, Charlemagne exhorts the clergy to diligent study of the Bible. The enthusiasm which this royal interest in the Scriptures awakened is reflected in two literary gems of the period, the Low Saxon Heliand, a story of the life of Christ in verse, and Offried's Old High German Book of the Gospels, a poetical paraphrase of the gospel story. To this period also belongs the production on an extensive scale of textbooks of instruction known as "Buss- und Beichtbücher," dealing with the art of conducting the confessional and prepared for the clergy. Some of these books were written in the form of question and answer, later the distinguishing characteristic of the catechism of which they were the forerunners. The religious instruction of the confessional at first included only the insistence upon a verbal knowledge of the Creed and the Lord's Prayer plus an explanation of the seven unpardonable sins. To these were subsequently added, as memory requirements, the Ave Maria and the Ten Commandments as subject matter for explanation and exhortation. In the period just preceding the Reformation we find the teaching literature

of the church rapidly increasing. No less than ninety-eight separate editions of the Latin Bible and fourteen editions of the complete German Bible were in existence in the late fifteenth century. Sebastian Brandt, in his "Narrenschifft" (Fool's Boat), complains,

> "All lands now hold the holy Word—
> For the soul's good 'tis daily heard—
> The Bible, guide to sacred lore,
> And other good books many more,
> Until with wonder I do pause
> That none should profit from this cause."

Geffcken, in his Fifteenth Century Catechisms, describes in detail three types of pre-Reformation catechisms with many concrete illustrations. An examination of these reveals clearly the fact that Luther was familiar both with the Catholic catechisms and with those of the pre-Reformation Protestant groups: the Moravian Brethren, the Waldenses, and the Hussites. To these in large measure can be traced both the form and the content of Luther's catechisms.

It is only fair to remind ourselves that the immediate effect of the Reformation upon existing schools and upon education in general was detrimental. This was not due to the Reformation leaders' lack of interest in education or any failure on their part to emphasize its importance, but to the undermining of the authority of the church which thus far had been the principal sponsor of education. Thus Erasmus complained, "Wherever this Lutheranism spreads there the schools perish." Luther himself appealed to the city magistrates of all the German cities, earnestly exhorting them to establish and maintain Christian schools, and one of his ablest sermons he devoted to an exhortation to the clergy that they admonish the people to send their children to school. The immediate effect of the Reformation upon religious instruction, on the other hand, was more encouraging, largely because the leaders of the Reformation of necessity gave immediate personal attention to the proper preparation of applicants for intelligent and worthy participation in the Sacraments of the Church. This attention to the proper religious in-

struction of adults was promptly transferred also to children. The successful prosecution of the work required teaching literature and a period of rapid production of textbooks of Christian instruction followed. A list of more than a score of these textbooks, issued between the time when Luther nailed his memorable theses on the church door at Wittenberg, in 1517, to the date of the publication of his shorter catechism, 1529, includes the following, which were widely introduced and used:

Luther's "Short Explanation of the Ten Commandments," and intended for the instruction of adults (1518).

"Brief form for Understanding the Paternoster," for young children in the Christian faith (1519).

"Prayer Booklet," issued in many succeeding editions and recommended for the religious instruction of children (1522ff.).

"Children's Questions" of the Moravian Brethren appeared in German in 1822 and subsequently in many and modified editions.

Melanchthon's "Handbook—How one should hold children to the Scriptures and to the Creed" (1523). A most important textbook, widely used both in home and school. Contents: (a) Exhortation to children; (b) alphabet (large and small), vowels, consonants, diphthongs; (e) selected Bible passages; (f) wise sayings from classic authors; (g) prayers (1523).

Toltz's "Handbook for Young Christians"—the product of the author's own schoolroom experience in regular religious instruction at Plauen. Contents: (a) The divine power of the Christian life; (b) Christian conduct; (c) the Christian Church; (d) Christian freedom; (e) right worship; (f) the word of God; (g) the kingdom of God; (h) summary of holy Scriptures.

Agricola's "Elements Pietatis Concesta," German and Latin editions, many and popular. Contents: Four articles (omitting baptism) explained in expositional form.

The history of the development of the Lutheran and Reformed (Heidelberg) catechisms to the middle of the eighteenth century is given in Langemack's History of Catechisms, and in Mitteilungen der Gesellschaft für deutsche Erziehung und Schulgeschichte.

The earliest rapid growth of teaching-literature in America accompanied the development of the Sunday school movement. The same report quoted above, from the Quarterly Register of the American Educational Society, contains also a tabulation of circulation of Sunday school publications, and shows, in addition

to spelling books, picture cards, record books, etc., the following list:

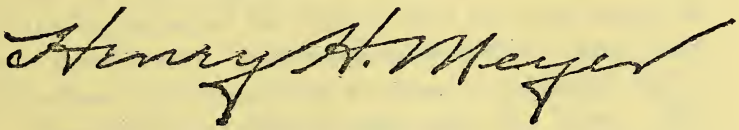
PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 1828

Decalogues	19,500
Primers (religious)	18,150
Hymn books	50,00
Teachers' hymn books	2,000
Catechisms	51,500
Teachers' Guide	1,500
Teachers' Manual	1,000
Sunday school magazines	30,000
Youth's Friend (small magazine)	156,000
Tracts	18,000
Testaments	18,250
Judson's Questions	36,000
Other publications	85,000
Total	486,900

Adding to this number those printed under separate church auspices (Episcopalian, Methodist, and other churches) the ratio between Sunday school enrollment and the circulation of Sunday school literature compares favorably with that of the present day. Today, with a Sunday school enrollment of between eighteen and nineteen millions, the total combined circulation of Sunday school publications (exclusive of Bibles, hymn books, picture cards, charts, and requisites—the circulation of lesson publications, textbooks, and story papers, etc.) for North America alone is variously estimated at from 30,000,000 to 35,000,000. The Encyclopedia of Sunday Schools gives the total annual circulation (as distinguished from circulation per issue) for seventeen denominational and four independent publishers (1914) as 348,149,040; of this total 128,506,464 copies deal with lesson expositions and 220,062,576 copies are story papers. These figures do not include the graded lessons or teacher training textbooks, numbering perhaps between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 copies per year.

The American Newspaper Annual and Directory lists Sunday school periodicals under class and trade journals, and includes one hundred and fifty-nine with a combined circulation of more than fifteen millions. Textbooks for pupils and teachers

would likewise come under the head of class or professional publications. This classification suggests the character of service rendered by modern Sunday school publications within the classes or groups that constitute their respective constituencies. A good trade journal molds professional opinion and determines practice. The teaching-literature of the church shapes religious convictions and determines religious ideals. In the aggregate more than one fourth of the population of the United States read or study this literature regularly, and its influence both actual and potential may be regarded as being measurably proportionate. Considering the importance of religious education for the period of social reconstruction that is immediately before us, the production of this literature, its planning, its creation, its promotion, and distribution constitute a field of strategic opportunity for the exercise of Christian statesmanship of a high order. This is true for America. It is infinitely more true for other countries in which as yet no such body of teaching-literature exists, and where the program of Christian advance must wait on its appearance.



PEACE, WAR, AND MORALS

War is often the occasion for the development of spiritual forces. In spite of the devastation which war produces—and the moral devastation may be greater than the physical—it fosters certain nobler elements of character. Loyalty, obedience, courage, sacrifice, these are the virtues of the soldier. To them chivalrous feeling may be added and, when the combat lapses, compassion for the suffering. In many wars these are the normal accompaniments of the conflict. In a smaller number the finer phases of the struggle are reinforced by conscious purpose directed toward spiritual ends. The issue concerns religious freedom, let us say, or the independent rights of nations, or resistance to unbridled tyranny, or the deliverance of the slave. And so it lifts men's souls above motives of the physical order to that higher sphere in which the spirit finds itself at home. The present conflict of the nations forms an intermediate case. As material considerations prompted the beginning of the war, so they have not ceased to influence its development. And it cannot be said that these lower motives have been entirely confined to either set of parties to the conflict. Nevertheless the higher gains upon the lower. The nobler aspects of the crisis come out with increasing clearness as the struggle goes on. The prolongation of the war, the continuance of the world's agony have served to purify men's minds from the taint of the old order. In time of mortal battle one chief result so far has been to emphasize that realm of which mankind was losing its clear vision in a period of peace. At first it was not evident that this would be the outcome. The occasions of the conflict were sufficiently sordid. Nations chafed under the stress of racial competition. Economic rivalry created, or intensified, national antipathies. The assassination of a prince and princess fanned the tinder into flame. Nevertheless the early days of actual warfare brought the higher issues before the conscience of the world. Already it had seemed that the nations were dividing into classes, one group resolved on battle, the other seeking

to adjust the crisis without a resort to arms. Now the armies mobilize and begin their march. Immediately new questions force themselves into the foreground: neutral rights and neutral obligations; respect for treaties and for international compacts; the claims of the helpless, the weak, the unprotected in face of victorious and implacable foes; nay, the rights of humanity and civilization imperiled by a conflict remarkable at once because of its magnitude and for the ferocity with which it has been waged in Christian Europe nineteen centuries after the life of our Lord. And such factors have supplied the note of the whole struggle. As the war goes on unprecedented physical endeavor staggers the imagination of man, destruction unknown before casts a shadow even over those nations which, remote in distance or of other political allegiance, take no part in the actual combat. But nothing characterizes the conflict more distinctly, nothing more sharply differentiates it from the "world wars" of earlier times, than the influence which the "imponderables" exert alike on the course of the struggle and over the judgment passed upon it by the opinion of mankind. The physical upheaval has for its basis a conflict of ideals of the spiritual type.

The extent of the catastrophe, once more, and the state of opinion at the outbreak of the war brought these questions to our notice in their broadest possible forms. Before the war generous minds were busy with the ideals of peace. To many it appeared unthinkable that armed conflict could ever again sweep over the civilized world. Local struggles there might be, and fighting in savage or half-civilized lands, but never could another general war break out among the greater European nations or the enlightened peoples of the western hemisphere. The promise of enduring peace, indeed, was less reliable than enthusiastic reformers were inclined to believe. Even then the attentive observer of European affairs discerned signs of danger on the political horizon, while the general safeguards of peace proved singularly fragile whenever the attempt was made to formulate them into definite enactments. Arbitral agreements were of necessity drawn vague and hesitant in order to secure for them some approach to general acceptance. It was easier to create international courts than to

make them function. When causes were brought before these tribunals their decisions depended on the good faith of the contending parties, for the courts themselves possessed no sanctions wherewith to enforce their decrees. Nevertheless the spirit of concord seemed stronger than at any previous time. If war was still possible, though European affairs gave ground for concern, the condemnation of war as a means of settling international disputes was spreading, the thought of battle with its attendant suffering produced increasing horror in the minds of men, the longing for peace, for lasting friendship among the nations had never been so earnest, and in practice the movement to insure it was advancing in many lands.

The disappointment of these hopes produced results of a twofold kind. The extent of our disillusion corresponded to our misunderstanding of earlier conditions. But the horror of the present situation intensified our opposition to warlike principles until certain pacifists went so far as to maintain—or to develop—their doctrine of its uttermost extreme. For these reformers the resort to arms represents the ultimate evil; the use of force, even to repel invasion or to rescue the victims of aggression, the cardinal sin of nations. The duty of preventing war, they argue, outstrips all other obligations. Not only are life, and property, and national honor to be sacrificed to this, but the deliverance of invaded neutrals, the defense of international agreements, the maintenance of law are all of lesser worth than the preservation of the peace. In the confident judgment of such thinkers the maintenance of peace takes precedence even of the duty to defend the moral order on which society in its civilized form of necessity is based. Or, at least, they urge, this order must be defended by other than violent means. The appeal to arms implies an abandonment of the ethical attitude, a return to the antimoral position which it has become the aim of good men to destroy. Hence it is always illegitimate. Force must be met by the use of moral weapons, never by the employment of force itself.

The spirit of these extremists is often worthy of respect, the content of their doctrine has commanded less acceptance. Under the pressure of the war—which most of the nations feel, while

the others fear it threatening at their doors—men have been brought into more direct touch with actual conditions; they have learned that ideal aims cannot be attained by the neglect of facts. Generous minds had believed the world ready for the disbanding of armies, the disappearance of war, the advent of the era of universal brotherhood. The logic of events has taught us that this faith was founded on a dream. The nations seemed about to enter on a state of grace. Instead, since August, 1914, they have shown themselves bound in hardened sin from which deliverance is possible only through insistence on the severe but salutary provisions of the law. Whatever the ideal—and as it seems, alas! the distant—future may have in store, present ills require active treatment not only in order to security, but that the disease itself may be cured. So much has of late become clear to the majority of thinking men. What fewer minds perceive is that these historical conditions imply permanent tendencies which must be reckoned with in the endeavor to bring about a nobler order of affairs. For war is not the reflex of evil without motive. In modern civilized societies it is rarely possible for rulers, maddened by the lust for blood, to drag their peoples into battle. And, however the responsibilities for the present struggle be finally appraised, it is already a matter of record that the evil spirit was conjured into action by inducements which, within limits, are legitimate and correct. Economic policy is not inherently reprehensible, even as competition for private gain; in the form of governmental care for the welfare of the citizens it may be ennobled by the spirit of effort for the common good. National ambition cannot always be accounted evil. On the contrary, struggles for national independence or racial unity have furnished some of the finest chapters in later modern history. These considerations, moreover, lead thought further back. Individuals and nations both are moved by egoistic impulses and possess their separate rights. The fact that in either case the exigencies of competition give rise to conflicting interests, or the further fact that the tension may issue in clashes of a violent type, should not blind us to the naturalness of self-regarding action nor to its legitimacy and permanence—unless and until the millennium shall have been attained. Law and its sanctions

exist to control such tendencies, to curb them when they overstep due bounds. The temptation to ignore them, to believe that they can be destroyed by exclusive attention to their opposites, leads to disaster in individual, in social, in international life.

The error here repeats a familiar fallacy. It involves the attempt to ignore conditions which can be met alone by overcoming them. For mastery it seeks to substitute denial. In the present instance it is possible to call the adversary by various names. In one aspect of the case, it is the physical confronting and opposing the ethical forces in the world and human life. From another point of view the natural and the spiritual may be contrasted, or the mechanical and the spiritual, or the selfish and the social tendencies of the age. But in whatsoever way the matter may be stated, recognition of all the data is essential to the handling of the case. It is possible to neglect the physical forces, but they remain in being to wreck a sterner vengeance since no account has been taken of facts which must at last be faced. If men will refuse to recognize the natural, the mechanical, the individual, in order to exalt the spiritual, it is open to them to do so—in words; at least they can in this way succeed for a time. In the end no speech will avail to obscure the irrepressible issue. And this is the fate which has overtaken the dogmatic pacifists. Until the tempest broke they induced themselves, and they persuaded others, to assume the existence of a millennial order of affairs. Outside Europe, indeed, and notably in the United States, they were able to give their doctrines a color of reason for more than two years and a half after the outbreak of the war. At length the doctrine has been submerged as by a flood. From predicting the impossibility of war its defenders moved on to deprecation of the war which had begun. As the struggle developed phases of peculiar brutality they enlarged on the inherent evils of the military spirit, which, as they still contended, can be exorcised by moral means and by moral means alone. When moral measures failed other expedients were favored: diplomatic pressure, the rupture of international relations, armed neutrality, and the like. From the beginning, until the general rejection of their teachings, the effort ran to avoid the admission of the brute facts; or, if these must be

acknowledged, to minimize them; or, when minimizing failed, to urge any and every method of meeting the crisis except that resolute grapple with it which alone contains the promise of success. The most striking evidence of the broader truth has been supplied by the war itself. At first the Allies took up arms to resist unjustified aggression. In a flash, when the summons came, men realized that, although spiritual issues were at stake, the defense of western civilization demanded the use of physical weapons. The struggle, indeed, has proved long and arduous. For weary months and years the issue has hung in the balance. Once more—as in other critical periods of history—men have had to learn anew to live by faith alone. And still the champions of force have not been conquered. In the eastern theater of war they have beaten down their adversaries. In the west the new campaign is big with the fate of both the European and the western continent. The triumph, on the other hand, of the ethical spirit has already begun. In whatsoever way the struggle of the nations may be concretely ended, it is impossible thus early to mistake the verdict of the general conscience. Here may be seen one real gain issuing from the great disaster which has overtaken European civilization. It is not too much to say, even now the conclusion may be hazarded, that a new step forward has been taken in the moral evolution of the world. As never before mankind has learned to judge the acts of nations by the standards of moral fitness. In ways and to a degree hitherto unknown civilization—aye, and peoples beyond the confines of the older culture—have condemned the statecraft which overrides or which denies the moral law. If physical power and brutality should conquer in the present conflict—which God forbid!—the establishment of justice and righteousness would be retarded, fresh struggles might well be necessary to realize the ethical advance, but even in such case the gain would be considerable. For it is evident that a new insistence is to be placed on duty in international affairs.

So the question presses whether this result could have been accomplished without resort to arms. Could ethical values have been sustained without the physical support? Suppose that Belgium, shrinking from her heroic resolve, had allowed the

enemy to pour like an unhindered flood into northern France; assume that England had faltered on the day when her honor and her security combined to summon her to battle—is it probable that in this case the ethical factor would now be uppermost in our thought concerning international affairs? Or would aggression have attained the speedy victory which it looked for when it embarked on the adventure for which it had so long prepared? The answers to such questions cannot in the nature of things be certain. But, tested by all the standards of probability, these receive their sure replies. The ethical view has gained because brave men have turned to physical weapons in its defense. Not by denying the physical order, but by making it subservient to the moral, have the heroes of these years of devastating war won a forward step in the evolution of mankind. Venturing their lives upon the issue, they have maintained a principle of inestimable worth. By their labors and their sacrifice they have brought new proof that the moral order is supreme.

A. C. Armstrong

FROM MY PARSONAGE WINDOWS

The viewpoint and the point of view may sound as alike as tweedledee and tweedledum, but there are times when they differ entirely. Sometimes the point of view is a real place, say, for instance, Mount Marcy, while the viewpoint is, like Boston, a mere "state of mind," and as such has its limitations and is subject to wind and weather and the digestion. Once I was very nearly trapped into an argument with a very learned Latin professor as to the correct time and place for either expression. Since then, whenever in company with people who enjoyed splitting hairs, I have cautiously abstained from either phrase, and when necessity arose, expressed my sentiments from the plebeian standpoint of "seein' things."

Where we see and what we see are closely related, and have more to do with how we see than they've any business to have. We are such materialists that our points of view are apt to govern our viewpoints, which is a direct reversal of the proper order of things. All doctors and all philanthropists have to reckon with this perversity of ours. If our appetites fail, and our spirits drop below zero, and the world no longer has any allurement, the doctor at once prescribes a change of scenery, and, if we have the price, we hasten to pack our trunks for somewhere. If the denizens of the crowded city districts show signs of unruliness or anæmia the philanthropist urges a change in environment. Nevertheless there is disease and naughtiness everywhere. Doubtless there are some very interesting psychological reasons why our viewpoints are colored by our points of view, but they do not appear with my parsonage windows as the prospective. Only the confirmed optimist and one of long standing could take up her abode on an ashheap and remain cheerful. The Mrs. Wiggses of the Cabbage Patch and the Marthas by the Day read very well in fiction, but we do not often meet them in real life. The views from our windows have full as much to do with our viewpoints of life as have our dinners.

My first impressions of the town where I now reside were made from the kitchen windows of the parsonage. They were

not satisfactory—neither impressions nor windows. The latter I camouflaged with glazed paper; the impressions—well, they improved after a time even from that point of view. On one side was a drab wooden wall which shut out light and air. No one with any regard for the Golden Rule ought ever to indulge his taste in drabs and browns when his house sidles up to his neighbor's. If he cannot afford white paint he should use some shade of canary or even rose pink, remembering that his neighbor has to bask in the reflected light of next door's color scheme. From the other window the prospect was even more dreary. A dirty back street, a dingy saloon flapping two faded dilapidated American flags, an unpainted one-story shack by the window of which an unwashed, fierce-looking little foreigner plied his cobbling, and—as a fitting background for all this squalor—the canal bank decorated with tin cans and other unlovely discard. It was a sure-enough sight to make an angel weep, let alone a mere homesick woman with no sign of a wing anywhere. It did seem as though nobody could make a sunshine cake in that kitchen even if eggs were only ten cents a dozen.

But something happened. According to Mrs. Wiggs, "'Pears like something nice always happens if you wait long enough." One morning a great glowing spot appeared on the brown wall of the kitchen. Plainly something was being reflected from the outside. A glance over the glazed sash revealed a miracle. The despised canal bank had blossomed as a dandelion:

> "Dear common flower that grows beside the dusty way,
> Such gold as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
> Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
> Nor wrinkled the lean brow of age to rob the heart of ease.
> 'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
> To rich and poor alike with lavish hand,
> Though most hearts never understand
> To take it at God's value, but pass by
> The offered wealth with unrewarded eye."

There it was, a carpet of green and gold rejoicing in the warm June sunlight and sending its lovely glow to brighten my somber kitchen. Who would have dreamed the old canal bank held the potentials of so much cheerful beauty!

To the dandelion patch we owe another discovery. We could not very well look at it without seeing our neighbor, the little Italian cobbler. Under his grimy coat of leather grease he carried a wonderful father heart. Such tenderness, love, and patience as he had for his three bambinos you do not often see. They played on the steps of the little shop most of the day and seemed to have a perfect mania for tumbling off on the slate sidewalk. It was almost as if they did it on purpose to bring their father to the rescue, and he always came—never impatiently, but with loving caresses and soothing words. There was a suggestion in it of the divine Fatherhood whose love never fails the stumbling children of earth.

We got into the habit of looking out of the kitchen windows, for, as a juvenile member of the family said, "There's no telling what we may see that's really lovely." Sure enough, another thing of beauty came to light, and in the last place where it was expected: at the back of the saloon! There had never been anything more decorative there than beer kegs. But a vine which did duty as a screen for back-door patrons mutinied in a single night and hung out a scarlet warning to passersby. During the autumn it remained a vivid note of loveliness amid its squalid surroundings. Fortunate indeed are those people who have inspiring views from their windows, and fortunate those who can shift their points of view at will, but more fortunate those who, not having an agreeable outlook, can find in everything an uplook. Beauty is never lost, and

> "In the mud and scum of things
> There always, always, something sings."

But the viewpoint is not always material. There's another one more intimate and personal—the point of view from which we see ourselves. It's rather private ground. Not many of us would care to share it with our most intimate friends and relatives. They might not agree with us. There was once a poet who rhymed,

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as others see us,"

but he had more regard for his rhyme, we fear, than for unadorned facts. Nobody has a genuine hankering for that sort of a view. Even Bobbie Burns might not have been pleased had his wish been granted him. Doubtless, if reports are true, his neighbors were saying, "Bobbie Burns is setting himself up for a poet, feckless, good-for-nothing scamp! He'd better get busy and earn a living for his family," and the chances are that if Robert had seen himself from their point of view the world would have been the poorer, with no Auld Lang Syne to cement friendships, no Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon nor Sunny Banks of Loch Lomond to celebrate the beauty of Caledonian scenery, and no Cotter's Saturday Night to remind us of the homely worth of Scottish firesides.

Aye, many a genius would be lost to the world were the poet's desire a rule in the game of life. There's the "wizard" of America, Thomas A. Edison. Once in his life he got a glimpse of himself through someone else's glasses. He was a poor student, and, so the story goes, his teacher in exasperation told him he was a dunce who could not learn, and forthwith sent him home. It was not his first experience in this line, so he became completely discouraged and ready to agree with anyone that his brains were null and void. But his mother, like all mothers, held to an opinion that her Thomas was as smart as anybody else's child, if not smarter; and, it is said, brought such influence to bear that the teacher, if not simultaneously converted to the maternal viewpoint, at least was favorably impressed and gave Thomas another chance. And there's the immortal Lincoln, who seems to have caught a view of himself in somebody's glass when he said, "Nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor lean lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting." These instances are not given to encourage the idea that all of us are harboring genius unawares to the general public. All geese are not swans and the public has a most uncanny way of finding out who is who. There was once a woman—somewhere in New England—who got an idea that she had a wonderful contralto voice. A vocal instructor with more regard for shekels than truth encouraged her, with the result that her vocal efforts,

which really resembled those of a steam calliope, became a nuisance in the community. If she could have heard herself with the public ear the verdict would have been that of Artemus Ward—"I cannot sing. As a singer I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are even sadder than I am."

We are advised never to point to the moral of a story, therefore we leave this phase of the point of view with a familiar quotation: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

Then there's your point of view and mine. This is thin ice and we must skate carefully. Everybody knows that, no matter whether it concerns religion, politics, art, literature, or sauerkraut, orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is your doxy. Although we no longer wage fierce controversies over points of doctrine and matters of taste, we cannot be said to have advanced further than a state of armed neutrality—and just let anyone tread the least mite on our toes and see what happens! The fact that we have tacitly agreed to maintain a discreet silence instead of indulging in heated controversies is a distinct advance in civilization, but the ideal is yet to come. Now that great far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves is not, to our viewpoint, just uniformity. What a tame old world this would be, without any spice whatsoever, if we all thought alike and had the same preferences. The whole wide world would languish in the sameness of things. Art might run to cubism, literature waste away in the funny papers, and music be jigged altogether into ragtime. Even commerce might be destroyed by a universal demand for one brand of breakfast food. Perhaps religion would become stale and uninteresting if some varied forms of expression were not allowed. What, then, is ideal: tolerance? O, no; not at all! mere tolerance suggests prejudice, dislike, and contempt. We tolerate things out of sheer laziness, pity, or in consideration of the other fellow's ignorance. If not tolerance, then what? O, just a broad point of view, where we can survey other people's viewpoints with comprehensive generosity.

Suppose you live on the side of a mountain facing the sunrise and bask in the vision of peak after peak being lighted in the rising glory of the morning; and supposing I live on the opposite side with the gorgeous tints of sunset for my vista; and you, with your soul aglow with morning gilding the sky, send a message to my side of the mountain, "Come over here and see the most wonderful view in all the world!" and I answer back, "No, thank you, I've a view of my own. You cannot possibly have anything to equal it. If you will come over here, and live on my side of the mountain, you will forget all about sunrise in the beauty of sunset." Of course you won't accept the invitation. Probably you will characterize me as a narrow-minded person and remark on my lack of taste. Even a pitched battle on the top of the mountain might be preferable to such an attitude; for in knocking one another around we might accidentally get a peep at each other's views and find them admirable. What we really need is mountain-top views—not cloud high, but just comfortably up—where together we can view the sunrise and sunset, taking in the glories of both. Then we will each go back to his home satisfied that all the beauty in the world cannot be seen from one's own windows.

So any doxy—or all doxies, for that matter, are too small to contain more than a fraction of light. Besides, what does it matter?

> "Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be.
> They are but broken lights of thee,
> And thou, O Lord, art more than they."

But no matter what our viewpoints are, they can all be classed under two points of view: optimistic or pessimistic.

> "The optimist and the pessimist, between them the difference is droll,
> The optimist sees the doughnut and the pessimist sees the hole."

Normally there are no born pessimists. According to nature and the constitution of the United States all men are born free and equal, which, being interpreted, may mean that all babies are born blue-eyed and hungry. Brown eyes and temperament are

later developments. The baby is hungry and cries not because he is a pessimist, quite to the contrary. Instinct tells him there is a doughnut somewhere and he wants it. A pessimist thinks there isn't any doughnut at all, just a hole. Well, there's a difference in doughnuts. There was a woman within my recollection who made them without any hole at all—just nice, great fat balls of sweetness all rolled in powdered sugar. The remembrance of them is grievous in these days of Hooverism. If anyone has the temerity to make doughnuts nowadays the probability is that they are mostly hole. But there is some doughnut, and no matter how attenuated the circle of dough is, the chief thing is to be able and willing to see it. This kind of seeing is not a gift of the gods, it is a matter of cultivation; the habit of looking for the best. The pessimist, no matter what he sees, is always looking for flaws and he finds them. If they are not perfectly obvious he applies his magnifying glass and nothing is visible save the imperfection. If he would only be content to gloat by himself. But no; he wants everybody to stop and look with him. Some ways he might be useful—say in the wet-blanket section of the fire department or as calamity howler for the Kaiser. Otherwise he is an unmitigated nuisance.

Anybody can be a pessimist, it requires only shallow thinking. The optimist has insight. He sees the inner meanings of life. To him "it is not raining rain, it's raining daffodils; in every dimpled drop he sees the wild flowers on the hills." His business is looking for the bright side of things, and he never was needed more than just at this period of the world's history; than just now when the ominous clouds are hanging low with not even a tiny rift in them to show the blue. That man or that woman is doing "a bit" who is keeping up a hopeful viewpoint and passing it along. What we see depends mainly on what we look for, and whether the world is rosy or blue depends altogether on the kind of spectacles we wear. It's often our glasses that need attention and not the world. There's no denying that there are troubles in every life—the good Book says "Man is born to trouble"—but it's the way we meet our troubles. You remember Mrs. Wiggs's philosophy: "When things first got to going wrong with me I

says, 'O Lord, whatever comes, keep me from getting sour.' Since then I've made it a practice to put all my worries in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid and smile."

It's a gay old world when you're gay,
  And a glad old world when you're glad,
But whether you play or go toiling away
  It's a sad old world when you're sad.

It's a grand old world if you're great,
  And a mean old world if you're small,
It's a world full of hate for the foolish who prate
  Of the uselessness of it all.

It's a beautiful world to see,
  Or it's dismal in every zone,
The thing it must be, in your gloom or your glee,
  Depends on yourself alone.

Harriet Balkins Cookman

A DEVOTIONAL CLASSIC: JOHN KEBLE'S "THE CHRISTIAN YEAR"

A WISE professor in a certain theological seminary was wont to exhort his students on no account to neglect the devotional shelf as they built up their libraries. At least one of the men who heard the exhortation has endeavored to heed it, and it has been a matter of no small moment to him that he has done so. The shelf is by no means a long one, as yet, and perhaps would not be enthusiastically approved by the professor to whose words its inception and its growth are partly due. But there is not one of the books which does not speak with the voice of moral authority. Relics of the saints are they, and right royal is the virtue which dwells in them. It may be true that meditation is a lost art in our age, but it is still possible for us to ponder the meditations which come to us from simpler ages when men took time to think and pray. If not a *Dies Iræ,* then certainly a *Dies Doloris* will that day be when the church shall allow the dust to gather on her rich heritage—the classics of devotion. Let that day be as dark as the day which Job vainly invoked! It is only as men see the invisible that they can endure. It is only as they cultivate the power of vision that they gain the power of restraint. It is only as they stand on the watch-tower that they can tell how the night goes, and see the prospect of a hereafter and a hope. It is only as they go on an *ἀνάβασις* that they can save themselves from a *κατάβασις.*

The devotional classics are immortal because they are elemental. The church may neglect them, but they will never die. They are the incarnations of normal Christian moods. In some tense moment God flashed his lightning across the inky gloom, and the seer *saw,* and what he saw he wrote in a book. When God flashes his lightning, and a true seer looks under the glow, he never sees anything but elemental truth. It is this which gives the reality to the devotional classic. There are moments when the devout soul *knows* that something which Augustine or Rutherford wrote is true, and such moments are always when the soul is at its best.

A quick intuition has infinitely more value in producing personal conviction than has any amount of labored dialectic. When Augustine argues, as he often does in his Confessions, the interest flags, but when he bursts out in rapturous expression or with one sure thrust lays bare the pulsing heart's black core, one does not know but it is one's own voice which speaks. In these classics every creed is represented, yet for devotional purposes the credal peculiarities are in every case a negligible quantity. They are merely the rock which carries the gold. Call the roll of some of them: Augustine's Confessions; Thomas à Kempis's Imitation of Christ; Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; Samuel Rutherford's Letters; Baxter's Saint's Rest; Taylor's Holy Living and Dying; Law's Serious Call; Keble's Christian Year; Hermann's Communion with God. Who asks whether Augustine was a Latin or a Greek? Who refuses to read the Imitation because Thomas was a monk? Bunyan hated episcopacy, and Taylor was a Laudist of the deepest dye. Baxter the Arminian drew swords with Rutherford the Calvinist, yet Baxter said of Rutherford's Letters that there was nothing like them in the world outside the Bible. Law was a mystic and an evangelical; Keble was a leader of the Oxford movement; and Hermann was a young modern German scholar whose death was a catastrophe. Infinite multiformity is here, but through it all there persists an essential and an abiding unity. The unity is in the experience which each man enjoyed, and his transcription of the experience is so universal in its potential appeal, so satisfying in its content, just because the experience in one of its forms may be the experience of any soul who will crown Christ Saviour and Lord.

Keble's Christian Year is not the greatest nor the most popular of the devotional classics. Nevertheless the book is worthy of a place in any man's library who would carry out the injunction of the professor, and it is the purpose of this article to show that this is so. It was John Keble who in 1833 preached the sermon on "National Apostasy" with which the Oxford movement took definite shape. Newman in his Apology says of the day on which the sermon was preached: "I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833." Keble's

great love, however, was for the parish priesthood, and it was as a parish priest that he wrote and published The Christian Year. The plan of the volume is to provide a suitable meditation in poetry for every Sunday and Holy Day in the year, and for some other occasions. The author says in the preface that the chief purpose of the work is to exhibit the *soothing* tendency in the Anglican Prayer Book, to which it is in reality a "hand-book." Almost every poem is prefaced by a Scripture quotation, and with few exceptions the verse selected is the "inevitable" one for the occasion. The Christian year begins properly with Advent Sunday, but Keble begins his meditations with a poem entitled "Morning," and another entitled "Evening." From the first of these has been taken the hymn: "O timely happy, timely wise," and from the second the more familiar one, "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear."

Several features narrow the appeal of The Christian Year. It is narrowed, first, by the fact that it is in the form of poetry, and many people cannot or will not read poetry. It is narrowed, second, by the fact that its poetical worth varies immensely. There are many places where Keble rises to the height of genuine inspiration, and there are many places where he flounders for very impotence of expression. In this respect he reminds us of Wordsworth, in whose writings, says John Morley, are "great tracts which by no definition and on no terms can be called poetry." It is narrowed, third, by Keble's sympathy with Nature's softer moods. Here again he reminds us of Wordsworth, but there is no suggestion in these pages of that philosophical interpretation of Nature which was the Lake Poet's peculiar achievement. And some there are for whom nature has no word. But to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear and hearts to feel, one of the great charms of Keble will be his Nature love. Augustine is the great thinker writing the story of his youthful sins and doubts; Thomas is the ascetic pouring out his heart's devotion in a convent cell; Rutherford is the martyr who strains his eager vision to behold beyond the veil his Master's face. Like Augustine, Keble, an intellect of no mean order, struggled to find the truth; like Thomas, Keble had the instincts of the mystic, the ascetic, and

the recluse; like Rutherford, Keble above his theory of the church exalted the matchless Christ. But to Keble belongs the added grace that he was "a lover of the woods and mountains, and all that we behold on this green earth." Scarcely a poem in the whole book but suggests a man with observant eye walking abroad at all hours of the day and night, and seeing everywhere the wonders of his God. Spread out fair before him, he says, is Nature's beauteous book, but he feels how unworthy is his eye to read even one page of it.

> The works of God above, below,
> Within us and around,
> Are pages in that book, to show
> How God himself is found.

He prays God for help to search with steadier eye what he calls "the deepening mystery, the wonders of sea and sky." It is no idle fancy, he says, which bids us hear

> In the low chant of wakeful birds,
> In the deep weltering flood,
> In whispering leaves, these solemn words—
> "God made us all for good."

He tells us that it is only sin which deafens man's ear to "Nature's simple lay." If we would understand it, we must have "pure eyes and Christian hearts." He feels the sadness of Autumn, with its wan sun, and leaves reddening to fall, and waters brown; but the "serene decay" speaks to him of the calm old age of holy men. The gentle poet feels too the gladness of Spring—Spring with its violet bank, and hazel grove, and veering cloud, and warbling lark. He observes how earth "in her genial breast makes for the down a kindly nest," and how, true to her trust, she gives to each scattered seed its large increase. The nuns and hermits of old who, he says, talked with God in shadowy glades, and learned the sweet lore of rural things, and caught the moral of the fleeting cloud and whispering gale, had in these things larger incentive to holy life. In "the new-born rill just trickling from its mossy bed" down "the heath-clad hill," but growing ever larger in its course until its power is measureless, he sees a

semblance to the mighty outcome of a single prayer. He speaks of the "shy averted smiles" of the snow-drop, and the exile's heart beats more quickly as he reads the faithful description:

> Thou first-born of the year's delight,
> Pride of the dewy glade,
> In vernal green and virgin white,
> Thy vestal robes, arrayed;

or as he sees again in imagination "the primrose in her vernal nest" smiling along the shady way. With sure touch the poet's pen describes the Promised Land which opened to the gaze of the wandering Israelites:

> A land that drinks the rain of heaven at will,
> Whose waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad hill;

and he brings to our mind the billowy corn, and the heaving tresses of the palm, and the cedar shade, and the green orchards, and the limpid wells. His soul has rejoiced to range over hill and lea in the lengthening April day, and "every leaf in every nook," and "every wave in every brook," has its message for him. The lilies of the field, "relics of Eden's bowers," teach him the lesson his Master said they taught—to live one day at a time. He has seen the flash of the fish in the placid depths, and the trail of the star in the midnight sky, and the gleam of the insect flitting with new-found wing, and they speak to him of that day when, freed from the clods of earth, he shall sweep swifter and surer than they all through the boundless azure to the blest abodes. He thanks the redbreast for the lesson of contentment he learns from the tender strain of its low chant floating through the mist of an autumn morning. He hears the song of the soaring lark and the blackbird's full-toned lay, and in evening shades by dusty wayside drear the nightingale's cheering note; and though he wrote no ode to that summer cloud, floating yonder soft and bright, he yet has the eye that sees and the heart that wonders that it "makes such haste to melt and die." Deep answereth unto deep, and soul calleth unto soul, and happy is he whose soul can answer to such calling deeps as these.

But Keble looks within as well as without. Perhaps it is

just because he sees so much outwardly that he sees so much inwardly. There is true insight in the reason he assigns for the dying Saviour's refusal of the opiate. Just as, before the worlds were, the Son measured "in calm presage the infinite descent" to which he must go to redeem, so now he would meet all the storm "with unaverted eye." He feels all, that he might pity all. Rather than overcloud his soul he would wrestle with his anguish to the end. The poet subdues us with the reflection that one by one the spirits to be ransomed passed before the mind of the crucified Christ. He loves each as if neither in heaven nor on earth was any angel or other man. "The last best gift of heaven," a flower sweeter than ever grew on bush, a star brighter than ever lit the western sky, is "Love, gentle, holy, pure." The omnipotence of love was never more finely expressed than in the line, "What cannot be, Love counts it done," and as he dwells on the thought he prays that God, who keeps the key of Love and who measures Life by Love, shall open the fountain and fill his heart with the quenchless passion. Elsewhere he writes in a manner reminiscent of Burns:

> There's not a strain to memory dear,
> Nor flower in classic grove,
> There's not a sweet note warbled here
> But minds us of thy Love;
> O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
> There is no light but thine: with thee all beauty glows.

Sometimes a solemn note is struck, and he speaks of repentance which came too late for grace, of the fear which the unwashed soul must feel when it stands before its God, of the "wrath which can relent no more," of the "dark deeds that cannot be undone." He would have us see that Innocence, once surrendered, may never be regained, and that in "one little drop of sin" the whole world was drowned; nevertheless, beyond the flaming sword "the tree of life and glory still flourishes," and some day may be grasped again. There is no trifling with sin in these pages. We read of its "hateful spell," of the power of Memory to bring unsought to the mind the "accusing shades of hours gone by," of the futility of trying to escape an outraged conscience, and the

need of penitential tears if the soul is to look upward and not "shudder at the Eye that saw it stray." Keble yields nothing to Rutherford or Thomas à Kempis in his understanding of the purposes of chastisement. It is the will of God, he says, that we linger on

> . . . The verge of good or ill,
> That on thy guiding hand unseen
> Our undivided hearts may lean,
> And this our frail and foundering bark
> Glide in the narrow wake of thy beloved ark.

He writes sympathizingly but faithfully of

> The Christian Pastor, bowed to earth
> With thankless toil, and vile esteemed,
> Still travailing in second birth
> Of souls that will not be redeemed.

Perhaps the servant hesitates to go whither his Lord sends or calls, but the example of the eager Philip is adduced, who

> . . . rose and went, nor asked thee why,
> Nor stayed to heave one faithless sigh;

and for his faithfulness won the Ethiopian's soul. Playing on the Greek word for "messenger," this parish priest says to his brethren:

> Angels he calls ye: be your strife
> To lead on earth an angel's life.

One of the poems is addressed to candidates for ordination. The text is: "When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before you." The opening verses are the plaint of a young minister over the apparent failure of his work:

> Lord, in thy field I work all day,
> I read, I teach, I warn, I pray,
> And yet these willful wandering sheep
> Within thy fold I cannot keep.

Then the thought of the toiler is directed to the "pastoral course" of the Great Shepherd, and the poem closes with the verse:

> And whereso'er in earth's wide field
> Ye lift for him the red-cross shield,
> Be this your song, your joy and pride—
> "Our Champion went before, and died."

For one with the predilections of Keble, the meditation for the Second Sunday after Trinity is notable. Its theme is Christian unity. He declares that the only sign of life is love. He who loves nature's noblest work loves also her most common flowers.

> E'en so, who loves the Lord aright
> No soul of man can worthless find;
> All will be precious in his sight
> Since Christ on all hath shined.

The thought of the verses is that true love for Christ carries with it love for men: the "mutual share" in his blood imparts "an everlasting bond of holiest brotherhood." Brotherly love alone demonstrates divine lineage. Keble knows the blessings which come from the prayer of the closet. On every hand is not only indifference but positive enmity to God, and the eyes of the faithful fail for their waiting. At such times

> 'Tis well true hearts should for a time retire
> To holy ground, in quiet to aspire
> Toward promised regions of serener grace.

But prayer and vision severed from action are incomplete. God speaks in the still small voice, but what we hear is a command to go back to the haunts of men and toil unceasingly:

> Go, to the world return, nor fear to cast
> Thy bread upon the waters, sure at last
> In joy to find it after many days.

And while the Christian heart works and waits always it may enjoy the ministry of "soothing Hope," who

> . . . bathes us in her own chaste glow,
> And with our memory wings her own fond prayer.

It is a common opinion that great piety and great scholarship do not go together. The supposition is that as the mind is quickened, the heart is deadened. That there are some facts which seem to support this is not to be denied. But few of the authors of a devotional classic can be cited in support of the opinion. As far as they are concerned, the evidence is almost entirely the other way. Keble was a man of no mean scholastic attainments,

even if he did prefer the quiet life of a parish priest. He was only fifteen when he entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Four years later he was elected a Fellow of Oriel, one of the most coveted of Oxford honors. The following year he won both the Latin and the English prize essays. He was the intellectual companion of such giants as Whately, Coplestone, Froude, Arnold, Pusey, and Newman. In 1831 he succeeded Milman as Professor of Poetry. There is no question about Keble's intellectual greatness, and we have seen enough to prove that he can present no mean claim to spiritual greatness. The Oxford Movement will ever remain a puzzle to the serious student. He will find it an impossible task to harmonize its many puerilities with the character of the men who inspired and led it. It is useless to speculate on what might have been if something else had not been, but at least this much may be said with safety: that if the Oxford Movement is in anywise responsible for Pusey's translation of the Confessions of Augustine, and for Newman's Apology, and for Keble's Christian Year, then it does not lack that element of virtue which will save it from complete oblivion as surely as the cities of the plain would have been saved had they been in like case.

Edwin Lewis.

A WAR PROPHECY FROM HOMER

In these days, when the *sortes Vergilianæ* are long out of fashion, and even biblical prophecy, at least in the interpretation of Pastor Russell, is under legal suspicion, it is strange that some seer has not turned to the world's greatest epic of combat for a fitting war oracle. In that *ur*-apology for kings the second book of the Iliad—which, to be sure, says nothing more for autocracy than is implied in the first book, but says it more explicitly as a bit of conscious propaganda—is found a passage almost startling in its detailed similarity to the present situation. Zeus, so the story runs, had sent a lying dream to Agamemnon, promising him that Troy should fall on that very day. The king therefore awakens full of a happy confidence that the end is near. But he resolves first of all upon a little deception of his own to test the zeal and loyalty of his army. Calling an assembly, he assumes an air of discouragement and dejection, declares that his hopes of divine assistance have all proved illusive, and proposes that the siege of Troy be abandoned. To his surprise and dismay, the people are only too willing, and nothing but the strong-arm methods of Odysseus, instigated by Athena, suffices to restrain them from eager flight. Odysseus, stalking through the crowd, speaks courteously to any aristocrat he meets, explaining to him the secret purpose of the all-highest war-lord; but whenever he meets one of the common people he pours upon him contempt and reviling and beats him back into his place. The rule of the many, he says, is not a good thing; let there be one ruler, one king, to whom Zeus, the son of crafty Kronos, has given authority. Then follows the famous Thersites episode, a bitterly scornful caricature of the political aspirations of the common man. The whole has long been recognized as an expression of aristocratic antipathy to the rising democracies of Asia Minor in perhaps the eighth century B. C.

It is the speech of feigned despair by Agamemnon which furnishes so alluring a field for hermeneutic speculations. To

arrive at the hidden meaning we must, of course, alter the proper names. By the sort of schematism familiar to oracle-mongers a table of correspondences may be made out as follows:

The Troad = France
Trojans = Frenchmen
Ilium = Paris
Achæans, Argives, Danaans = Germans, Prussians, Teutons
Argos = Berlin
Agamemnon = Wilhelm
Ares = Hindenburg
Zeus = Gott
Kronos = Jehovah

On this basis we obtain the following result from the passage in question (lines 109-141):

"Kaiser Wilhelm (*κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων*, line 100) . . . made a speech to the Prussians (Ἀργείοισι): 'O beloved Teuton heroes (*ὦ φίλοι ἥρωες Δαναοί*), squires of Hindenburg (Ἄρηος)! Gott, the descendant of Jehovah (*Ζεῦς Κρονίδης*), has fast entangled me in a deep infatuation, cruel that he is; for he promised and gave me assurance hitherto that I should sack well-fortified Paris (Ἴλιον) before returning; but now he has planned a miserable deception, and he orders me to go back to Berlin (Ἄργος) ingloriously, after I have destroyed much people. For this is a disgraceful thing even for future generations to learn, that thus in vain such a brave and numerous host of the Germans (Ἀχαιῶν) are waging a fruitless war and fighting against men that are fewer, and no end yet is in sight. For if we Germans and Frenchmen (Ἀχαιοί τε Τρῶές τε) striking a solemn truce, should both of us consent to be numbered; as many Frenchmen (Τρῶες) to be collected as are natives, while we Germans (Ἀχαιοί) were counted off in tens; and each group of us should choose one of the Frenchmen (Τρώων ἄνδρα) to pour our wine: many of the tens would lack a cup-bearer. So much more numerous, I declare, are the sons of the Germans (Ἀχαιῶν) than the Frenchmen (Τρώων) *who dwell*

in the city. But *allies* from many cities, spear-brandishing men, are therein, who drive me hard and despite my wish do not permit me to sack Paris (Ἴλιον), that beautifully located city. Already nine years of mighty Gott (Διὸς μεγάλου) have passed, and now the timbers of the ships are rotten and the ropes hang limp, and those wives of ours and little children sit in the halls waiting; but our task is wholly unaccomplished for which we came hither. But come, let us all obey as I shall suggest: let us flee in our ships to our own native soil, for we shall nevermore capture Paris (Τροίην), the city of wide streets.' "

In elucidation of the "prophecy" it may be observed that in each case the aggressors pass under three practically interchangeable names; that they profess to be avenging a grave wrong (the abduction of Helen = the Sarajevo murders), while in reality seeking the destruction of a famous and beautiful city; that they make extravagant claims of numerical superiority—and how appropriate, by the way, to German nature seems the illustration of the wine-pourers!—but are being kept from victory by the presence of many allies on the soil of the defenders. So far all tallies admirably. But there are discrepancies. One is the note of time. France has finished its third year of war, and is now in the fourth; but Troy has endured nine years of siege and is in the midst of the tenth. It will be observed, however, that the number nine is merely three times three, and that the present war is dated almost exactly three millenniums after the Trojan. Your true prophet will admire that explanation.

Another difficulty is the reference to the decay of the Greek ships. At first sight this suggests the bottling up of the German fleet, but the explanation will not hold. We shall gain the true significance of this interesting point only when we remember the place which ocean travel held in ancient life. Ships were the most highly developed mechanical means of travel, and the sea was the great international highway. Hence the true modern parallel is the railroad train and its network of steel highways. Thus the proper interpretation of the reference to ships is as follows: "Now the rolling stock on our lines is falling to pieces and the tracks are worn out. . . . Let us retreat over our mili-

tary railroads to our own native soil beyond the Rhine." There are intimations that such a situation with regard to transportation is not far from the fact.

Passing to a consideration of the religious aspect of the matter, we are carried somewhat beyond the region of mere frivolities into the only realm in which any prophecy has value; namely, the psychological. It has often been remarked that the modern German Gott bears a striking family likeness to the earlier Old Testament Jehovah, and so he may be compared to the crafty Zeus, the son and successor of the crookedly crafty Kronos (cf. Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω, B 205). But that again is a mere matching of pieces. In the study of autocratic psychology, however, it is possible to go somewhat deeper. Kaiser Wilhelm, like the wide-ruling Agamemnon, has been deluded by a false dream of ambition and glory, and has spoken confidently and boastfully of his supernatural allies. To the simple-minded among his foes this has seemed pure blasphemy, and the Kaiser's Gott has been openly hailed as the Christian devil. To the more sophisticated, however, the delusion appears as a mere religious mania, a perverted perception of religious truth. Its consequences have been tragical beyond words, but to those acquainted with religious psychology the case in itself is not theoretically surprising. Now Homer might almost be said to combine these two modern attitudes. He is perfectly aware of the fact of Agamemnon's deception: the king is "pondering in his heart, poor fool, over things which were not to be accomplished" (line 36). On this point the poet is quite as clear as any modern. But he does not regard it as a case of self-deception. He has none of the modern hesitation about ascribing to the chief deity certain of the devil's characteristics, and this simplifies matters considerably. Agamemnon's infatuation is due to one fact only, and that is that Agamemnon's Gott has lied to him through the medium of a delusive dream.

But it is the psychology of the crowd that furnishes the most instructive parallel between this ancient war and our own. If the flamboyant Wilhelm should some day cease his Napoleonic incitements to valor, and should emulate his great forerunner,

the Zeus-cherished yet Zeus-deluded Agamemnon, in putting the loyalty of his troops to the test, craftily feigning discouragement and proposing the abandonment of the war, there can be no doubt as to the outcome. The German soldiery would comply with as great alacrity and abandon as did their Homeric counterparts; and it might require more than the efforts of Athena and Odysseus —dare we think here of the Pope and the Austrian emperor?—to restrain the war-weary multitudes and restore their fighting morale. At any rate it is interesting to see in Homer this clear recognition—scornful, it is true, and yet unmistakable—of the antipathy between the impulses of a democracy and the long continuance of an imperialistic war. The father of Greek poetry was a prophet to this extent at least: that he knew the workings of the human mind, which after all have changed rather little in three thousand years.

William Jerome Wilson

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL AND FUNDAMENTAL CAUSE OF THE PRESENT WORLD WAR

The present world war is a German product pure and simple. No space will be wasted here in an attempt to establish this patent fact. After three years and more of widespread and mature discussion, and of accumulating and damning evidence from various sources and of various kinds, it has been definitely and palpably established for every free mind—every mind not confused and blinded by racial or national prejudices or sympathies or by personal interest—that Germany is exclusively, entirely and deliberately responsible for this war. Any further discussion of this question, therefore, would be superfluous. This fact established, the psychological cause of the war, obviously, will have to be looked for in the psychology of the people of modern Germany, and nowhere else. What is there, then, in the psychology of the people of modern Germany that will afford an adequate and satisfactory explanation for the fact of this war and for the spirit and manner of its conduct on the German side? The outstanding, glaring fact characterizing the conduct of Germany in this war—a characteristic which affects the entire political body and military organization, from the Imperial master at the head down through every officer in the service, including ambassadors at foreign courts, spies, agents, the rank and file of the army and navy, and, so far as one can see, a very large element of the whole population—is its utter moral depravity; the perversion or obliteration of the moral sense of the nation as well as the absence of any of the humane sensibilities. One almost hesitates in sheer shame to enumerate the moral vices of the German which the war has exposed: perfidy, hypocrisy, lying, deceit, lawlessness; violation of treaties, solemn pledges, agreements, and promises; hate, malevolence, cruelty, brutality, bestiality, lack of pity or compassion; self-conceit, pride, arrogance, insolence, and others. And since these are not occasional and accidental lapses from a higher habitual standard of moral conduct on the part of the German,

but his natural and uniform course of moral or immoral conduct in this war, and have characterized it from the very beginning, it is evident that this psychological phenomenon is no sudden, cataclysmal degeneracy fallen upon the nation, but a constitutional diathesis that has been developing for years. Out of this putrid mass of moral corruption this war was evolved; first as a wicked, ambitious conception, then deliberately purposed, planned, prepared for, and finally precipitated upon the world.

Now to what adequate cause can be traced this thorough moral defection of the German nation which makes it stand out in hideous contrast with the civilized nations arrayed against it in this struggle, and which will make it infamous forever in history? Are any of the current or common explanations of this phenomenon satisfactory or sufficient? Some of the popular theories do indeed lie along the line or chain of causes which have produced the phenomenon, but there is a fundamental cause lying at the bottom of all these causes—a tap root which is overlooked, and which alone adequately and completely accounts for all the phenomena as none other does, for it alone goes deep enough into the primal sources and motives of moral conduct and character. The German dream of "Weltmacht" and of "Deutschland über alles" lies indeed within the chain of causes which produced this war, as do also the Nietzschean philosophy, and the writings of Treitschke, Bernhardi, and others, but these are themselves an effect and fruit of a deeper, more fundamental and more potent cause of moral degeneracy and decay. That cause is modern German religious infidelity and anti-Christian propaganda. The leaders of German thought for half a century at least, with hostile spirit and intent, have opposed and have finally rejected the only moral force that can regenerate the human soul and establish and maintain moral sanity in the race. That force is Christian truth. This statement to some may seem indefinite, in view of the conflicting opinions and beliefs among the different sections of the Christian Church, and even of individual Christians, but it is sufficient to say in explanation that the sources of Christian truth in all Christendom, in all its various branches and among all its adherents, are identical, namely, the Holy Scriptures, and that

the essential elements of Christian truth are that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and the divinely appointed Saviour of mankind; a Saviour from sin—its pollution, power, and penalty; and that whosoever he be who accepts Christ in vital faith as his Saviour, surrenders himself to the guidance of his Spirit, and adopts his principles as the rule of his life and conduct is saved; that is, he has by so doing laid for himself the only foundation for moral sanity in this life and the only hope of a life to come. This brief and simple formula is the fundamental and essential truth of the Christian system, but be it observed that it is more than a mere restatement of a familiar Christian doctrine. It is the enunciation of a proposition in true moral science standing upon the practical tests of human experience and supported by human testimony overwhelming in volume, including thousands of men and women of the most distinguished minds the world has ever produced. The statement in John's Gospel concerning the transforming moral power accruing to the human soul by accepting Christ in vital faith, and expressed in the familiar words, "to as many as received him [Christ], to them gave he power to become the sons of God," has been invariably confirmed by the test of human experience in all the centuries of the Christian era, and the failure to achieve this experience on the part of those who refuse or are unwilling to make this test, or who despise the condition upon which it rests, does not cancel the fact. The denial of the fact by this class of persons obviously, and in the nature of the case, is futile.

It is important to dwell for a brief space on this fact, both because of its intrinsic importance and because and particularly of its essential bearing upon our main theme. Christian truth is not primarily nor essentially a system of theology, or a philosophy, or a code of ethics. Various systems of theology and various religious philosophies have, indeed, been constructed upon the essential truth or truths of Christianity, but none of them are, merely on account of this fact, necessarily true or entirely sound. (Most of them embrace more or less error, and they are all, at some points, and perhaps frequently, in conflict with one another. Many of them embrace the essential elements of Chris-

tian truth, and prompt and lead to the Christian life, but not all that is in them is essential.) Christianity, essentially, whether considered as a system of religious truth or as a life, centers around a fact, a stupendous fact, in human experience; namely, the rebirth of the human soul by the power of the Holy Spirit in response to a living, loving faith in and acceptance of the Christ as the divinely appointed agent of deliverance from sin—its pollution, power, and penalty; and this rebirth becomes the source and potency of a life of righteousness based on sacrificial love for others, as Christ's atonement is based on sacrificial love for mankind. Christianity, essentially, is Christ himself indwelling in the human soul, and manifesting himself through that soul. The Great Master has himself furnished us with a concise formula of this truth in the familiar words, "I am the way, the truth and the life." Saint Paul has furnished us with another: "Christ in you the hope of glory." Saint John gives us another: "He that hath the Son hath the life. He that hath not the Son shall not see life." These various formulæ, if they suggest anything, suggest an experimental basis for Christianity and for the Christian life. A man may be a Protestant or a Catholic, a Lutheran or a Methodist. He may be Arminian or Calvinistic in his theology. He may believe in immersion as the proper form of baptism, or in pouring or sprinkling. He may believe in an elective, a conditional, or a universal salvation. If only he accepts Christ in living, loving faith as the Saviour of the world, and his own personal Saviour, and seriously endeavors to conform his life to the principles laid down by the Christ, as he honestly understands them, he will not fail of the transforming and purifying effect of this attitude toward the Christ despite whatever errors may be embraced in his religious beliefs or opinions. Christianity is marvelously comprehensive in its essence, far beyond the current notion. The true saints whose lives have blessed and hallowed the earth with their presence and influence have not been confined to any particular sect, and have embraced in their religious ideas and opinions much that was false.

Before leaving this point let it be understood that this atti-

tude toward the Christ which is here being considered, and which, it should be further stated, includes a sense of personal guilt, a genuine contrition, and a desire for pardon and deliverance, has not, in and of itself, any transforming power upon human character, but it is the frame of mind, the mood of the soul, which brings to it the divine, spiritual power which is, alone, the real regenerating agent.

Creeds are important and useful as, and only in so far as, they tend and help to bring the soul into this vital union with Christ. Some so-called Christian creeds tend to draw the mind off and away from this vital necessity, and are therefore dangerous, and often fatal, despite whatever truth they may contain.

To reject Christ, therefore, is to deliberately and willfully bar the soul from the operation of the only spiritual power in the world that can regenerate it and arrest its inherent tendency to moral degeneracy, to the impairment or atrophy of the moral sense or sensibility, and finally the extinction of the soul itself.

Now it is precisely this regenerating power, with its quickening of the conscience, its conviction of sin or moral wrong, its appeal to righteousness, which the leaders of thought and opinion, the scholars of Germany, have been systematically and zealously endeavoring to crush out of the life of the nation or people by two separate and distinct psychological processes. One is familiarly known as the "higher criticism," as applied to the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments—to the historical records upon which Christianity rests as to its literary base—and the other an equally zealous propagandism of a purely naturalistic philosophy, based on the Darwinian hypothesis of evolution, not less destructive to the moral sense by exerting a subtle power to undermine and overthrow the faith of the people in the historical truth of Christianity and the validity of its religious sanctions. Now it matters not that the foundations or data upon which rest the hypotheses in both of these lines of philosophical speculation have been proven inadequate, and are being discredited by the "best scholarship," the sanest and most thorough scholarship of the times, they have nevertheless been the means of breaking down the faith of the German people to a large extent in the truth of Chris-

tianity, and in preparing the way for its acceptance and absorption of the brutal philosophy of Nietzsche, Treitschke, etc., etc., which could not possibly have any other effect than to corrupt its moral sense, blunt its humane sensibilities, and deliver the people over to all kinds of morbid passion and lust.

The attitude of German scholars and leaders of religious thought and opinion for a century at least has been increasingly hostile to Christian truth and principles as these have reached us, from apostolic times, in the gospel records and in the apostolic letters, and as they have been interwoven into the splendid Christian civilization of the world upon which Germany has dealt a staggering blow, and whose overthrow she has designed.

This war of German design and initiative is an exhibition of moral insanity which the sane part of the world has looked upon with increasing horror and alarm, and has finally organized itself to protect humanity against its insane designs, avowing its purpose to disarm the monster who sprang it upon the world and surround him with such restraints as shall effectually guarantee the peace and safety of the world for all time to come. Now, as before said, this lapse or collapse of the moral sense of the German, which it is useless to deny or to attempt to explain away, and at which the sane part of the world has stood aghast for over four years, is no mere psychological freak which has suddenly and without antecedent cause flashed out during the war, like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky. On the contrary, it is the very logical consequence of a deliberate and sustained effort, extending over a long period in Germany, to undermine and break down the faith of the people in the only religion the world has ever known that has any spiritual dynamic in it, any power to regenerate and renew the moral nature of mankind: Christianity and its teachings.

Plainly, no army whose units are in the main imbued with the Christian spirit and in whom the ethics of the Christian religion have been cultivated from childhood, whose moral sense is normal and healthy, could ever be induced or coerced by the mere order of its officers, or by the high command of a military organization, however exacting and inexorable its discipline, to commit

such atrocities as the German soldiers have habitually committed all through this war, and quiet their consciences and stifle their humane sensibilities by such palpable and shameless sophistries as are urged by German militarism as valid apologies—"military necessity," "retaliatory and punitive measures," etc., etc. It would simply revolt against its command at all hazards and refuse to obey. Take an army, for instance, made up of American units, and let its officers during an engagement with the enemy command the soldiers to disembowel women, impale babies on their bayonets, and indulge in a general carnival of butchery, and what would be the result? Can anyone doubt that they would instantly refuse, and revolt, and if force were attempted to compel them, they would mutiny? The fact that the German soldiery has committed such atrocities and worse, not in sporadic cases, but habitually and constantly, with a spontaneity of action and often with fiendish glee and laughter, indicates a thoroughness of moral degeneracy which must have taken years—yes, a life time of some malign influence to establish. And the whole nation is tainted and infected with this decay of the moral consciousness: pastors of churches, professors in the universities, philosophers, writers, leaders of the thought of the people, ambassadors, public men of all kinds and ranks.

This is no reckless, unreflecting arraignment of the élite of German intellectuals and officials, but a sober, serious fact, with scores of concrete examples in evidence, with which everyone is familiar who has kept abreast of current news in the daily papers and in the magazines. Already the names of Bernstorff, Luxburg, Zimmermann, Von Papen, etc., are a stench in the nostrils of every man who scorns and despises treachery, duplicity, and the abuse of the hospitality, courtesy, and confidence of a nation generously bestowed. They may wear fashionable clothes, immaculate linen, but their moral fiber is rotten and offensive. No man of true manhood and self-respect would consent to do the dishonorable, mean, and treacherous things which they have complacently done, at the behest or command of anyone, or of any power. He would refuse to do so at all costs.

And what shall be thought of the seventy-three professors of

Germany who deliberately signed their names to a paper purporting to be an appeal or a proclamation entitled, and addressed, "To the Civilized World," in which they categorically deny that Germany is guilty of having caused this war; deny that she trespassed in neutral Belgium; deny that she took the life and property of a single Belgian citizen without self-defense having made it necessary; deny that the German troops treated Louvain brutally; deny that German warfare pays no respect to international laws, etc., etc. Could they have been ignorant of the facts? Impossible!

Again, what must be thought of Haeckel—Professor Ernst Haeckel, a prince among German scientists—who deliberately fabricated false testimony or evidence in support of his biological schemes by appropriating photographs or plates, that were the product of other scientists, and working them over or altering them so as to exhibit alleged natural phenomena which did not really exist, so far as either he or any other scientist had ever actually observed, and publishing them to the world as valid and authentic, and when accused and confronted with the proofs of his lying and deceit had the audacity to deny it, and threatened to bring suit for libel, which, though the charge was repeatedly made and pressed, in order to provoke the suit, he never attempted? And it is not without significance that about the time of these revelations he received his dismissal from the University of Jena.

Now there is no other influence or cause than the one suggested in this paper that will adequately and satisfactorily account for this nation-wide degeneracy of the moral sense; neither hereditary blood taint transmitted from the brutal Hun, nor the leaven of Nietzschean philosophy, nor the lust of "Weltmacht," nor a scientifically planned political and military scheme, nor anything allied to them. The depravity is too deep-seated, too complete, and too pervasive to be explained by such causes. For back of the interests and motives which actuate human life and conduct and fashion human character lie the moral consciousness, the moral conceptions, ideals, and principles which regulate and order human interests and motives and determine their moral quality.

These are the real, the fundamental springs of human action, and they are the products entirely of the moral education or culture applied either directly to the mind or heart, or absorbed from the social environment; affected or influenced as to their quality in some instances, no doubt, by inherent individual bias or natural tendency, for some men are born coarse and brutal and some delicate and refined. On the whole, however, the moral quality of the culture applied to the human mind determines the quality of its moral consciousness, conceptions, ideals, and principles, and, of course, of the character and conduct which develop from them. In the culture of the human spirit the results will depend upon whether one or the other of two antagonistic moral ideals or principles dominates the culture, and on the extent of that domination. In philosophical terms one is denominated altruism, the other egoism, or, in plain language, one is the principle of love for others, the other is love for one's self. Christian culture is based emphatically on the former. Christ's entire philosophy of life proceeds upon the principle of love to others and it is the very fountain of all righteousness—"Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fullfilling of the law" (Romans 13. 10). The other and opposing principle is selfishness, or love to one's self, which, in excess, is the prolific fountain of all sin and unrighteousness. There is not, perhaps, a Christian virtue that has not its root in love, and there is not a vice or sin that has not its root in selfishness, or in self-gratification—not one in the whole catalogue. The first-mentioned principle is like a generous fountain of beneficence, ever emptying or pouring out of itself in sacrifice and blessing to enrich the lives of others. The other is a greedy vortex, engulfing and absorbing into itself everything that comes within the sphere of its influence and power. The one is divine. The other, to use a phrase from Saint James, "is earthly, sensual, devilish." Sin is sometimes characterized in Scripture as that abominable thing "which God hateth." Why? Because the spirit of God and the spirit which prompts to sin are antithetical. God is a brooding, yearning, compassionate spirit of love. The spirit which prompts to sin is a spirit of cold indifference for others, and often of ruthless and selfish sacrifice

of their welfare and happiness. He that loveth, says John, "is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love" (1 John 4. 7, 8). Modern Germany has deliberately repudiated Christ, and his teaching, and his whole philosophy of life, and for fifty years has been devotedly busy in promulgating a philosophy of life based on selfishness of the most ruthless type, and just here, and here alone, is the psychological root and cause of this horrible war.

This antithesis of spirit, of ideals, principles, and conduct, as between the German nation as a whole and the nations opposed to her in this war, is conspicuous everywhere throughout the struggle, and is revealed not alone on the battle fronts, the ravaged territories, nor in the treatment of the invaded towns and villages, nor in the treatment of the prisoners captured in the engagements, but in the aims and objects of the respective governments or peoples; in their diplomacy, the public speeches of statesmen, representative men, pastors of the churches, and the utterances of the public press. Instances and illustrations of this contrast are so common, abundant, and uniform, and are borne in so constantly upon the public mind by the press of this country and of the world, that it seems superfluous to introduce any examples here, yet as these words are being written there lies upon the table before the writer, in a copy of the Minneapolis Tribune of January 14, 1918—the day on which the foregoing words are being penned—a very characteristic sample which will be quoted. It appears on the editorial page, and is entitled, "A Vivid Contrast." It is a comparison between a portion of President Wilson's address at Washington and a portion of a speech made by General Von Lieb before the conservative congress, as reported by way of Zurich. The President says:

> The day of conquest and aggrandizement has gone by. So also is the day of secret covenants entered into in the interest of particular governments and likely in an unlooked-for moment to upset the peace of the world. . . . What we demand in this war is nothing peculiar to ourselves. It is that the world may be made fit and safe to live in, and particularly safe for every peace-loving nation. An evident principle runs through the whole program I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak.

General Von Lieb says:

> We must recognize only one principle, that might is right, and must know neither sentiment, nor considerations for humanity, nor compassion. We will incorporate Courland. We must have Belgium and northern France. The curse of God is upon the French. France must pay until bled white.

Note the contrast in the spirit which expresses itself in these two aims—the aims of America, on the one hand, and the aims of Germany on the other. "*We,*" says the one, "demand nothing peculiar to *ourselves.* . . . An evident principle runs through the program I have outlined: . . . *justice* to *all peoples and nationalities,* and *their right* to live . . . whether strong or weak." This is the spirit of a magnanimous altruism. "*We,*" says the German, "*must show no consideration for humanity, no compassion.* . . . *We will incorporate* Courland. *We must have* Belgium and northern France." He says nothing here of further slices of alien territory, nor of other groups of alien people which Germany *must* absorb or exploit for her own political ends, but other prominent Germans have done so with equal emphasis to the extent that, when they are all summed up, it is estimated that Germany must have about one half or one third of the civilized world, and she must have them because, in her own estimation, it is supremely necessary to the achievement of her political aims, which, again in her own estimation, is equivalent to her existence. Of course, in this supreme need of Germany the rights, the desires, the aspirations of these other peoples must be ruthlessly crushed, for German necessity "knows no law." In fact, before the law of German necessity the rights of other peoples do not exist, for "might makes right," and these peoples are contemptibly feeble before the mighty political and military organizations of Germany. This spirit, which finds its expression in the foregoing utterance of Mr. Lieb and everywhere else in Germany, is bald, shameless egoism. Actuated by this egoistic spirit, and indeed as a wretched attempt to justify it and to intrench themselves in it, Germany has evolved a moral philosophy uniquely her own, basing it evidently on the Darwinian theory and formula of the "survival of the fittest," or strongest. It assumes that this is the supreme law

governing the biological advance of species and races; their progress toward perfection; that it is uniform, universal, inexorable, and supreme not only in the physical order but in the moral order of the universe; that all minor moral laws that may exist, or may be established to regulate the relations between mere individuals of a race or small social groups, are of no binding force as between different races; that, indeed, in conflicts between races they become immoral and must be ruthlessly broken, and conduct or action contrary to these lesser rules or laws, and abhorrent to the moral sense, becomes supremely moral. In conflicts or struggles between races, to use the language of Mr. Lieb, "there must be no sentiment, no consideration of humanity, no compassion," and, in the illuminating words of Nietzsche, "hatred, mischievousness, rapacity, love of dominion, and whatever else is called evil, belongs to the astounding economy of race preservation; . . . that stoicism, arts of temptation, and deviltry of all kinds, everything evil, terrible, tyrannical, wild-beastlike and serpentlike in man contributes to the elevation of the species 'man' just as much as the opposite" (Beyond Good and Evil).

Now it must be again emphasized that this philosophy, instead of being the foundation and cause of the present manifestation of moral depravity in the conduct of the German people, as viewed by the civilized world, is, on the contrary, itself the product of a malignant, hateful, and selfish spirit which thus seeks to justify itself and stifle every humane instinct. This spirit in the German nation or people has further succeeded in persuading them that in the progressive development of the human race the German race, or a select and very large class of them, has reached a level in intellectual and moral excellence and power surpassing that of all other races; that the "superman" has, at last, made his appearance in the kultured German, and that by virtue of his superiority the German race is destined, entitled to, and *must* dominate and absorb or exploit all other races. And this spirit, let it be emphatically repeated, is the inevitable product and result of the rejection of the Christ.

The contrast exhibited in the quotations of the Tribune is not due to differences in political systems, or political faiths, but

to a difference of spirit—of the state of the heart. One is Christian, the other is defiantly and malignantly anti-Christian. In the Kaiser's addresses to his soldiers, and on other occasions, his fondness for referring to God, and arrogantly assuming the divine partnership with himself in his selfish and ambitious lust for power and dominion, has been frequently alluded to in the public press with the scorn and disgust which such hypocrisy and blasphemy deserve. Has anyone ever heard him mention the name of Christ—the Prince of Peace—in any of these flamboyant utterances? Never. He has no use for Christ. The spirit, ideals, metaphysics of Christ do not fit in with his selfish and despotic ambitions, so he banishes him from his thought. Neither is the Kaiser's god the Christian's God—the Heavenly Father, full of love, compassion and pity—but a god analogous to that of the Turk; a tyrannical, bloodthirsty monster. Allah, Allah, Allah, is continually in the mouth of the Turk, but his heart is the seat of malignant selfishness and hate. His terms of friendship to other peoples are, "Submit to my rule or die like a dog. Embrace Islam or get off the earth." The only difference between the Kaiser's terms of peace and friendship with other peoples and those of his congenial ally is that he substitutes "Pan-Germanism" for "Islamism." Indeed, in a heart-to-heart talk which the Kaiser had with Talaat Pasha (if memory serves aright) in the early summer of the first year of the war he confided to the Turk that their religious views were the same; that in harmony with the philosophy of Hegel, Germany's distinguished monist, he believed in the unity of God. Probably if he had been pressed for a proclamation of his faith after the manner of the Turk, the only difference perhaps would have been in the name of the prophet. The Turk would have cried, "God is God, there is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." The Kaiser would probably have cried, "God is God, there is but one God, and I, the German Emperor, am, if not his prophet, his 'sword to do his will.'" This, at least, was what he told his soldiers in a speech he made to them just at the opening of the war.

In past centuries Germany has made large and valuable contributions to Christian literature and propagandism and to

Christian endeavor of all kinds. She has many distinguished names to her credit in the records of history along such lines, reformers, commentators, exegetes, historians, philologists, translators, etc., but in these modern times, and the present war is precisely the product of modern German thought, her distinction in the religious field lies, on the contrary, in her hostility and opposition to Christian culture. She has been notorious for her offensive scepticism, her rationalism, and her destructive biblical criticism. No more potent influence for breaking down the faith of the German people in the truth and the sanctions of Christianity could have been devised than that which has been named by Eichorn, who inaugurated it, the "Higher Criticism" of the Bible. This insidious device has been in full swing in Germany for several decades, and has become more and more destructive in its aims and methods as it has progressed, breaking beyond the confines also of the German Empire and poisoning much of the religious literature and teaching of both Great Britain and America. Its vogue in Germany especially has been supreme, and the German State, quickly perceiving the powerful aid it was able to render to the propagation of the principles of the Nietzschean "Religion of Valor," so sympathetic with and helpful to the lust of dominion and conquest of the ruling caste, promptly filled its universities with adepts of this new school of biblical criticism, to the exclusion of all others who might still cling to and teach the conservative views concerning the sacred Scriptures. And what has been the result? Logically, a little more than a generation of men has been trained and developed in these institutions of learning and in the technical schools without any faith in the foundations of Christianity, without any regard for its principles, and utterly destitute of its spirit, who now make up the present German army and navy, occupy positions in and direct and manage the political life and activities of the nation. These men have not only been denied the salutary restraining and humanizing influences of Christian culture, but besides this subtraction they have been subjected to the positive, withering moral influence of the Nietzschean philosophy of the "Religion of Valor," whose cardinal principle is that "might makes right," which,

when analyzed, signifies that there is no such thing as moral right or wrong, but that every act is right that promotes one's own interest provided it can be done with safety to oneself. To insist on limiting the operation of this principle to the relations between races, nations, or groups, or to commend and justify it in such cases only, and not in the case of individual relationships, is a miserable piece of casuistry; inconsistent, contrary to moral reason, and the sane mind absolutely rejects it. If the principle is morally sound for the state, it must be equally so for the bandit, the highway robber, or the individual criminal. In fact, in the final analysis of this remarkable philosophy there is no moral distinction between one human act and another. There is no inherent moral quality in any human act whatever. An act acquires a criminal quality only when it disturbs or interferes with the social order of the group to which one happens to belong; for there can, of course, be no social life without social order, and rules or laws must be made to regulate, preserve, and maintain social order. When, therefore, any one of these is violated, the act is criminal. Apart from this social necessity it is, in itself, just as innocent and, if it serves well one's personal interest as laudable, to cut a man's throat or debauch his wife or daughter as it is to rescue a child from drowning.

Is there anything obscure in the relationship of this Christless culture of the young German mind and spirit for the last half century and the truculence, barbarity and brutality of the German soldier in this war, or in the treachery, deceit, intrigue, lying, lawlessness and multiform deviltries of German diplomacy? None. If the immense progress made in the moral, social and political status of the world since the beginning of the Christian era and up to the present cataclysmal disturbance is due to Christianity, to the gradual and constant diffusion of the principles and the spirit of Christianity among mankind, as has always been the judgment of the world, and is still its sane and sober thought, then any effort to destroy that influence, or to overthrow the faith of mankind in its historical foundations, in the authenticity and authority of the literature on which it is based, is a step backward and toward the barbarism from which

the world was rescued by it; toward the base ideals and principles out of which that barbarism sprang. If this was indeed the aim of the German professors they have furnished the world with another concrete example of "German efficiency" and of their success.

Professor Cram's book, Germany and England, written before the war, gives such a picturesque but true view of Germany's aims and dreams in this direction that the liberty is here taken to quote from it. On page 126 he asks the question, "What definitely is to be Germany's part in the future of human thought?" and he answers for Germany thus:

> It is reserved for us to resume in thought that creative role in religion which the whole Teutonic race abandoned four centuries ago. Judea and Galilee cast their dreary spell over Greece and Rome when Greece and Rome were already sinking into decrepitude and the creative power in them was exhausted, when weariness and bitterness wakened with their greatest spirits at day and sank to sleep with them at night. But Judea and Galilee struck Germany in the splendor and heroism of her prime. Germany and the whole Teutonic people in the fifth century made the great error. They conquered Rome, but, dazed by Rome's authority, they adopted the religion and culture of the vanquished. Germany's own deep religious instinct, her native genius for religion, manifested in her creative success, was arrested, stunted, thwarted.

Continuing this on page 128, he says:

> The seventeenth century flung off Rome; the eighteenth undermined Galilee itself; Strauss completed the task that Eichorn began, and with the opening of the twentieth century Germany, her long travail past, is reunited to her pristine genius, her creative power in religion and thought. And what is the religion which, on the whole, may be characterized as the religion of the most earnest and passionate minds of young Germany? What is this new movement? The movement, the governing idea of the centuries from the fourteenth to the nineteenth, is the wrestle of the German intellect not only against Rome, but against Christianism itself. Must Germany submit to this alien creed, derived from an alien clime? Must she ever confront the ages the borrower of her religion, her own genius for religion numbed and paralyzed? . . . Thus, while preparing to found a world empire, Germany is also preparing to create a world religion.

Quite clearly the fundamental cause of the war is to be found in the character of the modern German, and the psychological root of modern German character is clearly traceable to the deistic

proclivities and anti-Christian spirit and teaching of the thinkers and leaders of public opinion in modern Germany. The leaders of the nation have practically said of Christ, "We will not have this man [with the emphasis on *man*] to rule over us." They have deliberately and defiantly rejected the teaching and the leadership of Christ, and have passionately manifested their preference for that of Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardi & Co. They have spurned the "Gospel of Peace," and espoused the "Religion of Valor." With Luciferian pride and folly and futility they have imagined the dethronement of Jehovah and the recoronation of Odin. The god from whom the Kaiser claims his kingship and his absolute power, whom he delights to associate with himself as a partner in his unhallowed ambitions, and in his carnival of lying, treachery, and murder, is not Jehovah, "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and abundant in goodness, mercy, and truth," but the god of the "Nietzschean scriptures"—a monster of Teutonic conception, whose angels, we doubt not, are black and cleft of hoof.

Has Christianity failed? Yes, in Germany; but no man with clear vision can behold the remarkable rally of the sacrificial hosts of the civilized world in the defense of the principles of justice, mercy, truth, good faith, and human freedom, and declare that it has failed on the earth, or doubt its ultimate triumph over the whole world.

William Houlston

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

GOD IN HISTORY[1]

HISTORY is too great and mysterious to admit of our being able altogether to understand its intention, but there is such intention, and the world's events, its revolutions and just as much its catastrophes, are part of the process by which God, immanent in the world, is operating to have history's intention actualized. To the extent then that God is the world's working and controlling energy, history is to be reckoned as a part of God's biography, for it gives us not only something regarding the life of man, but something touching the divine life as God has lived it through the recorded ages of the world thus far.

It is not important that we be able to draw the line of definition between what God does and what we do—that frontier where the agencies of the two become coincident; but it is important, both in the interests of our hope and of our fidelity, that we should recognize history as a drama divinely authored, and that it is moving through its successive acts and individual scenes in the direction of a definite consummation of God's dramatic purpose; that as there are currents in the air quite independent of the human lungs that breathe the air, currents in the sea altogether distinct from the navies that traverse the sea, and drifts among the stars of which no individual orb is conscious, so there are streams of celestial influence everywhere operant, and gravitations of a divine type that work themselves out through the midst of our human strivings, coordinating those strivings, and holding them under the discipline of a superior purpose.

The Scriptures are an attempt to give us a partial history of the movings of this current of divine influence as it has been flowing through the midst of the centuries and of the men who peopled the centuries, and at the same time to give us a history of the way in

[1] In tribute to a great ministry now ended we give space here to a fair sample of the telescopic vision, the wide range, the keen analysis, the front-line intelligence, the coherent consecutiveness, the gripping brain-power, the sturdy and steadying faith, which have characterized and made notable the pulpit of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, during the thirty-eight years' pastorate of Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. We accept this discourse as his valedictory.

which men have been willingly or reluctantly drawn into the flow of that current, and borne along by its power.

By such illustration I am trying to have presented to our minds a picture of the movings of God along the track of time, and of the slow and irregular, but nevertheless actual, inclining of human thought and purpose into confidence with those movings, till eventually the stream of human purpose and life shall become perfectly merged in the current of divine thought and ambition.

The Bible, then, I say, gives us in brief a history of this, interpreting to us, by a few scattered illustrations, the way in which divine impulses are operating in the direction of their ultimate end, and the kind of response which those impulses elicit from human hearts, the kind of consent, or refusal, that is testified to by the subordination or insubordination of human lives to the holy compulsion of those influences.

That is what gives to the Bible its peculiar value as a history. It may not be more accurate as a record of events than are some other histories. Its specialty consists in this, that it is written from a different standpoint from that occupied by the average historian, and written also, we believe, by men more fully endowed than most with the ability to distinguish the divine ingredient of historic events. For if what we have been saying is true, then everything that forms proper subject for historic treatment is part of it man's work and part of it God's work, and the problem that the sacred historian is supposed to be able to solve is the analyzing of events into these, their two elements—one element human, the other element divine. And when we speak of profane history and sacred history we must not understand that the occurrences treated of in sacred history are any more sacred than those recorded in profane history. The sacredness is in the mode of handling, not in what is handled.

I am attempting in all this reiteration to hold your thoughts steadily to this one fact, that the divine current of influence is one which uninterruptedly traverses the entire territory of events, instead of being an influence that has been operative only at certain select periods, and operative only among certain select peoples, but inoperative the rest of the time, and among other peoples and tribes.

There are presumably a great many events described in the Bible which, if they had been portrayed by the common class of historian, would read very much as occurrences do that are transpiring now. I am not trying to diminish the sanctity of what is known as sacred

history. I am trying to augment the sanctity of what is known as profane history, and to cultivate the idea that God does not work by fits and starts, massing his efforts at particular epochs, and leaving it to men to take care of everything the rest of the time, but that he works with the uninterrupted constancy with which the Gulf Stream works in the Atlantic, the constancy with which universal gravitation works among the constellations. There is thereby accorded to God's administration of the world a dignity, because a consistency, that is otherwise denied to it.

The part which God is represented as playing in what we know as the temptation scene in the Garden of Eden only then acquires its true significance for us when we realize that if we were accurately to delineate our experiences in pictorial form we could use without much variation, perhaps without any, the same colors as were employed by the writer of the third chapter of Genesis. I do not make that chapter mean less by recognizing God, Satan, and myself as standing around *my* act of sin, contemplating it, and maintaining each its appropriate relation to it.

As another example, we can hardly assent to the way in which the writer of Genesis states the relation in which God stood to the builders of the tower in the Plain of Shinar, and the confusion of languages that was in some manner connected with the disruption of that tower. But events which are in a striking way similar to that have occurred a great many times, the full statement of which lacks the final touch of completed accuracy if God's share in such events remains unrecognized. And here again our purpose is not to bring events, biblically described, down to the level of common events as we know them, but to lift common events, as we know them, up to the level of events biblically described.

It is at that point, then, that history wins its meaning. History has no logical significance except as it is under the superintendence of one comprehensive mind: and it has no claim upon our intelligent interest, except as it is contemplated by us as being under the governance of one intelligent and dominating purpose; and not only that, but as moral beings we are not justified in letting our hearts go out toward it save as that dominant purpose is a moral one, God the moral life of the world, drawing into the tidal flow of his vast righteousness every creature of all times and peoples that are created with capacity for righteousness and true holiness.

That is the problem of history. What God is going eventually

to make out of the *material* world we have no means of judging. No Bible of nature has yet been sufficiently written: and we have only snatches of a complete Bible of the human world, but those snatches are ample to indicate the quarter toward which the divine tide is setting, the aim toward which the steps of God are trending, the fullness of event toward which the life of God is expanding.

These are thoughts which should be reverently familiar to the mind of every man and woman that has the faculty of thought; thoughts that should be quietly wrapped in the folds of human interest and affection and be gently incubated there and brooded over. It is not enough for you and me to be satisfied with the small meanings of things. Just as physical vision was not given to us that we might simply scan our own faces in the mirror, or trace the glimmerings of light percolating through our own closed eyelids, but also, and more, that we might utilize it in surveying the whole broad scope of our environment and let it swing out into the distant ranges of earth and the upper ranges of sky; so we are endowed with the blessed gift of the finer sight of thought and feeling, not that we may restrain ourselves within the confinement of individual place and interest, but move out into line with the long intentions upon which the events of all the days are threaded, and walk in pace with the movements in which the associate interests and destiny of the race are involved.

Just as vessels crossing the sea do not take what might seem to be the shortest and easiest course, but sail always upon the track of a great circle, so our thoughts and affections, unless we are satisfied to have them remain petty and mean, must also travel on the line of some great meridian, and come as close as ever they can to the path where God's thoughts have gone on before. We shall certainly be lost unless we go God's way. We certainly shall fail even of our individual destiny unless we keep step with the music of God's great intentions.

And the written Bible, and the material for another Bible, furnished since the written Bible was completed, indicate to us in terms that can hardly be misunderstood what the great historic secret is; what the result is that events are being marshaled to accomplish; how God has been, age after age, gently crowding himself upon the world's recognition and acceptance, how he has made himself more and more evident to human thought and affection according as the minds and hearts of men would bear it; how he has been seeking by

the agency of lawgivers and prophets—coming always with a message more and more distinct and reaching—to persuade the world by the logic of sweet compulsion that the real purpose of events, the real burden of God's heart is to gather men, all men, within the circle of the divine fellowship; that man is a mere caricature unless he is inwardly figured to match the image of God; that the conflict of nations is as the brutal encounters of an African jungle, save as the native savagery of men is either physically crushed or subdued by the spirit of gentleness wrought from above, and that this earth, with all its beauties upon sea and land and with all its stellar lights hung in the firmament, is still infernal in spirit and in doom, except as its airs become mellowed and sweetened by the infusion of a celestial atmosphere, and the hardness of men softened by the tenderness of Christ.

That then is the situation in which we are placed. It is not a situation that we have to regard merely as a memory, which is gradually fading out in the dim distance of years that are almost forgotten. We are not compelled to go back and try to content ourselves with listening imaginatively to the voice of God as it was heard speaking to the old emigrant from out of Ur of the Chaldees. In order to know and feel the pressure of the great divine presence and to realize his stately steppings amidst the movements of the times we are not required to retrace the tired line of completed centuries and mount with Moses into the heights of Sinai and fancifully share with him Jehovah's solemn companionship.

Such distance of time or place is sure to blunt the touch of reality. Old reality, no matter how real, weakens with the years. The only impulses that stretch their influence to the center of the soul are the eternal ones, the things, I mean, that exist untainted by the touch of place or date, that are independent of maps and calendars; so that when men, preachers, have thrown the stress of their thought upon the topography and the antiquities of religious life, event and experience, they have by so far closed the doors of human hearts to the acceptance of their message. We are interested in echoes, and amused by them, but scarcely persuaded by them. We do not walk by the light that is in the sun, but only by the light of the sunbeam that lies close against our eye.

It is then the God who is enthroned in the present moment of whom I stand before you as the representative. Without denying the interest or impugning the significance of anything contained in the

past chapters of the world's religious history, and without in any way belittling the record that is left to us of the relation in which in past times God has stood to men through the agency of lawgivers and prophets, and above all through the person of the Christ, the thing we are called to believe in to-day is the God of to-day—not the topography of old Jerusalem, not the forms of belief with which others have believed in him—Abraham, Isaiah, Paul, Luther, or Wesley—no scheme of conviction wrought out either in the councils of the church or in the strivings of our own individual brain, but in God, God as the world, by the tuition of his Providences, and Spirit, and by the divinely quickened intuitions of our own hearts, we have come to know and trust him.

Study God's revelation of himself to Moses in the burning bush if you will, but do not worship the God of Moses, but your own God, and remember that he is as near to you as he was to Moses; the same present fact for your thought to move out toward and your heart to incline after as he was to Moses; that believing in Moses's experience does not make it your experience; that religion is not transferable, and that if you have not some kind of a Burning Bush of your own, Moses's Bush will not help you, and if you have, you can dispense with his. To believe in the Old Testament is a poor substitute for believing in the God of the Old Testament; to believe in the New Testament is a poor substitute for believing in the God of the New Testament. Bible, old or new, is only ladder, not loft. It is only what is eternal that can perfectly fit the needs of the soul—so much of the eternal as can slip into the soul between each day's sunrise and sunset.

Interesting as is the evident growth of God's kingdom in the world during the period covered by the Bible record, impressive as are the indications that during those centuries God was moving toward the accomplishment of his designs, and drawing men after him and gathering them more and more into sympathy with his own spirit and making intelligent righteousness to be an increasing commodity in some parts of the world at least—thus laying the foundations for a similar increase elsewhere—interesting I say, and fascinating as is all that—what more urgently concerns us is the still later extension of that kingdom. Let us in these matters keep our minds constantly to the track of present realities, and winnow out from our religion as far as possible the dust of the antiquarian. Christianity as we have to do with it is no branch of paleontology. We walk to-day in the

light of to-day's sun, and shall move this evening under the sheen of to-night's stars.

Wonderful, then, as are the tokens of progress made during the centuries biblically recorded, more wonderful still, as it seems to me, are the evidences of God's movings and workings among men in the centuries that followed on after. Events are interesting, but it is the *movements* of events, their ongoings, their trend toward a larger future, that are most charged with argument and stimulus. We can look toward the sun when it is in mid-heaven and not be greatly affected by it, but seen near enough to its rise or setting to be able to detect it *in its passage* across the horizon—*that* every eye is sensitive to and thrilled by. Our infidelity in these matters is due to keeping our vision trained on the single small event of the instant instead of upon the great transitions, such as the process by which the hearts of men are becoming capable of larger and sweeter affections, more sensitive to other's sorrows, more and more distressed by other's burdens, quicker to shed tears of sympathy, with a purse more readily and widely open for the sick and the suffering.

There is nothing equal to historic comparisons as persuasives of the fact that the kingdom of God is moving and the reign of Christ on the way. Many of us are so immured in the paltry containings of our own small instant that we have no idea of what is going on. We see nations fraternizing, and nations at war, and forget that it was not long ago that distinction of nationality was in itself ground of hostility. A man cannot be burrowing in the ground and at the same time have his eyes filled with the splendor that comes in with the moving of night into morning and blossoming of darkness into new day. There are no more eloquent histories written or books published than those which delineate the widening path along which the Spirit of God has been moving, in its career of gradual triumph; not only in the Occident but in the Orient, little by little suffusing the atmosphere with scattered touches of warmth, and under the gospel baptism of initial summerishness creating occasional patches of flowers where only cold winds had blown over ground that was frost-locked.

I am not asking you to subscribe to any scheme; we have had too much scheme; nor to kneel down and burn incense to any memory or antiquity; we have had too much museum. If you do not relish the gospel miracles as credentials of the mysterious man of Nazareth count them out, and frame your thoughts and your passion of wonderment to the incomparably vaster miracle of present and increasing

intellectual, moral, and spiritual bloom, that are as evidently and directly related to the mysterious man of Nazareth as you are to your father and mother. That is miracle enough to win you to the kingdom of God if you are willing to be won. And it is not a dead miracle; it is a live miracle, and it is growing. Not a day goes by but either here or in Africa or in China or Japan some new spot comes under the touch of the heavenly sunshine that had always been dark before, and cold, very cold.

That is what makes life worth living, and it is what makes nations worth existing and worth having a history.

If it be replied that in view of conditions which now exist the foregoing has been spoken too confidently, part answer will be to say that one who considers that the sun has gone out because it is cloudy, or whose optimism shifts to pessimism with the veering of the wind, has not mastered even the alphabet of Christian assurance.

Another partial answer is that the prospect of dismal catastrophes, interpolated along the path of historic progress, is definitely and consistently recorded as a feature of scriptural prognostication as in our present text for instance. The wiping out of the bulk of existing population in the days of Noah was one of the best things that ever happened in the history of the race. The crucifixion of the Son of Man was another, an event that was in itself and in appearance so horrible that the Scripture represents even nature herself as shuddering at the spectacle, and yet into that transaction was woven the salvation of the race. As already said it is the long and general drift that we have to consult and not any transient stage of that drift, and to take four bad years like those the world has just had and is having and let them outweigh the comprehensive testimony of all the antecedent centuries, is not philosophy, but panic.

But more than that, and as was declared here some weeks ago, in spite of the savage destruction of population, and in spite of all the surviving Huns that we had supposed to be men, but that have proved themselves to be devils, there is more righteousness on the face of the earth to-day than there was four years ago, more men and women with whom righteousness is a fact, a life, a service, a Christly devotion, an offering upon the altar, a flowing of consecrated tears, a shedding of that blood without which is no remission of sins. That is the thermometer you have to consult in determining the world's temperature, and history in the long run has always yielded to the pressure of high spiritual temperature. And it is going to. It is

the divinely implanted prerogative of spiritualized humanness to dominate. All down the line the men and women who have taken their commissions from God have given the final shape to the course of events and been the chieftains of history.

THE ARENA

LITERATURE AND THE PREACHER

In Silvester Horne's scintillating and inspiring volume, The Romance of Preaching, we read, "God's order of preaching friars is a far wealthier society than some of us have recognized. America to-day will not forget to blazon upon the roll of her great nineteenth century preachers of righteousness the name of Abraham Lincoln, as well as of Henry Ward Beecher; and Englishmen, who are justly proud of Robert Hall and Thomas Binney, Dale and Spurgeon, cannot fail to number also among her national prophets Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, and John Bright. And why not? It is no business of ours to belittle our calling. We hold no brief for any narrow and exclusive theory of preaching. Inspiration is not conditioned by a white tie or Geneva gown. I am glad to have listened to truths as noble and as Christian on the floor of Parliament as have been uttered under the dome of Saint Paul's. The Gettysburg speech was the message of a prophet of God, even if it was not divided into three heads and an application. No, we who call ourselves preachers enjoy no monopoly of the greatest of all arts, nor are we interested in establishing one. The Spirit breatheth where it listeth. Nobody doubts that Amos was of us, though, so far as I know, he did not, as we say, preach regularly twice a Sunday. Plowman and herdsman, carpenters, fishermen, tax-collectors and tent-makers, sons of German miners, Huntingdonshire farmers and Kentucky backwoodsmen, each in his time and order, have received the divine afflatus and therewith the spiritual and moral leadership of mankind."

It goes without saying that in this glorious company of flaming-tongued preachers of the living Word, there stand those masters of poetry and prose who caught the "vision splendid" and taught to man the truths of God. To even state the magnitude of the task of the pastor in the twentieth century is to give expression to a truism. Never before were the demands upon him greater than they are to-day. Never before was the challenge of the age so clear, so loud, and so insistent. As he wages his unending conflict against the principalities and powers of darkness he needs every weapon in the great arsenal of God. It cannot be said with too much emphasis that no preacher can afford to remain in ignorance of the best thought of his own and other ages as it is expressed upon the pages of literature.

That a preacher should know theology is a fact absolutely incontrovertible. A minister, ignorant of theology, can be as dangerous to society as a physician knowing no medicine. It is equally true that a man acquainted only with the theological thought of his own time cannot even know that with any degree of thoroughness. These things being true, the preacher cannot neglect literature. Dr. David G. Downey says, "Some of the best theology—the most truly biblical, I mean—is found imbedded, as gold or diamonds in precious soil, in the stanzas of the poets." He who would have a clear conception of the realities of life in the far-away middle ages must turn to Dante, who enshrined all of its knowledge and speculation, its sorrows and yearnings in the glory of imperishable verse. No one can hope for a comprehensive grasp of the great issues of modern thought without a rather thorough knowledge of the luminous interpretation of life which has come to us from the clear-visioned Goethe. From the days of the unknown bard who in the morning twilight of the long ago sang of the heroic deeds of the warrior Beowulf, down to the present hour, the dominant note in English literature has been distinctly spiritual. Professor Pancoast concludes one of his books on English literature with these significant words, "Henry Morley reminds us that the opening lines of Caedmon's Creation, the first words of English literature on English soil, are words of praise to the Almighty Maker of all things. After reviewing in outline the long and splendid history of the literature thus solemnly begun, we find in the two greatest poet-voices of our own day, Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning, the note of an invincible faith, an undiminished hope; we find them affirming in the historic spirit of the English race, 'Thy soul and God stand sure!'"

Professor Winchester says, "Such a work as the 'In Memoriam' a hundred years hence will be accounted a truer picture of the vital thought at the middle of the nineteenth century than all our formal philosophies and theologies put together"; and Professor O. A. Curtis tells us that "In the poetry of Robert Browning one can come closer to the whole reality of human life than he can in any scientific treatise published in the last hundred years." So dominatingly spiritual is our American literature that it cannot be intelligently read by one lacking a sense of the reality of the invisible. The best religious thought of the Anglo-Saxon race is expressed, not in the works of the theologian or philosopher, but rather upon the pages of the man of letters. Without at least some knowledge of literary men and movements a vital understanding of theology is an utter impossibility.

But the greatest values of literature cannot be expressed in philosophical or theological terms. To the preacher as for the layman, contact with the emanations of the great minds of great masters makes life itself grander and nobler, broader and deeper, richer and truer. To read good literature is the best way of acquiring the habit of living in the minds and hearts of other people and learning how to take their point of view. Real literature is the best possible antidote to "township mindedness"; it increases a hundredfold the size of the world in which

we live and enhances as nothing else can our sympathetic understanding of those with whom we walk along life's common way. And more than this, a satisfying love of great books has many a time enabled a man to bear burdens beneath which he would otherwise have sunk in despair. From the days when regal Athens shone in the firmament of greatness down to the present hour, literature has consoled sorrow and assuaged pain; it has brought gladness to eyes which have failed with wakefulness and tears; it has been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, and society in solitude. And still it has within it the power to help the sons of men victoriously to fight the good fight of faith.

Yet just now I wish to give predominant emphasis to literature as a homiletical treasure house for the preacher of the living Word. In this regard it is to the highest degree a fruitful source of illustration, suggestion and inspiration. It most certainly is true that all of us have heard the term, "literary preacher," expressed in blatantly sneering tones. It may be true also that several times in our lives we have listened to an utterance of the threadbare sentiment, "What the world needs to-day is not literature and philosophy, but the old-fashioned gospel." Beyond the peradventure of a doubt our modern world does need the "old-fashioned gospel." But the noblest words in our language very frequently are the most egregiously misused. It is very much to be regretted that in some minds the term "gospel" means the vain repetition of second-hand thought and the rehash of barren, pious-sounding verbiage. It was this idea of the Word which John Wesley had in mind when he said, "But of all preaching, what is usually called gospel preaching is the most useless if not the most mischievous." To be sure, literature cannot make a sham gospel genuine; neither can it be a substitute for one which is real; but latent within it is the power to make the message of the preacher more virile, sympathetic, and winsome.

It is much to be feared that the major part of the shallow criticism of the use of literature in the pulpit is simply the vain vaporizings of self-defensive ignorance. Again I quote Silvester Horne: "But for the present let me lay it down that there is nothing in Holy Writ to warrant the assumption that a man is likely to be more spiritual if he is an ignoramus; or that prophetic power in the pulpit especially attaches to the preacher whose heart is full and whose head is empty. Knowledge is really not a disqualification for the ministry; neither is there any incompatibility between the seer and the scholar. Because Festus chose to assume that much learning had made Paul mad, we need not be seriously afraid that a similar cause will be likely to produce that effect in us. That Moses brought to his democratic task a finely trained, balanced and disciplined intellect was of immeasurable value to him and gave him at once a portion of personal ascendency when he came to deal with those whose misfortune it was that they had been deprived of his advantages." The preacher who willfully neglects literature is most signally failing to utilize one of the greatest factors for the adding to his gifts, grace, and usefulness.

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IBSEN'S NORA

THE METHODIST REVIEW for May-June, 1918, contains an excellent article on "The Blond Beast," by Dr. C. W. Barnes. I very gladly acknowledge the merit of the article as a whole, but I wish to call attention to one unfortunate error in it—a blunder all the harder to understand because Dr. Barnes is not the first to make it. His intentions are of course perfectly honest and he is probably following the erroneous statement made some years ago and, so far as I know, not publicly corrected.

Dr. Barnes attacks the teaching of Ibsen as an "apostle of the Blond Beast philosophy. In the Doll's House Nora leaves her husband and children because of 'other duties equally sacred, duties toward herself.' It turns out this 'sacred duty' was to marry another."

My present purpose is not to discuss whether Nora did right or wrong. That has been furiously debated for nearly forty years and people still differ. Nor do I wish either to attack or defend Ibsen. I merely wish to point out that Nora did not do what Dr. Barnes says she did. She comes to realize that her husband regards her merely as a plaything, "a doll." And when he learns that she has committed a technical forgery in order to get the money which saved his life in an illness he is overwhelmed with fear that people will hold him responsible for the crime. In her disgust at these things Nora says she will leave his house, taking only what she brought to it. She refuses all further support from him, because she "can receive nothing from a stranger." She is going to her old home, to secure employment and earn her own living. There is not the faintest suggestion of any other marriage. She even leaves her husband a very faint hope that "the most wonderful thing of all" might happen and life might be a "real wedlock."

Some years ago I noted the erroneous statement which Dr. Barnes has followed, when I had not at hand a copy of the book, and I wondered if my memory had failed me on the point. Now I write with the book at hand. How did the error originate? Possibly by a willful misrepresentation from some hostile critic of Ibsen's enemies. More probably by the honest blunder of somebody who was writing from memory and was too careless to verify his own statements in an article. In either case some writers who are doubtless perfectly honest have unconsciously passed on the blunder. Or can it be that there was an earlier edition of the play which gave this version of the story and that Ibsen altered it in later editions? I can only say that I have never seen or heard of the slightest allusion to any such edition, though there were some varying editions of other plays. I do not believe there was any change in this case. But however it originated the error is curiously persistent and it is time it was corrected. There are too many true complaints against Ibsen to allow any place for false ones.

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MY LIBRARY AND I

My library is a "magic carpet."

I live a local life; my work limits me. I narrow. It is part of the price I pay for achievement. Yet my heart longs to *go*. The earth is big; I would see it. Strange men live; I would know them. Other lands are; I would visit them. Strange customs prevail; I would understand them. Must I ever pay this price for any achievement? Must the commandment "Six days shalt thou labor" cost my soul such sacrifice? No longer! I have a magic carpet. Between my tasks I seat myself upon it. In an eyeflash, with Stoddard I ride the surf at Honolulu. I gaze upon beautiful torii, strange spire for temple I call "heathen" but another calls "the gate of Paradise." I make my way through jungles like another Tarzan. I round the world in eighty seconds. Two Thousand Leagues Under the Sea are nothing on my magic carpet. I ride in comfort through the resurrected streets of Pompeii and am carried up the vine-clad hills of Vesuvius to the sulphurous crater. Between my days I journey with Livingstone as he lays the cross of his exploration upon unknown Africa. I hear his untutored bearers face the unknown sea and cry, "The land! it says, 'I am no more!'" A Protestant, I nevertheless adventure with farvisioned Xavier. Between two days Jack London takes me over untried paths of the sea. Soul-tortured O. Henry leads me into ambuscades of the unexpected. Thus, on magic carpet day by day despite my tasks, I travel "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand." I wander at will and in safety. Adventures strange with men, with beasts, with elements, befall me; hunger, strife, famine, war slay my every companion, but my magic carpet keeps me safe and I journey on again. I see the rats in "No Man's Land" and go "over the top" with Empey. Yet my magic carpet safefolds me and on the morrow I am again at my desk. Thank you, magic carpet! You are a friend indeed! You make me glad for home and toil and task!

My library is to me an "open sesame."

I speak the magic words. Doors fast-closed by time open and all the good and great of human history come to talk with me—and, if I will, "publicans and sinners" reveal to me the depths of piteous tale. Yes, and those that *are* but *never were*, like Shylock, Christian, and a thousand others. Kings are my servants and princes do my bidding when I speak the magic word. I do not ask if they like me; I only care if I like them. They come, they go, they stay at my merest whim. Haughty Cæsar comes when I command and recites for me his conquests in Gaul. Euclid patiently explains again and again the intricacies of his thoughts. Socrates, and Xantippe too, discourse for me. Myriad-minded Shakespeare and humble Burns recite for me immortal verse. How big I am when in my library! Music and art and science and literature and religion and history and a hundred other realms are mine—for my library is "open sesame."

My library is "Aladdin's Lamp" to me.

At my library's shelves I change my lamp, battered by the day's fret

and worry, for a new Aladdin's Lamp. In a quiet corner I rub it and genii appear to bow and ask my bidding. Space and time vanish at their coming. They build for me again the Eternal City—and destroy it. In another mood, in another moment, I bid them build for me old Babel and, spellbound, I listen to the confusing of tongues. I invite myself to Belshazzer's feast and watch the Fall of Babylon. Before to-morrow I have them build for me the Panama Canal, make a new continent, upheave a mountain, or build a coral isle in tropic sea. They do my Herculean bidding, for I have my magic lamp. They do more; they bring eternity to me, for yesterday and to-morrow both become to-day.

My library is to me a Jacob's ladder.

My head is pillowed upon the hard facts of life; body and soul are tired with the eternal grind; my soul desponds. Then, in my library, my eyes are open and I behold red-crossed angels of mercy ministering to the sad, the suffering, and the needy. I see human greed combated by divine compassion in human form. I see the lowly climbing upward; I see the haughty coming down; I hear the praying of contrite heart; I catch the tears of penitence. Prophet and priest, sage and philosopher lead me to a growing Light. I seek the Truth of God. I find it in a Book. It is a Word. Wearied no longer, I start myself at last to climb. The heavens open. My soul is glad.

All this my library is to me—and more.

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ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE BATTLE OF KADESH

The battle of Kadesh, one of the decisive battles in the world's history, like many other struggles, was fought not by the inhabitants of Kadesh but by foreign troops from distant lands. Like Belgium in our day, so Syria and Palestine in past ages, had the misfortune repeatedly of being in the path of ambitious rulers and ruthless warriors of other countries.

To understand the real causes of the battle of Kadesh, the reader must bear in mind that the narrow strip of land through the Orontes and Jordan valleys, or between those rivers and the Mediterranean Sea, was the great highway of the nations for millenniums. It was the principal caravan route which connected the Nile with the Euphrates and the Tigris. Over this the camel trains in endless succession passed each other bearing the commodities of the east and west and north and south. It was the one connecting link between India, Persia, Asia Minor and remoter lands with Egypt, Ethiopia and the interior of Africa. The traffic and profit along this route explain not only the battle of Kadesh but many other bloody conflicts to the north and south.

Old Testament readers are perfectly familiar with many a battle which raged in this territory and which caused so much undeserved suffering and discomfort to the children of Israel at various periods in their history.

Whenever Babylon or Assyria made war upon Egypt or when the latter waged war upon Mesopotamia, Palestine was generally drawn into the conflict and had to pay the penalty inseparably connected with the ravages of war. Being a buffer state, it was always in the way, and neutrality was generally out of the question.

At the time of the battle of Kadesh, Egypt and Babylonia were not the only great world powers. There was, too, another mighty empire, with its chief capital in Asia Minor. They were the Hittites, incidentally, mentioned many times in the Old Testament, but in such a way as to leave the impression that they were nothing more than a petty tribe or small clan like the Hivites, Perizzites or Jebusites of the Pentateuch. Archæology, however, in recent times has demonstrated that the Hittites of the Old Testament, called Kheta on the Egyptian monuments and Khatti in the cuneiform inscriptions, were a very powerful people, or rather a confederation of peoples, with several capitals. Their dominion extended from the shores of the Ægean Sea to the Euphrates and beyond, then south down the Orontes into Palestine. They were so powerful in the early part of the second millennium B. C. as to overthrow the first Babylonian dynasty, as well as a source of great evil to Egypt.

The term Hittite at first might have been employed of one people, but later of several, just as English is often confounded with British. Hittite, no doubt, as European, was a general term for many nations. This explains the variety of types on the Egyptian monuments, for evidently "the Egyptian artists of the confederates in their day had noted some of their peculiarities, but did not distinguish between them with sufficient clearness."

At the time of the battle of Kadesh, their chief capital was at Boghaskeui, northwest of Yusgab in Angora vilayet, little east of a straight line drawn from Sinope on the Black Sea to Tarsus on the Mediterranean. Carchemish on the Euphrates was another important capital. Babylonia was naturally hostile to the Hittites, and opposed their encroachments not only in the direction of Babylonia, but also southward toward Syria and Palestine, for if the Hittites could subdue these, and curtail the power of Egypt, it would be a far easier task to overpower the rest of the nations and become master of the whole world.

The Hittites occupied a strategic position. If we trace the migrations of the nations we find that Asia Minor has always been one of the main thoroughfares between the east and the west. Through Asia Minor have passed the victorious armies of many a mighty conqueror, from the days of Sargon, Xerxes, Cyrus and Alexander down the ages. Even to-day Asia Minor is the key that locks or unlocks the doors eastward and westward. Hence the importance of the Bagdad railroad. The power that can control Constantinople and Bagdad or the Persian Gulf and the intervening territory can defy the nations east and west. This explains

why the entente allies have such large armies concentrated at Salonica, in Egypt and Mesopotamia, and why they have been for so long a time marching one army up the Tigris and another—as did Rameses II before the battle of Kadesh—from Egypt through the desert, or along the coast to Gaza, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Es-Salt and beyond, in the hope of uniting the two armies at Aleppo or some strategic point on the Bagdad railroad.

No nation understands the importance of Asia Minor better than the Germans—whether for commercial or military purpose. Despairing of creating a navy that could match that of Great Britain, the Germans in their "Drang nach Osten" (trend toward the west) conceived the idea of reaching the Persian Gulf and mastering the intervening territory by a land route. This plan was matured in 1889, when the Germans secured a concession from the Ottoman government to build a railroad from Constantinople to Bagdad. This might have been, at first, nothing more than a gigantic commercial enterprise. Be that as it may, Junkerdom and military Prussia saw in the scheme a splendid offset for the supremacy of Britain upon the seas. Had all worked out according to schedule plans, Hindenburg-Ludendorff could have stepped into a magnificent palace car at Bremen or Hamburg, ride through Berlin and Vienna to Constantinople, thence via Konin, Adana and Aleppo Mosul (ancient Nineveh) to Bagdad and the Persian Gulf, or from Aleppo they might have taken a little excursion south to Kadesh, Damascus, Jerusalem, Beersheba, Port Said and Cairo. Once at the Persian Gulf or even at Suez, India and China would not appear very distant. Great Britain and their allies anticipated all that, hence the presence of two large armies, one proceeding up the Tigris through Mesopotamia, another from Egypt over the same route as Rameses II to Kadesh. When these two armies join at Aleppo the German dream will vanish.

After this long digression let us return to the battle of Kadesh, fought thirty-one hundred years ago, precisely in the same spirit as many a battle in Belgium during the past three or four years, and without any more justification either.

Kadesh, on the Orontes, eighty miles north of Damascus, about one hundred south of Aleppo, and one hundred and fifty from Carchemish, had been at different times a stronghold of the Amorites, Babylonians, Egyptians and Hittites. Thothmes III captured it in his victorious campaign north between B. C. 1500-1540. Later it was lost to the Hittites, who were at the summit of their power in the second half of the second millennium B. C. It was held by them when the great battle took place, about B. C. 1290. Rameses II, mindful of the glory of Egypt under Thothmes, and eager for conquest, determined to regain the lost territory. He mustered a large army of native Egyptians and friendly allies as well as many mercenaries, even some Negroes from the interior of Africa. At the head of his host, divided into four divisions, each under the name of one of the chief four gods, Amen, Re Ptah and Sutekh, he marched northward to Phœnicia, perhaps, as far as the Dog River (Nahrel Kelb). Here he turned eastward, crossed the mountains, and reached the Orontes

some miles south of Kadesh. Leaving the main army in the rear Rameses marched, with his own division only, to a spot near Kadesh.

The Hittite king, too, had assembled a large army from all parts of his empire. There were soldiers from Pisidia, Lycia, Mysia, Cilicia, from the Ægean coast and even from the islands of the sea. There were also his allies, kings of Arvad, Naharin, Carchemish, Kode, Nuges, Aleppo, Kadesh, etc., etc. With these hosts Mursil or his son Mutulla marched to Kadesh. By a clever ruse he managed to conceal his army from the Egyptians and succeeded in drawing Rameses and his small division into a trap. While Rameses was marching up on the west bank of the Orontes, the Hittites in large numbers marched south on the east side, then crossed over and cut the king of Egypt from the bulk of his troops some miles farther down the river. Rameses thus caught between two large armies was in a desperate position. He did not utterly despair, but prayed to Amen and fought against tremendous odds. We read on one of the Egyptian monuments: "Lo, while his majesty sat talking with his nobles [rebuking them for their negligence for not having informed him of the trap set for the Egyptian troops] the Hittite king came together with the numerous countries that were with him. They crossed the ford south of Kadesh. They came forth from the south side of Kadesh and they cut through the division of Re in its middle, while it was on the march, not knowing and not drawn up for battle." We may believe that Rameses fought valiantly on that day, though, perhaps, the following inscription must be taken with some reservation. In his prayer to Amen he says: "Behold now, Amen, I am in the midst of many unknown peoples in great numbers, all have united themselves and I am all alone, my warriors and my charioteers have deserted me; I called to them and not one of them heard my voice." Amen answers his petitions and he is endowed with supernatural strength. Then he says: "I hurled the dart with my right hand, I fought with my left hand, I was like Baal in his hour before their sight. I had found 2,500 chariots. I was in the midst of them, but they were dashed in pieces before my horses."

There was one weak spot in the Hittite lines, the one next to the river was but poorly manned. Rameses took advantage of this and drove many of the Hittite troops pell-mell into the Orontes, where they were drowned in sight of their king on the farther shore, where he had stationed himself with 8,000 of his infantry. From that point he saw "several of his chief officers, his personal scribe, his charioteers, the chief of his bodyguard and finally even his own royal brother go down before the Pharaoh's furious onset." Fortunately the main Hittite army instead of utterly defeating the Egyptians, having become intoxicated with their success, fell upon the camp of Rameses, rich in all treasure, with food and drink in superabundance. Here they gave themselves to plunder and revelry. While the Hittites were thus engaged, some reinforcements marched to the aid of Rameses and utterly routed the enemy, or, as Breasted puts it, "slew them to a man." Later the balance of the Egyptian troops, who had been left at the ford near Shabtuna, succeeded in joining their comrades and dealt the Hittites a crushing blow. The

losses on both sides must have been tremendous. Though the Hittites were not crushed, they never recovered from the shock. The zenith of their war power was passed. The battle of Kadesh was not decisive. "What made the issue a success for Rameses was his salvation from utter destruction, and that he eventually held possession of the field added little practical advantage." Kadesh did not change hands that day. No doubt, when the Hittite documents found at Boghas Keni and elsewhere shall have been deciphered, we shall know more about the battle of Kadesh, for now almost all we know about it is derived from Egyptian sources. Detailed description by sculptor and scribe has been left us on the walls of temples at Abu Simbel, Luxor, Karnak and Abydos, and especially at the Ramesseum, the funerary temple of Rameses.

One thing is certain, both armies were too exhausted to continue the fight. While the Hittites returned northward, Rameses with some booty and captives hastened to Egypt and was not slow to assure his people of the victory over the detested Hittites. The war did not come to an end with the battle of Kadesh. The Amorites in and around Kadesh took advantage of the situation, rebelled and temporarily overthrew Hittite rule, but only to be subdued soon after by Hattusil II, Mutulla's brother. The petty nations in Syria and adjacent lands manifested disloyalty to Egypt and tried to gain their independence. The result was that Rameses took the field again, for the revolt had reached the very borders of Egypt. The monuments record his triumphs at Askelon, in Galilee and Deper. If Deper is to be identified with Tabor, the Hittites had penetrated in the confusion as far south as that well-known mountain. Rameses, however, was victorious and drove the enemy before him northward beyond Kadesh.

But tired of war some years later, about B. C. 1280 or 1275, a defensive and offensive treaty was made between Egypt and the Hittites. It is a long document of fifteen paragraphs, and is called "the good treaty of peace and of brotherhood, setting peace between them forever." It was engraved by the Hittite scribes on a silver plate, highly decorated, and is witnessed by a thousand gods and goddesses. The Egyptian sculptors and scribes reproduced the treaty from the silver plate and engraved it on the walls of at least two temples. It is the first detailed treaty which has come down to us. A few years later, in order to ratify this peace compact the more firmly, the Hittite king brought his eldest daughter to Egypt and she became one of Rameses' wives.

The interested reader may find a complete copy of this ancient treaty in Brugsch's History of Egypt, in Sayce's little volume, The Hittites, and in Breasted's Ancient Records of Egypt.

How strangely does history repeat itself. The present great war is in many regards an exact counterpart of what took place in these same Bible lands in the second millennium before our era. As Egypt and Babylonia marched their troops to successful victory against the barbarous hordes of Asia Minor, so to-day the entente allies have marched over practically the same route as Rameses from Egypt into the interior of Palestine, and are steadily pressing on in the direction of Kadesh

and Aleppo. One of these days we shall doubtless read of the capture of Kadesh by the allies. Another great army is following the old military roads up the Tigris and Euphrates to join the forces marching up the Jordan and Orontes valleys and hurl back the foes of civilization through Asia Minor to Constantinople, and thus crush the Huns and Turks.

The Germans planned and built the Bagdad railroad, but Great Britain and its allies will use it for the promotion of legitimate commerce and the utter destruction of militarism. Thank God, Jehovah does still bring the counsels of the nations to nought, and does frustrate the devices of the crafty.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE NEW OPPORTUNITY FOR EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANITY

WHAT we have to report in these lines is a matter open to the view of all observers of the religious aspects of the war. God in his own marvelous way has opened to the evangelical Christians of the world a great and effectual door. In ways hitherto undreamed of the Macedonian cry for help is coming to us from France and Italy and Russia. Only in this case the call for help is not, as in Paul's day, a mere unconscious state of need. The people of these countries know that they want us, and are plainly declaring it. To be sure, they are not inviting us to come over and convert them. Nor are we going in the spirit of proselytizers. In the frank spirit of brotherhood we are there, working mostly under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, to do what we can for the bodies and the souls of the soldiers. But just because we are with them in such a service of love, the people are taking knowledge of who and what we are. Of course the Catholics are at work there, too, and they are rendering an admirable service. But by far the larger part of the service rendered in the name of our common Lord is done by Protestants. The amount of sympathy for the evangelical type of Christianity which has been aroused thus undesignedly seems to be very great and significant. Therefore, not in the spirit of proselytizing, but in the sincerity of those who recognize that they have a trust committed to them and desire to give an account to their Lord, we must answer the call to give the gospel in its simplicity and purity to those who have it not and are hungering for it. We are not to take advantage of their present distress in order to carry on a more or less secret proselytizing propaganda. That would be utterly unworthy of our high mission. But already a most significant demand has made itself felt for the light and comfort of the gospel for those who have been called Catholics, but are in reality quite estranged from the church. We scarcely realize to what an extent this estrangement had developed both in France and Italy and even in Greek-Catholic Russia before the war called us to come to them.

Apart from the immediate service to the soldiers as now carried on by the Y. M. C. A. in France and Italy the most evident duty of American Protestant Christians toward the people of those countries is to give help to the evangelical churches that already exist there. The appeals of the two eloquent messengers of French Protestantism to the Protestants of America deserved an even heartier response than it called forth. As organized churches we should do for the distressed Protestant churches of France far more than we have planned or thought to do. The more than 600,000 Protestants of France represent, we believe, a great deal of real devotion to the gospel. But hitherto they have settled themselves down in the false notion that they had no special call to evangelize France. Without doubt the new situation brought on by the war has largely awakened them from their slumber. Our call is to help them to meet the issues of the new day. And we dare to hope that we shall discern a better way than to seek to establish a lot of churches throughout France representing American denominations. In Italy the opportunity is no less real than in France. In both countries the undenominational yet certainly Protestant Y. M. C. A. has not only been welcomed but urgently invited by the military authorities to work freely. If there is a special advantage in the Protestant situation in France it lies in two facts. In the first place we have been able to send far more workers to France than to Italy and—looking to our future cooperation—there is a far stronger and better organized body of Protestants in France than in Italy. In Russia the need of our help is quite as great as in either of the other countries. If the immediate obstacles seem great, they surely are not insurmountable. Of course the state of Protestantism in Italy and Russia is such that we cannot operate in those countries just as we dare to hope we shall be generous enough to do in France, that is, in direct organic cooperation with the existing churches; but even in Italy and Russia the same broad and generous principles should prevail.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Enchanted Universe. By Frederick F. Shannon. 12mo, pp. 204. Revell Company: New York and Chicago. Price, $1 net.

The third volume of sermons from Dr. Shannon. Following our frequent plan of letting a book speak for itself, we present without quotation marks the sermon on "The One Touch More," as a fair sample of this Brooklyn preacher's style. "Then again he laid his hands upon his eyes."—Mark 8. 25. One of the advantages of the New Year is the psychological benefit it affords us in freshening up our spiritual being. We are reminded that, after all, our great task is not so much to succeed in life as to succeed in living. Wordsworth thought men lived by admiration, by hope, by love; and it is certain that for lack of these shining quali-

ties, men inwardly die. The season is propitious, therefore, because it invites us to retire into our deeper, truer selves and consider the timeless, abiding values. One of these values is splendidly hinted in the text, and it is broadly seen in the Master's entire life and ministry. It is that immeasurable value of doing a little more than is actually required, of planning more largely than is in keeping with average human nature, of speaking somewhat more generously than is customary for tongues natively critical. A few Sundays ago, after conducting a vesper service in one of Brooklyn's hospitals, I was taken through the wards by the founder, that we might say a word to the sufferers. By each bed I noticed a flower, and by way of explanation, my friend said: "Do you see that little flower? Well, it is our custom here to have a flower by each bed when the patient is placed in it. Patients receive flowers from their friends, of course, but we do not want a single patient to wait even a day for a bit of bloom and cheer. And this," he added, gently, "is what we call 'the one touch more.'" Instantly I was back in old Bethsaida looking at a blind man, or else the Master of Bethsaida had come gloriously close to my side! For I found myself repeating: "Then *again* he laid his hands upon his eyes." Is not the one touch more the secret of Christianity? Surely, the wonder of our religion is in its overflow of graciousness, its thrill of the uncatalogued, its utterance of the unlanguaged, its conquest of the added touch. Compared with all other religions, Christianity excels in what it adds, not in what it takes away; in what it fulfills, not in what it destroys; in what it supplies, not in what it suppresses. To-day we frankly recognize the good in other religions; we are not unmindful of what the world owes to Confucianism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, and other faiths. Some of us can recall the time when, if a scintilla of good was discovered in these venerable beliefs, we thought a direct attack had been made upon the validity of our own religion. Happily, our mood is wiser and more Christlike now. We say: "Yes; there is much that is excellent in ethnic religions. God has never left himself without witness in any nation. Religion is the noblest aspiration in the heart of man; no people have been without a religion; hence, their prophets and teachers. Schoolmasters of the race, they have led their scholars gropingly, ofttimes very crudely and imperfectly, along the dim-lit paths opening into the larger day. What these faiths lack, our own supplies; their imperfections but help to more fully reveal the completeness of the Christian's faith." Here, then, we take our stand for the divinity of Christ's revelation: It offers the *one touch more.* In the best sense, ours is not a religion of exclusion, but of inclusion. Other creeds may furnish the first touch and the second; Christianity alone adds the third and final touch of uttermost salvation. Are you a mystic? Christianity contains enough mysticism to satisfy a race of mystics. Are you a pragmatist? Christianity is so practical that, with all its mysticism, there is no hope whatever of understanding it without practicing it, doing it up in flesh and blood and sending it forth into the roaring, dusty streets of the everyday. Are you a poet? Well, one angel undertook to tell those shepherds of the Christ-child.

But I suppose it was too much for him. Maybe his voice broke, and maybe all the strings on his harp snapped—I don't know. At any rate, one angel was not enough to sing the Advent song, for "suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." But if you are neither a mystic, nor a pragmatist, nor a poet, I know you are a sinner. We are all sinners—that is the horrible, unspeakable indictment of our humanity. Yet here again is the one touch more of Christianity: The shame of being a sinner is offset by being saved from sin in Christ Jesus! But if this law of the added touch is embodied in the Christian system, how wondrously, how heart-breakingly is it seen in the Master's personal relations. Witness the scene from which the text is taken. Here is this blind man—who in that weltering mass of Oriental humanity cares anything for a blind man? I fear earth's answer would be disappointing; but heaven has a big, sweet, tender, golden answer. You ought to dip your voice in tears before attempting to read it: "And he took hold of the blind man by the hand." If you can read that without a kind of sob, my friend, your heart is as hard as marble. Oh, my soul, what is this! Methinks angels are hiding behind their wings, the silence of awe is on their lips, as they gaze on this new world's wonder. The hand that hammered out the stars and set them in their places has clasped the hand of a blind man! The hand that nestles the seas in its hollow, teaching them how to roar in awful harmony, and how to sigh with infinite yearning—ah, me! that hand is leading a sightless man out of the village! He who walks the worlds and the eternities knows how to keep step with a poor, halting, eyeless human! But the wonder is not yet. True, he took him by the hand and led him forth, touching those dead eyes. Already the man can see somewhat—men as trees, walking. But that is not enough for the Master; he must yet add that touch of tender grace, that fine, rich, wordless, beautiful something —sweet as a flower by a sick man's bed; white as mother-love, stealing into the daughter's room and kissing the fair sleeping girl that on the morrow will be a bride; artless as the child coming out of the Vast Unseen into our noises, and then toddling back again into the heavens with a merry peal of lyric laughter, while we stand looking up, thinking "unworded things and old." Or, take the case of the nameless woman. That day the Master came to the temple in the early morning. While he was teaching, heartless men drag this soiled creature into his presence. Her crime, said these men, must be expiated by stoning. "But Jesus stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground." Moses added a pile of stones to such as she; but Jesus added the divine forgiveness, making the sweet flowers of her girlhood bloom amid the desolate wastes of life; for her blasted noonday and the dread oncoming night, Jesus gave her back her lost morning, all bright with dewy hopefulness and rhythmic with music of warblers whose songs were hushed long ago. Finally, the Master's one touch more—the unfading bouquet he set forever by humanity's sin-sick bedside—is seen on Calvary. It was not enough that he carried his own cross; not enough that he spoke comforting words to

the women of Jerusalem; not enough that, from his place of pain, he gave his mother into the knightly keeping of his best-loved disciple. No! This manifestation of Godhead veiled in flesh demands one final privilege: He makes a pillow of hope upon which a social outcast may rest his dying head! Even while the sun puts on sackcloth and goes mourning down his darkened circuit, this God, out of his agony and blood, speaks: "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." I know not where Paradise is—whether in the north of space, or the south of space, or the east of space, or the west of space; or whether its fragrant gardens may be fenced within the immeasurable ranges of the soul itself; or whether it is the spirit's final cleansing room, stainless and pure with the unceasing flow of the water of life, before entering into the Many-Mansioned House. But this I know: It will be most sweet and lovely, even more than mind can think, or imagination can picture, or dreams can dream, to look upon the face that was marred, the hand that was pierced, the Saviour who forgot himself, even in death, that he might add the one touch more to an unworthy but penitential life. Does not the one touch more explain the vitality of truly great institutions? Think of that complex institution called government. Broadly speaking, there are two theories of human government—the monarchial and the republican. Between these two outstanding and opposite ideals there are, of course, minor conceptions; but these two have been the age-long contestants. Concerning the first, Bernhardi says: "In view of the superiority of the monarchial over the republican form of government, it is our duty to uphold the monarchial idea." In its aggravated form, the monarchial theory says: "The state is everything—a vast, soulless machine, in which men are so many cogs. Therefore, raise men to the highest power of efficiency that they may become the tools, not the servants, of the state; and the head and soul of the state is vested in one man through the accident of primogeniture. His word is final; he is a sacred person; the king can do no wrong." Standing squarely opposed to this theory is the republican—"government of the people, by the people, and for the people." It says: "Men are servants of the state, not its slaves. The word of the ruler is final only when it is right; he may do wrong, and just as surely as he does, the people will correct him; his person is sacred only if clothed in robes of righteousness, and not because some dead ancestor got hold of the crown, which his descendants have worn ever since." Americans uphold the republican form of government because they believe it to be dynamically democratic, and not autocratic; because it retains the good qualities of the monarchy and leaves out its incorrigible evils. But forgetting, for the moment, the superiority or inferiority of the two systems, does not the present international murder forever doom and damn the ethics of government which says: "What is confessedly wrong between man and man, may somehow be right between nation and nation"; or, as the chief exponent of militarism says: "Christian morality is based on the law of love. This law can claim no significance for the relation of one country to another, since its application would lead to a conflict of duties." Is it not such absurd thinking as this that has led

to the present inhuman doing among the nations? Evidently, it is time for governments to add the one touch more. Having tried everything else and failed, why not give Christianity a chance? It will lay its strong, tender, healing hands upon these blind giants and lead them forth from their tribal villages into the ample places of international cosmopolitanism.

Here, also, is the secret of great schools. Behind every true school stands a true man, and in that man is something finer, larger, more far-reaching than anything to be found in the course of study. It is this that distinguishes Mark Hopkins as one of America's foremost educators. Parents sent their boys to Williams College and—Mark Hopkins. The college was the noble school's body, but Mark Hopkins was its heart and soul. While other teachers opened the boys' eyes somewhat, the president did something else—he made them open their eyes in wonder and awe. When Arnold's name was presented for the headmastership of Rugby, it was predicted that, if elected, he would transform the face of education throughout the public schools of England. And he did it. Some men are remembered for their work; other men are remembered for their work and for themselves. Great as their works are, they are greater still. And here we come upon the secret of Arnold's charm. As Percival says, he was a prophet among schoolmasters, rather than an educator in the common use of the term. The stimulating streams of life flowing from his magnetic personality produced a heavy crop of men among English hills and valleys. He had his Aristotle, his Thucydides, his Niebuhr at his intellectual fingers'-end; but he had, also, the richness and charm of godliness so focused in his personality that he emitted goodness and character as a live coal emits sparks. Thus it is that Arnold and Rugby have become synonymous for each other. But, to come nearer home, what is the memorable quality in the teachers who most influenced you? Giving you the elements of an education, as it was their plain, unvarnished duty to do, did they not add something else to your Latin, Greek, French, German, and mathematics? Were not their lives melodious with tones of the everlasting chime? In my study are the faces of two men. They are great teachers, supreme trainers of youth for college and university. Their standard of scholarship is the highest, but their standard of character is higher still. Boys passing through the great Webb School carry into life something that was not in the curriculum, something that could not be packed into the curriculum, and yet something nobly formative and predominating in their lives. Who that ever heard them can forget sayings such as these: "Boys, don't do things on the sly;" or, "Boys, don't be jealous; for jealousy is a confession of inferiority"? All schools worthy of the name are apostles of the one touch more! Moreover, we have here the law that transfigures business. We are altogether too familiar with the pure dollar basis of business—so many hours, so much pay. But men are slowly learning that a business concern of this type cannot be a truly great business concern. And why? Because it lacks the goodwill, the mutual respect, the common interest, the brothering spirit that must exist between employers and employees. Now, there is no solution, in heaven or in earth, of the tremendous prob-

lems of capital and labor save this spirit of added graciousness. In the last analysis, human nature will respond to no other treatment, no matter whether it is human nature represented in the capitalist or human nature represented in the laborer. Essentially, commerce is founded on a moral center; to ignore that center is to implore anarchy; but to operate from that center is to conduct business greatly and to receive, at the same time, the priceless dividends of an enlarged manhood. Let me tear, in passing, this page out of the book of a human life. My friend has a splendid business; he is a large employer of men. He knows his men—not simply in the mass, but individually, man by man. One morning an employee was missed from his accustomed place. "Where is Charles to-day?" the head of the firm asked. On being told that Charles was seriously ill, he at once made arrangements for him to have medical care, a trained nurse, and everything that would minister to his comfort. "Splendid!" you say, "and just as it ought to be." But hold on, my friend, that is only the beginning, not the ending, of this epic in business: As long as Charles was ill, this princely man went, week in and out, to visit him in person. He did not ring that humble door-bell by proxy; he rang it with his own hand. Oh, yes, he touched him once—he gave him employment; oh, yes, he touched him twice—he sent a doctor and a nurse to take care of him; but, oh, yes, he touched him a third time—he went himself and sat by his bed and held his hand and smoothed his brow! "Inasmuch"—but let men and angels hear the rest in the Day of Days! Finally, this law of the one touch more contains the ultimate fineness of the soul. "Everything good," said Plato, "we can educe from beautiful souls by trust and frankness." And to grow beautiful souls is the mission of these checkered human years, the unfolding of that wondrous history which Leibnitz defined as the romance of humanity. Nowhere, it seems to me, is Christ's Lordship more manifest than in this: His spirit, in men and women, urges them to such altruistic planning, such noble thinking, such generous doing that they are not content with anything short of the added touch. They breast the silver seas of goodness as gulls breast the crystal waters of New York Bay; and just as the bay proclaims the overflowing abundance of the sea, so do mightily tender souls proclaim their contact with the infinite oceans of grace flowing out from the Christ's unfathomed heart. Recalling this spirit and faith in the first disciples, Martineau says: "Within the infinitude of the divine mercy trouble did but fold them closer; the perversity of man did but provide them to put forth a more conquering love; and though none were ever more the sport of the selfish interests and prejudices of mankind, or came into contact with a more desolate portion of the great wastes of humanity, they constructed no melancholy theories; but having planted many a rose of Sharon, and made their little portion of the desert smile, departed in the faith that the green margin would spread as the seasons of God came round, till the mantle of heaven covered the earth, and it ended with Eden, as it had begun." And what this great philosopher says of the first disciples may be said of all true disciples everywhere and all the time. "Do what you will," said Robert Elsmere, "you cannot escape Jesus of

Nazareth. His life and death underlie our institutions as the alphabet underlies our literature." It is grandly true; and especially do Christ's life and death underlie magnanimous souls. Brooke Foss Westcott was one of the great scholars of his time. But it was the one touch more, his disinterested public services on behalf of rich and poor, which won for him the title "Everybody's Bishop." Yet I live to set over against such a conspicuously great and good life—not for invidious comparison so much as for spiritual variety—this humble woman whom I never saw, and yet to whose regal goodness I owe one of the abiding inspirations of life. She is a household servant; she lives beyond the seas; she is a Christian—that is her everlasting distinction. On stated evenings it is her duty to remain in the home, and her pastor learned that she spends those evenings in a most original way. "You know I cannot do much," she said. "But I long to do something toward healing the sin and sorrow of the world. So, on the evenings when I cannot go out, I take the daily paper to my room. Then I cut out the obituary notices and pray for those who sorrow for their dead." Ah! whenever you see a piece of crepe during this New Year, whenever you see a hearse, just remember this unknown woman's example, and you may be the means of drying many tears by causing God's golden winds to blow softly down from his Hills of Healing.

Christus Consolator. By H. C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham. 16mo, pp. 148. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

Words for Hearts in Trouble is the sub-title. This is the twenty-first thousand. Bishop Moule's preaching and authorship abound in the ministry of consolation. "We are living through a time of sorrows untold, a valley of the shadow of death. The world war is shaking every nation. It is costing an agony of stress and of loss to the peoples actually engaged. Such is the universal upheaval, so are old landmarks altered, that the time before the war, though not a twelvemonth away from us as yet, looks like another era, remote and different. 'Behold darkness and sorrow, and the light is darkened in the heavens' above Europe and the world. This book is intended principally to remind those whose hearts the war has stricken of the hope and comfort which lie ready for their wounds in our Lord Jesus Christ. I shall be glad indeed if anything in my pages may bring help to other sorrowing souls; for grief and death do not suspend their normal visitation among us, the infliction of the sore pains and losses of common life, because of their tremendous activities to-day on the field of battle, in the war hospital, and on the deep. But I have written with these latter troubles more directly in view. With reverential sympathy I lay my little book at the feet of those who see their dear ones smitten and maimed, or who, with wet or with tearless eyes, lament their death, in this awful struggle not of nations only but of right with wrong, of light with darkness, of causes dear to the God of truth and peace with the energies, I cannot doubt it any longer, of dark powers of the Unseen, working through misguided man." The chapter headings are: The Sorrows, The Mystery, In Quest of Light, "Lift up Your Hearts," "Until the

Day Dawn," Christ the Sufferer, Christ the Consoler, Passing Souls, "With Christ," "Brought Again with Him," "The Life of the World to Come," "Nevertheless Afterward." Bishop Moule's comforting book closes thus: "Yours, O friend, is a grief, as we have already remembered, touched with the light of a great glory. A country unspeakably dear, a cause as righteous, as approvable before God, as ever called for the patriot's sacrifice, these things have brought you your tribulation. And your dear one has suffered, has been maimed, has been slain, in a conflict in which the noblest poets and greatest leaders of men might find endless occasions for the tribute of their wonder and their tears. This is not everything. Alas, you know it, in the depths of your sad soul. But it is something. A great loss suffered for right, for love, for God, means a mighty gain—'afterward.' And how nobly have you, and such as you, responded to the call to suffer such glorious but bitter loss! Before me lies a note, edged with black. It is written by a much honored friend. We had read of her bereavement, the death of her son; and we had asked that the parents, so dear to us, would come for a while, if they cared to do so, from the toils of a great and prominent parish to the quiet of our old dwelling. The answer is graciously affectionate. But the visit must not be. 'I wish we could, but my husband is particularly busy. He feels that he does not want to *fail in his duty* when our dear boy *died doing his duty* to the last.' I bow my head in homage to such a grief, so accepted. But the last word after all, very humbly spoken, shall be a *Sursum Corda*. It shall point toward the name of CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR and the hope of the 'afterward' of God. The grief is noble. But it will only rise to yet nobler phases as the bearer of it looks upward, beyond all disciplines and mysteries, and affirms to his, or to her, stricken heart that yet, 'afterward,' 'sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' The immortal sun shall yet change the clouds into glory. It shall yet show the fragmentary masses of inexplicable mystery to be pillars and arches in a temple, infinitely beautiful, whose builder and maker is God. Let me, by way of parable, simply record two sights which I have seen, and then take my leave. Parables, to be sure, prove nothing. But they can lift and lighten thought and faith. And, because all things truly good and fair come ultimately from one 'all-beauteous Mind,' it is at least possible that the analogies and illustrations exchanged between such things are more than chance and fancy. Several years ago I was conducted, one Saturday *night*, late in the year, over Westminster Abbey. A friend, familiar with the marvelous church, was my guide. With a lantern in his hand he ushered me in by a private door, and we made our exploration. Aisle, nave, choir, royal chapels, all were traversed through the vast shadows, while the narrow light just made our walking possible, and threw gleaming hints of bulk and shape upon the immense world of structure around us and above us. An almost oppression of mystery occupied my senses. I had often seen the Abbey by daylight. But it now seemed something other; an undiscovered wilderness of uncomprehended space and majestic but bewildering form—half shown, half hidden, by the struggling lamp. The giant pillars soared into a dark void. The arches sprang to meet I saw not what. Relation was cast into a con-

fusion which seemed to defy the mind's effort to construct. The *morning* came, radiant with a clear autumnal sun. The Sunday's matins began, and I stood in a stall within the glorious choir. The mysteries of the night were now the miracles and splendors of the day. The majesty of that surpassing temple shone before me, all the more majestic for the order, the relation, the sublime adjustment, the reason, the mind, that looked upon my mind through it all. Walls, columns, arches, responded to each other, and dignified each other, till mass was etherealized into grace; all crowned and unified by the marvelous roof which had been so impenetrably hidden by night, hanging so very far above the poor lantern's reach. Was it not a parable? It was a parable set as a soul-moving anthem, though the music came only through the eyes. And the words of it were the words of the Lord Jesus, spoken beside a sepulchre, to a sister's broken heart: 'Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?' Another sight was given me, on a later occasion. I was in Switzerland, spending a winter fortnight in beautiful Beatenberg Dorf, the village which climbs far along the side of the mountain mass which bears the name of Ireland's missionary saint, Beatus, and looks down from its eyrie on Interlaken and the lake of Thun. It was Sunday, and the sun was gloriously bright. I sat awhile in the village churchyard, and read now some heart-moving epitaphs near me, now a book that lifted the thoughts above. The air was warm as in May. Meanwhile, below me by a hundred feet or so, what did I see? The lake was invisible, and Interlaken too. But the vast hollow of the Thunersee looked as if it were floored, far above the waters, with a plain of dazzling white. It was as if a broad mere were there, frozen into a solid level, and snowed all over, smooth and even, while the cloudless winter noon so dwelt upon it and in it that it glittered and radiated, one wide sheen of living light. What was it? It was the *Nebelmeer*, the 'Mist-sea.' It was nothing but the upper side, the sunward side, of a cloudy day. If I had walked down to Interlaken, I should have found myself under the gray canopy of the winter. If I had not been aloft before, I should have idly imagined, very likely, that the whole vault of air, as high as air extends, was likewise colorless and cold, sad with an oppression on the spirits, an all-prevailing world of cloud and fog. Yet only two thousand feet above the plain, all the while, there lay the top, the surface, of the gloom. And that was one broad snowy glory, shining moonlike in answer to a triumphant sun. Was not this also a parable? And it came yet more directly from the 'faithful Creator' than even that given me by the human miracle of Westminster. Did not the *Nebelmeer* speak from God to the heart? It repeated, in the language of light, the promise of the Friend of man: 'Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.' Take a few more steps upward, O friend, in faith and patience. Then you also shall look down, in the light of the eternal Sun, and in the secure companionship of your beloved, and you shall see the splendor of the transfigured clouds." The Macmillans issue at the same time another similar book by the same author, entitled, Christ and Sorrow. That book closes thus: "Now, in his name, farewell. As I say so, I have in my mind's eye a little Parable of Consolation. It consists

of an old book-marker, once belonging to my dear mother, and very precious now to me, her son. A text is worked on it, in blue silk on the pierced card. A few years ago I found it in a book, after having long lost sight of it. I saw first its 'wrong side'; and that was just an unmeaning tangle of confused and crossing threads. Then I turned it round. On the 'right side,' in beautifully clear letters, *produced by the tangled stitches*, I read these three deep, glorious, eternal words, GOD IS LOVE. Was it not a parable? Here on earth we see the 'wrong side' of the Great Consoler's work. There, above, we shall read the 'right side,' in the very light of heaven. We shall understand then that the right side *was worked out through the wrong side*. Our sorrows, your sorrows, were the tangled stitches, and all the while they were 'working out the weight of glory,' the glory of *seeing* at last, 'with open face,' that GOD IS LOVE. Just seven years ago, February 21, 1909, I took that dear book-marker up into a pulpit, and let it preach a sermon to stricken hearts. At West Stanley, in County Durham, an awful pit disaster had occurred; one hundred and sixty-nine men and lads had died together of that explosion. On the Sunday evening following I preached there, to a church quite full of mourners. I held up my mother's card to them, and pointed out its message of faith and hope. And I happen to know that the old book-marker brought more light and help to the mourners that night than all the rest of my sermon put together."

Studies in Christianity. By A. CLUTTON-BROCK. 12mo, pp. xi+169. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

What Is Christianity? A Study of Rival Interpretations. By GEORGE CROSS. 12mo, pp. x+214. University of Chicago Press. Price, cloth, $1 net.

CLUTTON-BROCK attempts a revaluation of Christianity in terms of love, and Cross offers an interpretation of the outstanding types of Christianity in the light of church history. Both writers discuss the subject not for apologetical or polemical purposes, but to separate the truth from its enveloping accretions and to get at the eternal essence of Christianity. They recognize the need for a first-hand acquaintance with it and they go at their task in the spirit of free inquiry. While it is true that every age must discover Christianity for itself to meet its own needs, this should be done with due regard to the attempts of the past, in order that the historic continuity of the faith may be secured. "The originality of a great teacher consists, not in particular sayings or doings, but in his power of giving life to an idea so that it continues to live in other men's minds and is enriched with other men's thoughts. The greatest ideas are not those which remain peculiar to their authors. Rather they are those which take an independent life of their own, changing and growing yet remaining always themselves, like a living thing. So, I believe, Christianity has changed and grown and remained itself; and in this book I have tried to state what it is to us now." In the first chapter Clutton-Brock holds that religion is the affirmation of absolute

values. Since love is absolute value and Christianity has given it the noblest and fullest expression, therefore it is the absolute or final religion. Love, however, is not an abstract quality; it is a personal experience and it is directed to what is particular. "When Christ tells us that God is love, he tells us also that we can know God only through our own love, that, when we love, we are making answer to the God who is love; and that answer is the only means by which we can become aware of him. By other means we become aware of an idol of our own making, even though we try to make it consistent with a creed. And these idols, to which the name of God is constantly given, prevent men from recognizing God when he speaks within them." Care is taken to show that values cannot be determined by individualistic or egotistic standpoints. "In my values it is not I that judge but all men; and they cannot be shaken in their judgment by my particular wants." Nietzsche was obsessed by the thought of will-power and he perversely failed in his conception of Christianity, which does not teach the will to power, but the will to redemption through love. Indeed, everything is to be tested by the standard of love. The heresy of art for art's sake is scathingly exposed. There is no beauty apart from character and no artist can attain to excellence through some moral defect. Instead, there is a "nightmare ugliness" on his work. Another chapter expounds with surpassing insight the mystic oneness between Christ and the Christian. It is this fact which makes Christianity "the most personal of all religions." The commands of Christ are not to be regarded as laws, but as appeals to the conscience, constraining us by his perfection and offering us "the inexorable freedom of his own spiritual growth." This writer's sense of values seems, however, to have forsaken him when he deals with the fact of the death of Christ. He has certainly misread the New Testament if he thinks of Christ merely as a hero, whose death was "part of the unintelligible waste of life." Not so do they think who are fighting and falling in the war, nor those others who remain at home to bear the burden of loss. Christianity without the cross is an insipid gospel. What is said about the grace of God is fine enough, but it fails to grip the heart because the impulse from Calvary is missing. It is true that love and pity are the master passions of God, but they have always been expressed through sacrifice which finally found its richest expression in the cross. There is nothing about this fundamental truth in these pages. This book illustrates how fatally possible it is to enjoy the benefits of the light of love and even to sing a beautiful song in praise of it, but to ignore the vital source whence it springs. The volume by Cross is a valuable handbook. In each of the six chapters he discusses what is characteristic of apocalyptism, Catholicism, mysticism, Protestantism, rationalism and evangelicism. The weakness and strength of these several types of Christian thought are impartially treated. They are also compared with one another and in a concluding chapter he answers the question, "What, then, is Christianity?" The preacher who desires to have a compact yet lucid view of the progress of Christian doctrine will find it to his satisfaction in these chapters. Catholicism is fearsome in regard

to inquiry and seeks to regulate it in the interest of an established order, but its morality is external and ascetic and so it fails to take a complete view of life. The religion of the Protestant consists primarily in the consciousness of the immediate personal relation with God and in an attitude of assured confidence rather than trembling anxiety toward the course of the world. Its morality is constructive, for it builds from within rather than from without. Rationalism is closely related to Protestantism, and we hardly see the need for regarding it as a special type, unless the purpose is to distinguish between unitarianism and evangelicalism. But this difference is not clearly worked out. The chapter on "Evangelicism" deals with the tide of influences which began with the evangelical revival and continues to the present time among churches which accentuate the reality of a personal Christian experience, and the necessity for permeating all the affairs of men with a sense of the infinite worth of the individual and of society for the progressive realization of the Kingdom of God. Much of what is said in the last chapter is a repetition of the relevant sections in the chapters on Protestantism, rationalism and evangelicism. While the author would not have us understand that modern Christianity is an eclectic cult, he gives the impression that it should have what is best in the historic interpretations of the Christian religion which he has passed in review. He recognizes the necessary place for liturgies, ecclesiastical order and creeds, but they are secondary. Christianity is primarily a quality of spiritual life, which is determined by the personality of Jesus Christ. It is moreover the practice of the most perfect human fellowship, consistent with true morality and making for redemption and perfect peace. These points are well developed. This book deserves to be widely read, for it has a timely message for these times of transition.

Can We Believe in Immortality? By James H. Snowden, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 227. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25.

This Life and the Next. The Effect on This Life of Faith in Another. By P. T. Forsyth, M.A., D.D. 12mo, pp. viii+122. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.

The New Revelation. By Arthur Conan Doyle. 12mo, pp. 122. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

The question of immortality is to be answered on the authority of Scripture and by reference to the character of God. What does not harmonize with these two standards should be regarded with suspicion, and we must not allow sentiment alone to dictate our conclusions. Dr. Snowden has written what is in many respects the most satisfactory book on this urgent question of the day. His illustrations enforce his arguments, and his appeals bring courage and comfort to those who are distracted by the loss of loved ones. He is familiar with the verdicts of science and philosophy, and he finds them affirming the conviction of

faith concerning immortality. The voice of religion is, however, clearer than either, and the Christian confession of the Fatherhood of God is the most emphatic and convincing affirmation as to the reality of life beyond. This Christian assurance is based on the Christian experience of the presence of the living Christ. The relation of the soul to the body is well stated. "The body bears all the marks of being the instrument or tool of the soul. The soul sharply distinguishes itself from the body, handles it, resists it, and especially does it master and mold it to its own use. At times the soul overpowers the body and strikes through its flesh with crushing force. Knowing how the mind under a great stroke of sorrow may blast and wither the body in a single night and how great joy may rejuvenate it, we are prepared for startling facts in this field. As life advances the body loses its strength and suppleness, its responsiveness to the demands of the soul, and becomes stiff and refractory, inefficient and impotent. It degenerates into a wornout machine, a blunted or broken tool. May not a tool become broken or worn-out and be laid aside without impairing the skill of the worker? When a telegraph instrument stops working, the operator does not stop thinking. So we are not to conclude that the soul has ceased to exist when it ceases to communicate through the body; the body may be simply worn out or broken and the soul may be using some other vehicle of expression. The soul is less and less dependent on the body as it develops its own inner resources. The present body may be only a temporary tent or hut for the soul while its proper palace is being built." The significance of the soul lies in the fact that it is a personality, and the crown of personality is character. "Personality is the master force of human civilization, without which coal and iron and steam and electricity could not forge a beam or build a hut. It is this power that makes the great statesman, general, orator, thinker, poet, preacher, artist or leader in any field. It was by the force of his personality that Demosthenes swayed Athens, Cæsar mastered Rome, Paul drove the wedge of the gospel into Europe, Luther created the Reformation. Napoleon dominated the kings of his day, and Lincoln liberated a fettered race." What is true of the great personality discloses what is latent in the humblest human being. Dr. Snowden then argues in the chapter on "The Permanence of Personality" that the product of ages of progress and development cannot end in annihilation, without such a result being a reflection on the character of God. He shows in a very striking way that death is a necessity in the very constitution of our human world. "A race propagating itself by physical generation must have some provision for clearing each generation out of the way for the next. Physical immortality would soon crowd and clutter up the world with the living and leave no room for more. Worse still, it would clog all the streams of progress with conservatism and stagnation. Age grows conservative and crystallized, but youth is plastic and progressive and keeps seeing new visions and pushing forward into new horizons. Death is constantly permitting birth to baptize the world with the dew of youth." But there is a transformation after death and the very fact of incompleteness and brevity

on earth is a prophecy of the perfection which is to come when mind, heart and conscience shall receive fruition. The chapter on "The Pragmatic Value of Belief in Immortality" submits some strong reasons proving that the loss of faith in the next life would sooner or later change our whole view of the value of life. "This world and the next world are not mutually competitive, exclusive and antagonistic, they do not stand in each other's way and crowd each other out, but they are mutually complementary and harmonious. They work together and complete and crown each other. Either without the other is a fragment, incomplete and largely meaningless; it takes both to form the full-orbed sphere of life." Principal Forsyth discusses this aspect of it in his stimulating volume. The "moral rebound" of faith in immortality is a worthy consideration. He goes to the root of the subject and deals with ethical and spiritual values. "Eternal life is much more than contact, it is living communion with spiritual and eternal reality." Those who have a right conception of immortality would labor with greatly increased efforts for the kingdom of God. He answers some recent criticism in the following incisive sentences. "Much of the current talk about the church's duty after the war where it is not pietism is journalism, mostly empiric, the work of people who have no special preparation, no serious discipline in ethic, history, philosophy, or theology for such matters, but are taken from some other job for this. People who have no real part or lot in the church are very eager to exploit it as an asset for some vague ideal. They know much in a way, but not in a way to teach them that the church has made modern history. And they vindicate their claim to be realists 'without any nonsense' by calling on the church to change front with every new formation of social phases and public events, just as they would urge the House of Commons. The church may only change front in so far as it can do so without changing its ground. More and more the church must feel that its ground is the kingdom of God set up by the moral and creative crisis for history of the cross of Christ." Dr. Forsyth is somewhat severe in his strictures on psychic phenomena. He writes with a dogmatic bias as though the question were closed. Dr. Snowden on the other hand occupies a more sympathetic attitude and rightly recognizes that there are undeveloped powers which may lead to marvelous discoveries. A carefully reasoned out testimony on this subject is given by Arthur Conan Doyle in his volume which is well worth reading. Dr. Snowden's chapter on "Substitutes for Immortality" shows how inadequate is the idea of the immortality of earthly influence or the thought of the final perfection of the race or the pantheistic theory of absorption in God, in comparison with personal immortality. The testimony from the trenches is a unanimous confession of faith. "God is a practical necessity in such a convulsed world to enable men to live in it. Eternal life is correspondence with God and those who have the experience of God have the witness within and need no indorsement from without. But the experience must be deepened and here comes in the ministry of the pulpit. The subject of immortality has bearings on every state and interest in life, so that it

is necessary for the preacher to become acquainted with the best discussions of it and present his mature thought for the comfort and edification of those who yearn for more light and peace.

PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Defendant. By G. K. Chesterton. Fourth Edition. 12mo, pp. 131. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

We like to go back to Chesterton's earliest books. This and Varied Types were his first. No other man in this century has given literature and thought such a healthy shake-up as he. In comparison, H. G. Wells and G. B. Shaw are feverish, nervous strainers after startling effects. When an English bishop wrote the rector of a country parish, "I will spend a quiet Sunday with you and your flock," the rector wrote back, "My Lord Bishop, what this parish needs is not a quiet Sunday but an earthquake." Chesterton is at home in parishes, but he also likes to invade regions where infidels resort. His arrival there is a shake-up—a huge, bulky, disturbing surprise. He has the effect of a robust, good-natured, happy earthquake. He is different from infidels in that when his sides shake, it is not with rage or misgivings, but with laughter. In defense of publishing this fourth edition Chesterton says: "These essays, futile as they are said to be, are yet ethically sincere, since they seek to remind men that things and people must be loved first and improved afterward." This Chestertonian bit is in his Introduction: "In our time the blasphemies are threadbare. Pessimism is now patently, as it always was essentially, more commonplace than piety. Profanity is now more than an affectation —it is a conventionality. The curse against God is Exercise I in the primer of minor poetry. These are babyish solemnities. . . . The pessimist is commonly spoken of as the man in revolt. He is not. Firstly, because it requires some cheerfulness to continue in revolt, and secondly, because pessimism appeals to the weaker side of everybody, and the pessimist, therefore, drives as roaring a trade as the publican. The person who is really in revolt is the optimist, who generally lives and dies in a desperate and suicidal effort to persuade all the other people how good they are. It has been proved a hundred times over that if you really wish to enrage people and make them angry, even unto death, the right way to do it is to tell them that they are all the sons of God. Jesus Christ was crucified, it may be remembered, not because of anything he said about God, but on a charge of saying that a man could in three days pull down and rebuild the temple. Every one of the great revolutionists, from Isaiah to Shelley, has been an optimist. They have been indignant, not about the badness of existence, but about the slowness of men in realizing its goodness. The prophet who is stoned is not a brawler or a marplot. He is simply a rejected lover. He suffers from an unrequited attachment to things in general." Here is a bit in defense of vows: "The revolt against vows has been carried in our day even to the extent of a revolt against the typical vow of marriage. It is most amusing to listen to the opponents of

marriage on this subject. They appear to imagine that the ideal of constancy was a yoke mysteriously imposed on mankind by the devil, instead of being, as it is, a yoke consistently imposed by all lovers on themselves. They have invented a phrase, a phrase that is a black and white contradiction in two words—'free love'—as if a lover ever had been, or ever could be, free. It is the nature of love to bind itself, and the institution of marriage merely paid the average man the compliment of taking him at his word. Modern sages offer to the lover, with an ill-flavored grin, the largest liberties and the fullest irresponsibility; but they do not respect him as the old Church respected him; they do not write his oath upon the heavens, as the record of his highest moment. They give him every liberty except the liberty to sell his liberty, which is the only one that he wants. . . . Everywhere there is the persistent and insane attempt to obtain pleasure without paying for it. Thus, in politics the modern Jingoes practically say, 'Let us have the pleasures of conquerors without the pains of soldiers: let us sit on sofas and be a hardy race.' Thus, in religion and morals, the decadent mystics say: 'Let us have the fragrance of sacred purity without the sorrows of self-restraint; let us sing hymns alternately to the Virgin and Priapus.' Thus in love the free-lovers say: 'Let us have the splendor of offering ourselves without the peril of committing ourselves; let us see whether one cannot commit suicide an unlimited number of times.' Emphatically it will not work. There are thrilling moments, doubtless, for the spectator, the amateur, and the æsthete; but there is one thrill that is known only to the soldier who fights for his own flag, to the ascetic who starves himself for his own illumination, to the lover who makes finally his own choice. And it is this transfiguring self-discipline that makes the vow a truly sane thing. All around us is the city of small sins, abounding in backways and retreats, but surely, sooner or later, the towering flame will rise from the harbor announcing that the reign of the cowards is over and a man is burning his ships." This is in defense of ugliness: "There is a peculiar idea abroad that the value and fascination of what we call nature lie in her beauty. But the fact that nature is beautiful in the sense that a dado or a curtain is beautiful, is only one of her charms, and almost an accidental one. The highest and most valuable quality in nature is not her beauty, but her generous and defiant ugliness. A hundred instances might be taken. The croaking noise of the rooks is, in itself, as hideous as the whole hell of sounds in a London railway tunnel. Yet it uplifts us like a trumpet with its coarse kindliness and honesty, and the lover in 'Maud' could actually persuade himself that this abominable noise resembled his lady-love's name. Has the poet, for whom nature means only roses and lilies, ever heard a pig grunting? It is a noise that does a man good—a strong, snorting, imprisoned noise, breaking its way out of unfathomable dungeons through every possible outlet and organ. It might be the voice of the earth itself, snoring in its mighty sleep. This is the deepest, the oldest, the most wholesome and religious sense of the value of nature—the value which comes from her immense babyishness. She is as top-heavy, as grotesque, as solemn and as happy as a child. The mood does come when we see all her shapes like shapes that a baby

scrawls upon a slate—simple, rudimentary, a million years older and stronger than the whole disease that is called art. The objects of earth and heaven seem to combine into a nursery tale, and our relation to things seems for a moment so simple that a dancing lunatic would be needed to do justice to its lucidity and levity. The tree above my head is flapping like some gigantic bird standing on one leg; the moon is like the eye of a cyclops. And, however much my face clouds with somber vanity, or vulgar vengeance, or contemptible contempt, the bones of my skull beneath it are laughing for ever." This in defense of publicity: "This modern idea that sanctity is identical with secrecy, is for all practical purposes an entirely new idea; it was unknown to all the ages in which the idea of sanctity really flourished. The record of the great spiritual movements of mankind is dead against the idea that spirituality is a private matter. The most awful secret of every man's soul, its most lonely and individual need, its most primal and psychological relationship, the thing called worship, the communication between the soul and the last reality—this most private matter is the most public spectacle in the world. Anyone who chooses to walk into a large church on Sunday morning may see a hundred men each alone with his Maker. He stands, in truth, in the presence of one of the strangest spectacles in the world—a mob of hermits. And in thus definitely espousing publicity by making public the most internal mystery, Christianity acts in accordance with its earliest origins and its terrible beginning. It was surely by no accident that the spectacle which darkened the sun at noonday was set upon a hill. The martyrdoms of the early Christians were public not only by the caprice of the oppressor, but by the whole desire and conception of the victims. The mere grammatical meaning of the word 'martyr' breaks into pieces at a blow the whole notion of the privacy of goodness. The Christian martyrdoms were more than demonstrations: they were advertisements. In our day the new theory of spiritual delicacy would desire to alter all this. It would permit Christ to be crucified if it was necessary to his divine nature, but it would ask in the name of good taste why he could not be crucified in a private room. It would declare that the act of a martyr in being torn in pieces by lions was vulgar and sensational, though, of course, it would have no objection to being torn in pieces by a lion in one's own parlor before a circle of really intimate friends." Chesterton points out the poetry and picturesqueness of the slangy language of the common man. He finds it in certain sections of the lower class, chiefly, for example, omnibus conductors, with their rich and rococo mode of thought. "The one stream of poetry which is continually flowing is the speech of the common man. It may be said that the fashionable world talks slang as much as the democratic; this is true, but nothing is more startling than the contrast between the heavy, formal, lifeless slang of the man-about-town and the light, living, and flexible slang of the coster. The talk of the upper strata of the educated classes is about the most shapeless, aimless and hopeless literary product that the world has ever seen. Men who cannot write three legible letters, can sometimes speak literature, literature without culture; the speech of men convinced that they have to assert proudly the poetry of life. Any-

one, however, who should seek for such pearls in the conversation of a young man of modern Belgravia would have much sorrow in his life. No poetical prose must be expected from earls as a class. The fashionable slang is hardly even a language; it is like the formless cries of animals, dimly indicating certain broad, well-understood states of mind. 'Bored,' 'cut up,' 'jolly,' 'rotten,' and so on, are like the words of some tribe of savages whose vocabulary has only twenty of them. If a man of fashion wished to protest against some solecism in another man of fashion, his utterance would be a mere string of set phrases, as lifeless as a string of dead fish. But an omnibus conductor (being filled with the muse) would burst out into a solid literary effort: 'You're a gen'leman, aren't yer . . . yer boots is a lot brighter than yer 'ed . . . there's precious little of yer, and that's clothes . . . that's right, put yer cigar in yer mouth 'cos I can't see yer be'ind it . . . take it out again, do yer! you're young for smokin', but I've sent for yer mother. . . . Goin'? O, don't run away: I won't 'arm yer. I've got a good 'art, I 'ave. . . . "Down with croolty to animals," I say,' and so on. It is evident that this mode of speech is not only literary, but literary in a very ornate and almost artificial sense. Keats never put into a sonnet so many remote metaphors as a coster puts into a curse; his speech is one long allegory, like Spenser's Faerie Queen. Poetic allusiveness is the characteristic of such slang. Such an expression as 'Keep your hair on' is positively Meredithian in its perverse and mysterious manner of expressing an idea. The Americans have a well-known expression about 'swelled-head' as a description of self-approval, and the other day I heard a remarkable fantasia upon this air. An American said that after the Chinese war the Japanese wanted 'to put on their hats with a shoe-horn.'"

This extract is from the defense of humility as one of the cardinal virtues: "The new philosophy of self-esteem and self-assertion declares that humility is a vice; yet it follows with the precision of clockwork every one of the great joys of life. No one, for example, was ever in love without indulging in a positive debauch of humility. All full-blooded and natural people, such as schoolboys, enjoy humility the moment they attain hero-worship. Humility, again, is said both by its upholders and opponents to be the peculiar growth of Christianity. The real and obvious reason of this is often missed. The pagans insisted upon self-assertion because it was the essence of their creed that the gods, though strong and just, were mystic, capricious, and even indifferent. But the essence of Christianity was in a literal sense the New Testament—a covenant with God which opened to men a clear deliverance. They thought themselves secure; they claimed palaces of pearl and silver under the oath and seal of the Omnipotent; they believe themselves rich with an irrevocable benediction which set them above the stars; and immediately they discovered humility. This particular instance survives in the evangelical revivalists of the street. No one who has really studied them can deny that they have these two things, an irritating hilarity and an irritating humility. This combination of joy and self-prostration is a great deal too universal to be ignored. If humility has been discredited as a virtue at the present day, it is not wholly irrelevant to remark that this discredit has arisen at the same

time as a great collapse of joy in current literature and philosophy. Men have revived the splendor of Greek self-assertion at the same time that they have revived the bitterness of Greek pessimism. A literature has arisen which commands us all to arrogate to ourselves the liberty of self-sufficing deities at the same time that it exhibits us to ourselves as dingy maniacs who ought to be chained up like dogs. It is certainly a curious state of things altogether. When we are genuinely happy, we think we are unworthy of happiness. But when we are demanding a divine emancipation of soul we seem to be perfectly certain that we are unworthy of anything."

Women Wanted. The story written in blood red letters on the horizon of the great world war. By MABEL POTTER DAGGETT. 12mo, pp. 384. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

New Ideals in Business. An account of their practice and their effects upon men and profits. By IDA M. TARBELL. 12mo, pp. 339. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.75.

IN his excellent Yale lectures on "The Gospel of Good Will," Dr. William De Witt Hyde made a statement which has a deep meaning in the light of world changes. "As the expert interpreter of the gospel of good will: as the leader in the fight against all meanness and cruelty: as the restorer of the penitent: as the infuser of spiritual meaning into secular life: as the champion of costly sacrifice: as the challenger of social injustice and the non-partisan herald of social reform: as the officer of a church that derives its sanctity and unity from the efficiency with which it serves all forms of personal and social welfare—the Christian minister has a mission beneficent beyond all others." In order that he might effectively discharge it he must have a clear understanding of all social conditions. It is for this reason that we introduce these two books by Mrs. Daggett and Miss Tarbell to our readers. They are both replete with most important facts. Miss Tarbell makes a report, after first-hand investigation, of the new movement in the industrial world toward order, cleanliness, ventilation, recreation, vacation, safety, sobriety, which is beneficially affecting the working people. It is nothing short of a remaking of conditions which look toward the betterment of industrial workers. The spirit of humanitarianism has surely taken possession of the business world. The employers, however, did not adopt the innovations through philanthropic motives so much as for the sake of improving their own enterprises and placing them on a more paying basis. It certainly pays to be considerate. When the new ideals set forth in these well-written chapters are generally accepted, the conflicts between capital and labor shall cease and the new era of brotherhood commence. Miss Tarbell writes: "The new management employs not only science but humanity, and by humanity I do not mean merely or chiefly sympathy, but rather a larger thing, the recognition that all men, regardless of race, origin or experience, have powers for greater things than has been believed. I doubt, indeed, if there

has been any economic and social gain in the last fifty years which equals this growing conviction of the powers of the common man." If the word man is here used in a generic sense as referring to humanity, both men and women, it might be said that the gain has increased a hundredfold since the war. Doors have now been opened inviting women to enter well nigh every business; and the world's womanhood has responded in a remarkable way. This fact means that radical readjustments must be made, of a character that will change the social structure and affect all walks of life. What the militant suffragettes vainly tried to do has been made possible by the trial and travail of warfare. Mrs. Daggett picturesquely chronicles the new woman movement, which is keeping step to the Dead March. "Every time a man drops dead in the trenches, a woman steps permanently into the niche he used to hold in industry, in commerce, in the professions, in world affairs." "For an army of every million American men in Europe, there must be mobilized another million women to take their places behind the lines here, to carry on the auxiliary operations without which the armies in the field could not exist." A graphic description of what women are doing is given in these sentences: "Who is it that is feeding and clothing and nursing the greatest armies of history? See that soldier in the trenches? A woman raised the grain for the bread, a woman is tending the flocks that provided the meat for his rations to-day. A woman made the boots and the uniform in which he stands. A woman made his shells with which his gun is loaded. A woman will nurse him when he's wounded. A woman's ambulance may even pick him up on the battlefield. A woman surgeon may perform the operation to save his life. And somewhere back home a woman holds the job he had to leave behind. There is no task to which women have not turned to-day to carry on civilization. For the shot that was fired in Serbia summoned men to their most ancient occupation—and women to every other." It may interest us to know what some of the British women are doing. "See the colonel's lady taking the place of Julie O'Grady at the lathe for week-end work in the munition factories to release the regular worker for one day's rest in seven. Lady Lawrence in a white tunic and wearing a diamond wrist watch is in charge of the canteen at Woolwich Arsenal, supervising the serving of kippers and toast at the tea hour for the two thousand women employees. Lady Sybil Grant, Lord Rosebery's daughter, is the official photographer to the Royal Naval Air Service at Roehampton. The Countess of Limerick, assisted by fifty women of title, is running the Soldiers' Free Refreshment Buffet at the London Bridge Station. The Marchioness of Londonderry, directing the Military Cookery Section of the Women's Legion, has given to her nation the woman army cook who has recently replaced five thousand men." And so the record goes on indefinitely, adding luster to human character and achievement. Those who desire to read detailed sketches of some of these workers in every department of activity should read a recent volume entitled Women of the War, by Mrs. Francis McLaren. The demand develops capacity. "Women to-day are working as longshoremen, as navvies barrowing coke, as railway porters and conductors and ticket takers, as postal employees and elevator

operators, as bricksetters' laborers, attenders in roller mills, workers in seventy-eight processes of boot and shoe making, in fifty-three processes in paper making, in twenty-four processes in furniture making, in boiler making, laboratory work, optical work, aeroplane building, in dyeing, bleaching and printing cotton." A year before the war a committee reported that French women were not adapted to the baking trade. To-day there are two thousand women bakers in France. A remarkable story is related of a French girl fourteen years old. When her father went to war she decided to continue his work. So she got up each morning at four o'clock and with the aid of her brother, a year younger than herself, she made eight hundred pounds of bread, which were delivered within a radius of ten miles by another brother and sister. The excellent improvements in the material surroundings of the workers, to which Miss Tarbell makes reference, have kept pace; and now that women have taken up so many forms of industrial activity, considerations of health and comfort are increasingly recognized by the employers. The story of the struggle of women to gain a foothold in the professions of medicine and law reads like a tragic tale. Doubt and suspicion have now been replaced by approval and welcome. For instance, New York University School of Commerce is offering one hundred and forty-two courses to women. The bearing of these changes on the home is considered by Mrs. Daggett in two chapters on "The Rising Value of a Baby" and "The Ring and the Woman." This movement furthermore is the greatest drive for democracy and for universal suffrage. Following the example of Europe, the women in the United States are going into industrial and professional service. Difficult problems are shaping themselves, but we are confident that solutions can be found by those who study the situation, as outlined in these volumes. Earnest thought, free from prejudice, will then direct the efforts for the welfare of mankind and the expansion of the kingdom of God.

A Social Theory of Religious Education. By George Albert Coe, Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York City. 12mo, pp. xiii + 361. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

Professor Coe has made many valuable contributions to the study of religious education. He is one of the recognized authorities on this subject and those who would understand it thoroughly must reckon with all his writings. The Spiritual Life was one of the first of its kind to deal with the modern psychological study of religion. Next came The Religion of a Mature Mind, which discussed the experience of God in human life through Christ, in keeping with the conception of a developing revelation. A sequel to this volume was Education in Religion and Morals, which is a stimulating discussion of the theory and practice of religious education in its bearing on Christian character. A fourth volume was The Psychology of Religion, which furnishes most important data of the greatest value to pastors and teachers. This valuable series of studies finds a fitting climax in the present volume, where Professor Coe shows the consequences that will follow for religious education "when

it is controlled by a fully social interpretation of the Christian message." He expresses the conviction that "within Protestantism there is, or is coming to be, a distinctive religious principle, that of a divine-human industrial democracy." It is about time then that the period of theorizing pass away and give place to practical applications, in the light of our actual necessities. This is all the more urgent because "our generation has come to see that the redemptive mission of the Christ is nothing less than that of transforming the social order itself into a brotherhood or family of God." Where a question like that of education is concerned, the central emphasis must be placed on the profound influence of the teacher. "The first concern of education is not a text-book or anything that printers' ink can convey, but the persons with whom the pupil is in contact, and the sort of social interactions in which he has a part." The church has not yet recognized this truth, and until this is done there never can be real progress. "As long as Sunday school teaching is controlled by the tacit assumption that it is a branch of expository preaching or of evangelistic appeal, there is little about it that is distinctive of education. Under these circumstances such a simple, rudimentary educational process as habit-formation—to take a single example—is scarcely undertaken at all. Habits may be talked about, exhortations about them may be plentiful, but the actual habit-forming process is not under conscious control. This example may stand for many facts. The Sunday school, under these conditions, is a school chiefly in a germinal sense, practically all that is specifically and technically educational not yet having come to clear consciousness." Part II discusses the thesis that "the social interpretation of Christianity requires social reconstruction in religious education." The aim of instruction is not to impose truth but to promote growth. "The whole notion of transferring ready-made thoughts to the mind of another is psychologically fallacious." This is the serious defect of the Roman Catholic Church, as is shown in a later chapter; and the same criticism applies to the dogmatic Protestant type. This conception suffers from the embarrassing legacy of scholasticism; and the sooner we get away from its influence the better will it be for the promotion of genuine thinking and the cultivation of character. Just here it is well to be reminded that we must not only furnish motives but develop them. This implies an educative process which is clearly discussed in chapter vii. "The reform that is now demanded in school practice insists not only that pupils shall be active rather than passive, but also that they shall act from within, and shall organize their activities through their own reflection. Instruction in the natural and physical sciences, for example, now aims, not merely to transfer a given amount of biology or of physics to the pupil, but to bring him up to perform scientific processes himself, and if possible to make him an independent investigator. Just so, the moral aim of the school requires that the pupils be led, not only to hold correct views of conduct, not only to accept loyally and to act upon the superior wisdom of their elders, but also to perform among themselves, each for himself, here and now, the actual processes of social living under freedom." The failure to relate creed to character

is strikingly being demonstrated by the world tragedy, as Dr. Edward Howard Griggs shows in a powerful way in his recent book, The Soul of Democracy (Macmillan). He writes: "It will be impossible for us, after the war, to do what we have done so widely hitherto: proclaim one range of ethical ideals and standards, and live to something widely different in practice. Either we shall have to abandon the standards, or bring our conduct measurably into harmony with them. We shall be unable longer to hold unconsciously in solution Christianity and the gospel of brute force. One or the other must be rejected, or both consciously reconstructed." It is a program of reconstruction that Professor Coe sets out in his volume. The supreme function of the church is to be that of an educator in the ideals and virtues of fraternal fellowship. "When we who pray to God as Father, and call humanity a family, and exalt the idea of service, nevertheless take unprotesting comfort in the anti-domestic, unbrotherly, caste-like inequalities of opportunity that prevail in the world, then, however unconscious we may be of compromising our religion, we actually become teachers of an anti-Christian ethic." The fact of the matter is that however good may be the motives and intentions of many Christian people, they do not know how to adjust themselves to the changing situations. They are therefore in urgent need of training. Who is better qualified for this business than the minister? For him more especially this book by Professor Coe is a rich mine, and if he is to be benefited by it he must think out his various positions. This is particularly true of Part III on the psychological background of a socialized religious education. One of the best chapters is on the Christian reorganization of the family. What is true of church fellowship and worship is also true of the relationships among the members of a family. The omissions and failures are occasioned by the inability of parents to see what sort of reasonable religious life can be shared in any vital way by them and their children. Our present duty is not the restoration of family religion, so much as revision and reconstruction from the foundation upward. The importance of correlating the various departments of a church, so as to avoid overlapping and duplication and to increase efficiency, is outspokenly considered in a chapter on the church school. One of the difficult issues of the day is wisely and sanely discussed in another chapter on educational relations between state and church. The task of training for leadership is one of the most pressing at the present day, and if Professor Coe's program is too idealistic, really beyond the ability of even the church with exceptional advantages, it is yet well to have high standards and to work toward them. Some of the existing tendencies in Christian education are seriously defective from the social standpoint. Reference has already been made to the chapters on the Roman Catholic and the dogmatic Protestant types. They both discard the fundamental idea of gradation, which is that the pupil is to grow from within and not mechanically conform to something that is without. The weakness of the ritualistic type is that it is too external. To train a child in prescribed, indefinitely repeated acts of worship may doubtless make for decorum; but it has little to do with education, with its aim

to form the will and fashion the character in accordance with the idea of religious growth. In the two concluding chapters there is given a searching and sympathetic discussion of the strength and weakness of the educational tendencies of evangelism and liberalism. While liberalism opens the way to the most vital materials and methods of instruction, it encounters the danger of intellectualism. It makes for ethical clarity and breadth, but easily fails of ethical fervor. It cultivates respect for man as man, but it does not so readily appreciate institutional organizations of the good will, such as the church." The church is necessary as a preacher of *radical* good will, which is human participation in a divine love that, though it may be repulsed, will not be defeated. The church is necessary as a fellowship of those who, aspiring to this radical good will in their own conduct, need the support of the aspiring souls. The church is necessary as a champion of the 'forlorn hopes" of society, the social causes that the 'practical' man regards as visionary. The church is necessary, finally, as an educator of children in these ideals and practices. It is the only institution of large scope that we can have any hope of inducing to teach democracy in this thoroughgoing fashion." We heartily indorse these sentiments. Professor Coe's book is the best of its kind. He not only states the problems, but with equal clearness he suggests solutions and points out the directions in which reforms should be carried out.

In a Day of Social Rebuilding. Lectures on the Ministry of the Church. By Henry Sloane Coffin. 8vo, pp. 212. New Haven: Yale University Press. Price, $1 net.

These lectures compare favorably with the best given on the Lyman Beecher Foundation. The qualities of timeliness and frankness are among the gratifying features of these earnest and stimulating discussions. Dr. Coffin is not indulging in vague theories, but speaking out of the rich experience of a fertile ministry. Many of his recommendations have been successfully tested in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York city, of which he is the pastor. He is fully aware of the difficulties which confront the Christian church because of the feeling that it has failed to build a social order that will hold together, and because of the widespread ignorance of the social aspects of the Christian faith in a land as nominally Christian as ours. He also recognizes some encouraging facts, like the quickened social obligation, the kindling of social hopes, and the importance which is being attached to the corporate organization of the Christian forces. His idea of the church as a fellowship is well worked out in the first lecture. The importance of the ministry of reconciliation is regarded as one of the prime duties of the church. To this end the leaders must learn to sympathize with current discontent with present economic arrangements; to apply the Spirit of Christ to existing conditions; and to inspire men and women with the faith that industry and commerce, conducted in the spirit of Christ, will succeed. But the church that would effectually preach brotherhood must honestly exemplify it in its own fellowship.

There are several excellent suggestions in this lecture how social and intellectual groups could be affiliated and how other differences could be lifted into a higher unity. Those who desire to study this particular aspect of the subject will find much help from A Theology for the Social Gospel, by Rauschenbusch (Macmillan), who shows in what respects the old theology should be reinterpreted so as to deepen it and enlarge the scope of its influence. Dr. Coffin holds that we need "an evangelism which has a regenerating gospel for industry and pleasure and education and government and the whole social life, as well as a personal appeal to men to let Christ become their Lord and Saviour." He takes the same ground as Oscar L. Joseph in his volume Essentials of Evangelism, which deals with the salvation and social enrichment of all life. There is no doubt that the worship of the sanctuary can be improved in many directions and that a judicious use of liturgical aids deserves consideration. "Public prayer and praise have been too individualistic; but the day of social litanies, national penitence and intercession, prayers and praise that seek to commune with God in his purpose for every aspect of the community's life, has arrived." Effective public worship then must hold the worshipers' attention, awaken their imaginations, stir their feelings, enlist their consciences. In such worship public prayer is conspicuous and it must be orderly, thoughtful, concrete and supply variety. All this is very finely considered in the lecture on "The Ministry of Worship." An ideal which is certainly attractive and which, if realized, would do much to strengthen Protestantism, is contained in the following sentences: "One would like to see a church edifice opened for several different kinds of worship on a Sunday and throughout the week, to meet the various temperaments and tastes of its community. There should be services of propaganda and of teaching, where the element of devotion is at a minimum; and there should be devotional services where preaching is omitted or occupies but a brief part of the time. There should be a service with considerable ritual and symbol, and a service of the utmost informality. The more catholic the individual church, the less need for denominational subdivisions to answer the desires or fit in with the traditions of particular groups." Some needed truths are enforced in the lecture on "The Ministry of Teaching." He is not overstating the situation when he declares that, "besides the widespread use of religious words in a sub-Christian sense, we have to face the fact that generally men breathe a godless atmosphere and that ninety-nine per cent of life's interests are thought of by supposedly Christian people with no reference to Christ. Religion is connected with a limited range of family and personal concerns, while topics of government, industry, commerce, medicine, art, science, are discussed on a frankly atheistic assumption." The teaching functions of the pulpit are an imperative obligation, but "this requires much more thought and study than is usual at present among American clergymen." "Sermons crowded with thought are usually those most stirring. And the only preaching to which people can really listen Sunday after Sunday for years, and which alters them and turns them into intelligent children of God, is that which is so full of thought

that it keeps them thinking. They may not always agree with the preacher; if he is steadily thinking, and making them think, they certainly will not always agree with him; but their minds are set in motion. And the only hopeless congregation is the mentally dormant." We are impressed by the social passion in every one of these lectures. Indeed, this must be the increasingly dominant motive in the coming days of readjustment. What is said on "The Ministry of Organization" is specially wholesome. It may startle some to be told that the church's weakness is due to "defective organization." There is far too much of duplicating due to the individualistic conception of religion. "In the church as in civil government and in the management of industry, the problem of polity is the combination of individual freedom with social efficiency, and of administrative initiative and power with democratic control. The church must be kept open and safe for prophets, and compact and loyal for collective service. Her organization must be strong enough to marshal all her forces in a common purpose, and elastic enough to give full play to local and individual independence in thought and method. We shall be assisted in churchcraft, no doubt, by the experience of statecraft and of the conduct of industry; but, as in the past, the church should be the pioneer in government and offer her contributions to the ordering of civil and economic affairs. We are under the living leadership of the Spirit of Christ, who is the spirit of liberty and unity. The more fully we bring our communions and parishes under his sway the more completely we shall attain both." This is a decided advance over current practices, but if carried out it would do much to place the church at the center of things. One of our pressing needs is for statesmanlike churchmen. The lecture on "The Ministry of Friendship" deserves careful study, for it deals with the character and conduct of the pastor who is preeminently the friend of his people and of the community. "Some of the ministers of our large churches have ceased to be shepherds and have become ranchers: they do not know their sheep; they know only their number. Other ministers who would fain be pastors fail through lack of preaching talent, for men without pulpit power rarely succeed in having people wish their pastoral care. But more fail through want of the proper endowment, which we may roughly summarize as a genuine interest in human beings, approachableness, and a contagious Christian faith." Whatever may be said to the contrary, the visiting pastor can do more to solve social difficulties than any other person: "If the congregation be representative of many social groups in the community, this visiting of the pastor in the houses of the wealthy and the few rooms of the poor, entering the front door to see employers and the back door to call on servants, dropping in on a man of affairs in his office and stopping for a few minutes to see a stenographer or clerk or office boy, has a unifying effect." We are convinced that there is no field which offers larger opportunities for usefulness and which has more room for versatility of gifts than the Christian ministry. The church of to-day faces frankly the mightiest of undertakings—the supply of explicit Christian ideals for all social groups, and for every man in his various relations,

and the supply of divine power to attain them." The men who are to lead in this enterprise must have vision, moral intuition, sympathy, daring, and above all "faith in a God big enough to remake a world, and good enough to make it a Christian world." This book should be placed in the hands of young men in our colleges, so that they can receive an adequate idea of the splendid service for the kingdom of God which can be given by men of talent and consecration, through the Christian ministry.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Andrew Bruce Davidson, D.D., LL.D., D.Litt. By JAMES STRAHAN, D.D. 12mo, pp. xv+326. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

PROFESSOR DAVIDSON died in 1902, and after fifteen years an account of his life is published. The interval has not lessened his influence, but rather deepened it. This biography is not a detailed account of his life so much as a characterization of the man and his work. A scholar passes his days away from the bustle of action and devotes himself with quiet persistence to the pursuit of truth; but his influence extends over vast areas of life, and many of the progressive movements of history have originated from the man of thought. Such was the case with Professor Davidson, who made a profound impression on ardent minds and was the teacher of such leading Old Testament scholars as W. Robertson Smith and Sir George Adam Smith. His lot was cast at a time of theological transition and controversy and he did much to hold the balance between the impulsive Hotspurs of biblical scholarship, who insisted that the new was better than the old, and the no less heady obscurantists, who insisted that truth had reached finality. One who attempts such a difficult task is apt to be misunderstood, and such was the fate of Professor Davidson; but his attitude made for the peace of the church as well as for the progress of truth in a way that would have been impossible if the extremists of either wing had been in control. In a sermon this great teacher said: "Truth, abstract truth, is a very precious thing. Much depends on it. Many sacrifices should be made for it. But truth is not everything, nor is it the highest thing. Love is greater—love in Christ Jesus. In most things the watchword is: Principles, not people—measures, not men. Plato is my friend, but Truth is more my friend. In Christianity the motto is reversed. Men first—principles after. Truth is dear, but my brother is dearer. That poor scruple which you esteem so lightly is acceptable unto God. A Christian's scruples are things of immeasurable greatness. To be in the kingdom of God, to be Christ's, to have him King and Lord of all our thoughts and feelings, gives to each one of these sentiments an incalculable worth, a transcendent value. It is better in trivial matters to be wrong, if our opinion be the fruit of the free and joyful activity of our own mind, than to be right, if the opinion which we hold be one painfully dinned into us by some rigid disciplinarian. Beware of allowing your

Christian individuality to be squeezed out of you by the pressure of general opinion calling itself culture and liberality. You fear to be priest-ridden. I will warn you whom also to fear—fear those intolerant bigots who lay claim to be illuminated and would crush out by their scorn every peculiarity of Christian character and sentiment." This is the truly apostolic spirit which should control all seekers of truth. Had such been the case, the bitter controversies which have weakened the church might have been avoided. One of his students, Principal Andrew Harper of Sydney, says that while Professor Davidson really *willed* the new, he never stood merely on the defensive, nor did he let the new overwhelm him so that he had to sacrifice all his former religious views. "He assimilated what survived the crucial tests of his experience and his keen intelligence, as a man assimilates food and gains strength thereby. He moved quietly and resolutely forward in the light of his whole thought and experience, sacrificing no part of it to another. The aggressive men threw out no theory which he was not willing to consider; whatever they said he weighed in that keenly sagacious mind of his, one of the characteristics of which was expressed by an aphorism which was often on his lips when new and bold hypotheses came up for judgment, 'It may be so; but then also it may not be so.' He faced all the theories of those days when they were 'thick as leaves in Vallombrosa' with his unequaled knowledge of the Old Testament, with his ripe scholarship, with his freedom from dogmatic prejudice, with his distrust of logic in theology, but also with his faith in spiritual intuition and his deep emotional response to the love of God which was the very foundation of his character." The value of his writings is finely estimated by Canon Driver, than whom there could be no better judge. "Professor Davidson was a man of rare powers, and of still rarer qualities of mind. Whatever subject he touched, his treatment of it always displayed two qualities—it was masterly and it was judicial. No one had a greater power of penetrating to the heart of a subject; no one was more skillful in the discovery and delineation of the characteristics of an age, the drift of an argument, the aim of a writer; no one could more powerfully analyze moral feeling, or exhibit the conflict of motives in a difficult moral situation." It meant much for Old Testament learning and for the use of it in preaching that one with such keen insight and poetic style should have been in the very front rank of authorities on the subject. This biography is by no means an extravagant eulogy, even though in some parts the author seems to indulge in special pleading and goes out of the way to defend his great teacher, which of course was superfluous. There is much profitable reading in the chapters which deal with Davidson as tutor, professor, grammarian, teacher, master, preacher, writer, and scholar. He was a wonderful teacher and yet he regarded his work as essentially a form of preaching. "A true teacher can and must bear gently with the ignorant and erring, for that he himself also is compassed with infirmities. He must open the Scriptures to those who are foolish and slow of heart to believe; and he must wait—following the great example—if there are many things which his disciples cannot yet bear. His patience is the measure of his merit as a teacher." When so much

is being made at the present day of the teaching function of the pulpit, such thoughts deserve to be carefully considered by the preacher, who will find much to stimulate him in the biography of this noble leader of religious thought. If the reader is further led to become acquainted with some of the writings of Professor Davidson, great will be his reward. Few commentaries can equal his treatment of the book of Job in the Cambridge Bible series. Delicate insight into the thought of the Epistle to the Hebrews is seen in his compact commentary on this book. Wide scholarship, thorough exegesis, and spiritual vision make his volume on The Theology of the Old Testament of indispensable value to the preacher. Many of Professor Davidson's finest contributions are found in Hastings' Bible Dictionary, among which special mention must be made of his articles on "God in the Old Testament," and "Prophecy and the Prophets." While he regarded historical criticism of indispensable worth and did much to further it, he always regarded it only as the handmaid of religion. No one did more to realize the ideal of Chalmers that the theology of the chair should be transmitted into the theology of the pulpit. Well for the leaders of the church, both professors and teachers, if they recognize and receive the wholesome truth that "there may be more of God's mind to be yet brought out of the Scripture than many think. It is not progress in theology, but revolution in theology, that we have reason to deprecate. To allow a reasonable latitude for progress and the modification of present views is the way to prevent revolution; sternly to refuse such a latitude is the way to hasten it." The importance of all this is becoming increasingly evident in these arduous times of the war. While we are getting ready for the coming of peace and fitting ourselves to meet the inevitable problems which shall be thrust upon us, it would be an advantage to all concerned to study the life of this seer, scholar, and saint, whose confidence was expressed in the words so dear to him, "In thy light shall we see light."

Side-Stepping Saints. By GEORGE CLARKE PECK. 12mo, pp. 329. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

THE title of this book of sermons aptly describes the Bible worthies. Each one had "a nature just like our own," to use Moffatt's excellent rendering of James 5. 17. They all had defects and shortcomings, but this fact is not mentioned in defense of imperfection so much as in appreciation of the marked excellences in their character. We must consider every aspect of a man's life in order that we might do him justice. In a previous volume Dr. Peck dealt with the great sinners of the Bible—"men who missed the trail"—and in the same spirit of fair dealing he takes up the great saints and looks at them on their bad days as well as on their good ones. The result is a gallery of portraits of exceptional value. He makes good use of biography to illustrate his points. And here let us state in passing that one great service of reading biography is that we get introduced to men who won out in spite of handicaps. We like the breezy optimism of these sermons, their lucid characterizations, their note of cheer, their instant summons to duty. "Nothing is, ordinarily, more profit-

less than a discussion of greatness—whether among poems or virtues or people. Tennyson's Maud covers more paper than his Crossing the Bar, but the latter has sung its way into weary hearts. Courage is doubtless a more outstanding virtue than chastity or gentleness, but who shall say that it means more to the kingdom of heaven? Billy Sunday preaches to larger audiences than Phillips Brooks ever saw. Does that uncrown Phillips Brooks? Suppose we leave all such arbitraments to high school debating societies, while we rest with God the question of greatness; and more especially as believing that the place in which God puts a man is a great place to show what sort of a man he is." Isaac is no doubt "a plain man," but let us not be in a hurry to pass him by. "For some qualities I rank him above his robust father. Quietness is not weakness; it may be index of the most perfect strength. Science distinguishes between two kinds of power—static and dynamic. Your rushing torrent is an example of dynamic power; your quiet lake in the hills is example of the other. But the quiet lake will run more cars and light more streets than the raging torrent will. Whence the power men have stolen from Niagara, to turn wheels and illuminate homes in Buffalo? Not from the falls, with their rush and fury and foam, but from the comparatively quiet river above the falls. So, as between men. Our tests are still crude. We incline to measure power by noise. And I can stand a reasonable amount of bluster and brash in a stirring man. I can even smile at his strut, so long as he is really marching behind our King. But I need to remember, and you probably do also, that the strut does not *make* the soldier; nor noise argue strength. You cannot gauge the power of an automobile by its exhaust; nor a man. Much of the world's most enduring work has been done by men who were as silent as frost or sunlight, as life or love. Isaac was one of your quiet sort. But you cannot write history and omit him." With reference to the unfortunate start which Jacob had, we read: "I say, 'unfortunate,' but who knows whether a silver spoon in the mouth, or a wooden one, is better for a boy to be born with? There are so many handicaps besides poverty and ignorance and pain: handicaps of wealth, of famous lineage, of popular expectation. Sometimes I think that more boys have *sailed* upon the rocks, under a brilliant sky, and with favorable winds, than have been *driven* upon the rocks in the dark and by storm. Abraham Lincoln was born in a cabin; George Washington saw the light of day in a home of affluence. Could you reverse the conditions and have the same beautiful results? Mary Lyon came out of obscurity to bless the world; Helen Gould bore a famous if not an honored name. Charles Darwin inherited a frail constitution, and had to fight all his days for strength to do his great work; Sir Alford Wallace was a giant in constitution and endurance. Who but God shall name the equipment for a child?" An important truth is brought out with striking freshness in the sermon on Joshua. "He was a man who was not ashamed to be counted with the minority. Joshua was one of twelve delegates appointed to prospect the new land. And, mark you, the grapes he and Caleb saw were no larger than the grapes seen by the other ten; nor were the inhabitants any less belligerent than those seen by the majority. The difference was in the

delegates themselves. But nearly everybody hates to be outvoted; and I almost marvel that Joshua did not move to make the adverse vote unanimous. The chances were five to one that Caleb and Joshua were wrong; so the matter looked when worked out by arithmetic. But there are so many questions that cannot be settled by arithmetic. None of the great issues of the heart, none of the great problems of brotherhood, none of the supreme destinies of men, can be settled by figures. Majorities determine nothing except that five apples are more than four. God has had to start all his redemptive movements small—so small that wise ones laughed at the folly. He has glorified the minority, again and again, by committing to it majesties and kingdoms which the majority missed." The character of Andrew illustrates "the hiding of self," and suggests the truth that "not the illustrious but the lowly usually launch the world's great movements." In support of this contention, the preacher says: "A campaign was on to save a public institution. We had waited years for some conspicuous citizen to take the initiative and say, 'This is my burden.' We said that if one such friend could be found, the day was saved. And we did not find him. He had always copious reasons for not jumping into the breach. Meantime a quiet man, with no eloquence but the eloquence of deeds, without blazonry or bands, made the cause his own. In good report and ill, fronting dismay and checkmated by apathy, he held on; and when the institution was saved to its ministry, to that unostentatious friend more than to all others belonged the praise. There always are plenty of friends when the band plays success. Nearly everybody likes to move with the procession. But the real savior of the hospital is the man who was a friend to it while there were few 'so poor to do it reverence.'" There is an excellent paragraph on effective preaching. "If I were asked to name the best preacher in any city, I am not sure that I should pick an ordained minister. I might; but my choice would be determined by other considerations than pulpit effectiveness. I should select the man—or woman—with the cleanest life, the most cheery face toward his task, the sunniest optimism, and the most sympathetic hand. Of necessity he would preach to a smaller audience than most clergymen do, but his sermons would take deeper root than most pulpit ministrations. What a sermon Florence Nightingale preached. What a preacher was Alice Freeman Palmer among the students at Wellesley and her neighbors!—one of whom said that the sight of her changed the day. I am not sure that that prince of American preachers, Phillips Brooks, ever delivered in Trinity Church so majestic and winsome a discourse as the wordless discourse of a presence which, they said, made Boston streets less gloomy. Which was the greatest sermon that Jesus ever delivered? The 'Sermon on the Mount' or the sermon to Nicodemus? Neither. Both would be forgotten except for the sermon he preached with his life and his cross. To work without frowning and bear pain without whining; to meet evil with an aseptic soul, and to hold up the lamp before uncertain feet—that is preaching righteousness. Gauged thus, how much of a preacher are you?" We can continue to quote from many another sermon on The Trail-Blazer, Abraham; The Mountain-Man, Moses; After God's Own Heart, David; The Un-

derstudy, Elisha; Where the Tides Meet, John Baptist; The Man of Fire and Frost, Peter; On the Damascus Road, Paul; The Plea for Certainty, Thomas. If the purpose of preaching is to give clear moral discriminations, to illuminate noble ideals, to enforce truth, and to secure responses for God and Christ, then this volume by Dr. Peck is an excellent sample of the right type of genuine, hearty, and stirring preaching. It is just the kind that is demanded by these tempestuous and perplexing days. We have nothing but enthusiastic praise for this preacher and his latest and best book.

The Heart of a Soldier. By LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT, Chaplain to the Gordon Highlanders and The Black Watch. 12mo, pp. 258. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.35 net.

MAJOR MACLEAN WATT was with the Gordon Highlanders at the Somme and the Ancre and later with the Black Watch at Ypres. He writes with touching eloquence of the hearts of the soldiers—as one who has shared their sorrows, eaten their bread, and fought their fights. The chaplain's job he sums up thus: "In his men's weakness he must never be weary. In the cold and mire he must keep their hearts warm. And when the parapets are falling in, he has to show himself unafraid—a quiet witness to the courage of the faith he preaches." This Scotch chaplain closes his Foreword with this note of cheer: "Life, out at the front, is not all a thing of sighing. We have laughter as well as sorrow—laughter that does not slam the door on thought of higher things, and thought of tender things and holy which does not close the curtain on lightest laughter, without which our very souls should perish. And our good-by is always 'Cheeri-oh!'" He gives a bit of the irrepressible gay Hibernian humor, gay though grim: A friend, going one night along the trenches, almost thigh-deep in mud, came upon a grizzled Irishman, O'Hara, cowering in the rain. "Isn't this a damnable war, O'Hara?" said he. "Thrue for you, sir," was the unexpected reply; "but, sure, isn't it better than having no war at all?" Among his experiences Major Watt has this: "The chaplain sometimes gets a curious tonic against the complacency which is apt to settle over every official. I was amazed one day, after I had prayed with a rough-looking man, when he clutched my arm and prayed, also, for the young lives that were suffering, and for the chaplains, doctors, and nurses—a beautiful and touching prayer. He was a Wesleyan, and certainly I found these among the most devout and patient men I ever met, with the root of the matter in them." This Scotch Presbyterian chaplain goes on: "I was always very much impressed by the Wesleyans whom I often met in painful circumstances. I had never had anything to do with them before, till I came in contact with them wounded and suffering, but always most brave, patient, and truly religious. They bore their distresses without a murmur, and they died without fear. For they knew what they believed in. They had the gift of religion, and the secret of a faith stronger than death. They were true Mystics. I remember one day standing beside one of them

who had been very dangerously stricken. His eyes were closed, and he was whispering continuously. I stooped down and listened. He was saying over and over: 'O God, remember me, and help me to get well, for the sake of those I love at home.' I was turning to slip away quietly, when he opened his eyes and said, 'Whoever you are, don't go, sir. I was only speaking to God.' His religion was so intimate a possession that he did not need to apologize for knocking at the door of love with his prayer." Here is a typical experience: "I went, not long since, to a gray camp on the slope of a hill, miry, cold, and cheerless. A keen wind piercingly filled each nook and cranny with invincible and unavoidable discomfort. The men, mud-covered, and blue with cold, their shoulders hunched up in the endeavor to find warmth under their khaki overcoats, were moving about aimlessly. The sentry, stamping his feet, was yearning for the hour of relief that seemed scarcely even to crawl toward him through the sodden clay. Not a spot was there into which the chill wind could not penetrate—not a corner around which it did not whirl to find the victim of its torment. The hut which I was visiting was as cheerless as could be. The air hung like a wet sheet, for coldness, in it. The boards were loose-fitting, the floor sagging on the mud—a poor hut, poorly built, and draughty. But that night, for an hour before the doors are thrown open, there would be a long line outside, standing in the mire, shivering; and then, with a rush, men from every county of the homeland would fill the place, till it steamed with perspiring humanity, and the atmosphere would be thick with acrid smoke. Just as I was about to pass on to another place, a couple of men of the Black Watch came round the corner. They were tough little fellows of the Ghurka build, Highland in every line and limb. They touched their bonnets and said, 'We're going off to the front to-night, sir. And we thought we'd like to have the Sacrament before we go. Can you give it to us?' 'How many?' I asked. 'O, maybe sixteen,' was the reply. 'Well,' I answered, 'at six o'clock, in the shed next to this one, be present, with your friends.' Off went the two, with a deepened light in their faces, while I prepared the place that was to be for some of them truly the room of the Last Supper. A tablecloth, borrowed from the mess, and a little wine from the same source, helped out our preparations. A notice on the door that the place was closed for ordinary use until the communion service was over, did not keep us free from interruption, for the room was the ordinary one for the soldiers' 'Sing-song,' and men would come and beat upon the doors, and clamor for admission, not reading notices, nor at first understanding. There was a very special reason why I welcomed the experience. For, some years ago, in my first parish, I realized how many, laid aside by sickness or old age, were unable to share in that service which is so precious to our Scottish folk. And I used to go on each communion Sunday into the little homes in the lanes, or away across the moors, to some quiet bothy, carrying the sacred symbols of divine brotherhood, and so linking the lonely on to the wider community, setting the solitary in families. And the girls' class of Saint Stephen's had heard of it, and given me a chaste little set of communion vessels for

the purpose. And now these were to receive a very deep consecration. They were to be brought into living touch with the sacrifice of the bravest of our manhood, in this the greatest conflict of opposing ideals which the world has ever seen. The men began to gather, and sat down there as reverently as though the dim draughty hut were the chancel of some great cathedral, holy with the deepest memories of Christian generations. 'You might wait,' whispered one. 'Some of the Camerons and Seaforths may be able to come.' So we waited—a hushed and solemn band. Then quietly, some of them began to croon old psalm memories, and hymns, waiting. And, after a while, the others came, stepping softly into the place; and with them comrades who explained that, though they were of a different country and a different church belief, they yet desired to share in the act of worship preparatory to celebration. At length about one hundred and twenty men were there, and we began. It was the twenty-third psalm, the psalm of God's shepherding, the comradeship of the Divine in the Valley of the Shadow, the faith and the hope of the brave.

> Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
> Yet will I fear none ill,
> For thou art with me.

What a power was in it—what a spell of wonder, of comforting and uplifting in this land of war! They sang it very tenderly, for it spoke to them of times when they had held their mothers' hands, and looked up in their faces, in the church at home, wondering why tears were there, as the dear old hearts remembered. Some of them also—the tears were on their cheeks as they sang that old psalm, very precious in the home-land, very precious here; and it is a soul-shaking thing to see a strong man's tears. It was surely thus our fathers sang, in quiet places, and by foreign streams, when to be true to the faith committed to them meant outcasting, exile, and death. It means a big thing still, to-day, for our world, this heart-deep singing of our soldier men. I had never dreamed that I should see such depths of feeling for eternal things. Do not tell me this is Armageddon. It is not the end of things. It is Resurrection and Pentecost we are passing through. A harvest is being sown in France of which the reaping shall be world-wide. There will be angels at that ingathering. It only needed the simplest words to seal that sacrament. And next morning, in the gray light, the men who had been touched by the thought of home and the dear ones there, and the big throbbing thought of consecration, were marching off to grip the very hand of death, in sacrifice, like Christ's, for others. I shall never see such wonder of faith again. It is a consecrated memory—the gloomy hut, in the silent camp, the strong men bowed and weeping under the urgent influence of the Spirit of God. Only a night or two later, we had another link with higher things. It was in a tent, a big marquee, where the Y. M. C. A. was busy dispensing tea and coffee as we entered. 'We are going off to-morrow,' said a fine lad from Cheshire. 'Give us

communion, that we may remember when we go, that high ideals call us.' It was a difficult thing, just for a moment, to decide whether it should be held in that tent where men were noisily eating and drinking at the counter, or in some quiet place apart. Instinctively I said, 'Yes. Here.' So a rude communion-table was made, of boxes heaped together, as our fathers set up altar stones in the moors of old. We laid upon that table covered with a white linen cloth, the little chalice of silver, with the flagon of red wine, and the bread upon its platter, expecting eight men to partake. But the tent filled and hushed, and filled to overflowing; and, even outside, men stood and peered in through the seams. Men raised their dropping heads and stretched out their hands for the sacred symbols. A breath of mystery seemed to sway them in that tent; and still that quiet urgency for more came up, until over three hundred men, whose faces to-morrow would be set toward the battle, had partaken of the Sacrament of Sacrifice that linked us to God and our homes across the sea. I cannot forget the little orderly who helped me. He was hardly more than a boy, but he was going off with the others, where death would run after him, and death's chances jostle him; and the thought lifted him suddenly into big manhood with the rest. 'Will you give it to me, sir, too?' he asked. And I gave him the bread, but in the storm of my feelings I for a moment forgot to give him the wine when the cup came back at last. Suddenly, as the men were singing, I remembered, and turning round held it out to him. I see him yet, drawing himself up to attention. He put his hand to his cap, as he would honor his earthly king, and saluted ere he took the symbol of the blood of the King of Love. These are things of eternal moment, unforgetable, in hours when life looked in at one window and saw death looking in at the other. Talk of our churches, our sects, our quarrelsome divisions! When men are face to face with the Eternal as we were out there, these things are as forgotten as the dust that blew last year, over the remotest sand-heap, into the Atlantic. Brotherhood, in the divine uplifting of a great imperial call, and the love of a uniting Christship, binds, as with a golden girdle, all our hopes, our faiths, and our fears, and links them to the Highest. These were children of sacrifice. The light of God was on their faces." Near the end of his book Chaplain Watt looks forward to The Spiritual Future, and says: "This is a war of vision, and it has inevitably widened the outlook of all men, but especially the outlook of those churchmen and men of theology who have been brought into living contact with it. Out in the land of war, dogma has become like the burdensome kit which a soldier flings away from him as he enters the stern conflict where death jostles life, in closest contest for the victory. You have neither time nor room for the trimmings of the faith. You are right down, there, on the prime elements. You have to do with neither praying carpet, candles, nor vestments, but with the stark souls of men, seeing, often, through cracks in the flimsy partitions that have been run up between time and eternity, the heart of a man and God. If you speak to men out there, you know you are speaking to the souls that ere a few hours pass will have taken the final step across the Great

Divide; and, even if they weather the cataclysmic blast that will soon beat upon them, they will come back as those who have looked into the well at the world's end, and learned something of the mystery of the Beyond. Life, in that moment of your speaking, takes on a meaning deeper than you or they have dreamed heretofore. You must speak as to those whose faces you may never see again till you see the face of God. What, then, do you speak of in such an hour of stress? You speak of the very things that make for unity, the absolute fundamentals that in time of trial give steadiness and courage to the soul. These are: the love of God, in Jesus Christ, who stood up for those who could not stand up for themselves, and died to conquer sin and to give the weak a chance—the imperative power of his example; the splendor of sacrifice for others, and for the sake of liberty, honor, and purity; the all-conquering influence of the clean, straight life, and the fact that God does not forget the soul that has gone through its Calvary upon the Cross of Duty. And, then, the deathlessness of that spirit which animates the clay, and that hope of a meeting, after the parting here, which lights the face of the dying as with a sunburst from the Land of Dawn. I have seen that light, and it extinguishes all the little candles of sectarian creeds. Christ comes, at such a time, out of the far perspective through which we see him at home, in our narrow environments, in times of peace and ease, wherein we find such leisure to create and formulate so many things which divide. These all go off, like will-o'-the-wisps in the sunrise, when Christ comes on to his right, which is the full possession of the soul of a man. Things that are worlds apart come strangely together in a time like this. For example, in Havre, in the cemetery, there is a grave marked by a simple symbol of memorial love, which more than anything shows how a great and deep experience like this crisis binds together remote discordant elements. It marks the resting-place of a North African Moslem, and tender hands that laid him to sleep there placed over his dust the cross, emblem of the faith of those for whom he fell, and on the cross they engraved the crescent and the star, the emblem of his faith which had upheld him in his sacrifice! I wonder if there is another memento like that anywhere else in the world! The thought of home and the love of our dear ones molded and colored our religion out there. The fundamentals are surely rooted in these. We always thought of the brave womanhood at home, of the sufferings of love that had said good-by forever—of the little babes that were being born who would never see their fathers' faces. If once you heard those marching feet, if once you saw the suffering borne without complaint, the agony mastered by manhood—if once you heard in our camps *The Lord's My Shepherd*, or *Lead, Kindly Light*, sung by those who might never sing them again—if once you saw those men bowed down in prayer for you and those they loved at home, and heard the 'Amen' wrung out of earnest hearts, you would wonder what you have done that these should die for you; and you would understand as in the flash of a new and fresh revelation the secret of the spell of sacrifice, and the meaning of the wounds of Christ, in a way beyond the power of human words' expression.

This war has a real touch of the hand of God in it. God is smiting the drowsy luxurious world upon its side, stirring it out of ease and selfishness to recognition of duty and right ere he leads it out under the vast quiet of the stars. He is asking a great price from us as to the cost of our awakening—sacrifice of life, sacrifice of money, the loss of many dear to us. It has cost much already, but it will cost more. And if the world does not wake to the necessity this great campaign will cost everything. It has taken us all our time to hold the enemy where they are. Think what it will cost to drive them out of France, to drive them out of Belgium, to humble them until they learn in a stern and real humiliation the secret of the true greatness of a nation. It is sad to say good-by, but, considering the issues that are involved, I say to those who have lost their loved and dear, 'Clothe yourselves in a proud thankfulness rather than sorrow, ye fathers and mothers, for the brave boys that ye begot and bore, who wore their wounds like roses as they went home to God. Be proud that your flesh and blood were not degenerate in the day of sacrifice for others. There is the glory that is around the Crown of Thorns about your sorrow.' I could not help sometimes remembering the Swiss patriot who, with his band of peasants, armed with clubs, one day came up against a host of steel-clad Austrians, with their long and terrible spears. He could find no way of penetrating their phalanx, and hope was dying in their hearts, and liberty with it. But he turned round to his peasants and said, 'Wait, I will make way for liberty.' And stretching out his arms, as Christ stretched out his arms upon the cross, he clutched in one sweep all the spears he could gather, and thrust them into his body, as he leaned down to the earth, weighing them down as he fell. And as he stumbled unto death he shouted, 'Make way for liberty.' Through the door his body made the peasants leaped to victory or death. That is what our boys are doing out yonder. In the splendor of their sacrifice for us we learn more and more the wonder and the sacrifice of Christ himself for you and me. Out yonder I have seen a crowded hut, or a tent filled to overflowing, with no thought of church or creed or ritual, but swayed, as the wheat is swayed by the breath of the ripening autumn, by the one great thought of him who died. I have seen the Catholic, with his crucifix in his hands, beside the Anglican, the Methodist, the Presbyterian, and the man of no church, rapt in the thought of the Comrade of the Way of Sacrifice, and of his wounding for the souls of men. Chaplains of all the churches worked together, came into conference together, and became absorbed in the one purpose of winning men's hearts for God, their own hearts having been surrendered to the Highest, their prejudices burned to ashes in the fire of such great service. It seemed to me as though at home our faith had been silting down upon its foundations till the lintels were getting too low and the roofs contracted. We have come through an earthquake heave, and have awakened to the fact that there is, behind ecclesiastical disputings, the still small voice all the while. War, the short stride between life and death, the close breathing of the Eternal, put ecclesiastical controversies and declarations aside. You only see a brother dedicate

to death, for you; you give the symbols of the broken body and the shed blood of Him who died to bring the immortal that is chained to humanity into tune with the Infinite; and I tell you, you can almost hear God speak in the tensity of such a moment's quivering reality. The men are ready for Christ. We hear, sometimes, warnings against taking a statement like that in its bald, plain significance. We are told that disbanded armies have not been spiritual forces, and that armies, at any time, have not been hosts of saints. We are told that many of the men have been unchanged by the terrible appeal of war. That is quite true. But this also is truth. There never was an army like that which is fighting for us to-day; and there never was an ideal or a cause like that which has inspired its efforts and its sacrifice. The whole army beats with the pulse of the noblest of our flesh and blood. It is not the gathering of a mass of professional fighters; it is the assembling of true men dedicated to win or die for the sake of the honor of God, the liberty of the world, and the growth of the soul of goodness. These things have none of the occidental in them. They are not of one school or another of theological thought—of one form or another of ecclesiastical life. They have within them the fundamentals. And that fact, combined with the fact of the kind of men who are fighting and dying for them, is what makes for such a thing as unity of outlook Godwards in the Land of War. What then? If we do not prepare ourselves at home for the home-coming of such an impulse and conviction, we shall be guilty of a great apostasy—a denial of the Holy Spirit. We must sternly shut our eyes to infallible and exclusive claims that have too long been allowed to masquerade in ecclesiastical guise, and get closer to the big spiritual facts, which are not bound up in forms or in ascending hierarchies, but which are lamps for life's dark pathways, stepping-stones in life's deep streams, and vessels full of comfort and refreshing for pilgrims on the way through the crowded streets or over the narrow desert between Now and the Beyond. To-day is the opportunity coming to the church, to be no longer the mere repository of gramophone records of past opinions, but rather to be the vehicle and instrument of God's living thought—an angel by the highway, to lead the weary to the well of life. There is the principle of healing and of unity in that. My work among our brave men oversea has convinced me so." We cannot refrain from turning back in this book for one more incident: "One night I stepped into the hospital tent, into the breathing dark. The beds were swathed in shadow, only one red lamp hanging from a central post. They had brought the cots of two brothers close together, and the one with the bandaged eyes had a hand of the other in his own. The dying man took mine in a grip of ice. 'Padre,' he whispered, 'I am going home. Write tenderly to my people. Write as cheerfully as possible. This will break their hearts.' There is no ritual for a moment like that. One could but ask Him who was broken also for others to be near this broken man whose body was pierced unto dying, for the sake of those he loved. We whispered together there, a few lines of *Jesus, Lover of My Soul*, and a verse of the immortally wonderful *Lead, Kindly Light*. And then he put his arm

about my neck, and drew me closer. 'I tried to do what was right,' said he. 'O Christ, receive my soul. Have mercy upon me.' I heard a man near me, in the dark, say 'Amen.' And I knew the fellows were not sleeping. They were lying there, in their own pain, thinking of him who was passing, that night, into the Great Beyond. Then I said, very quietly, the last verse of the hymn he had whispered:

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

The silence lay between us for a little, till the dying man asked, 'What o'clock is it?' And I told him. 'I'm so sorry for keeping you so late,' said he. 'Good-by, Padre, till we meet again.' And with a sigh he passed away. I heard a soft step near me, and I looked around, with the dead man in my arms. I should not have been astonished if I had seen the very Christ, with his wounds shining there, behind me, in that quiet tent, now so terribly, infinitely still. It was only the woman with the red cross on her breast, the angel of the sick and weary in their pain, seeming always to us, in such a moment, the nearest we can get to Christ, for tenderness and help. And so I laid the dead man down upon his pillow; and had to turn immediately to the living one to comfort him. As long as I live I shall lift my hat to the red cross. It is, of course, the symbol of the highest sacrifice earth's history ever knew; and it is still the mark of the tenderest devotion and most perfect self-surrender for the sake of others. Every man in khaki, and every man that has been a soldier, and every soul that has a soldier boy to love, should salute that symbol which speaks of love amid the hate and turmoil of war. For it means womanhood consecrated to gentle service, reckoning neither wage nor worry in aught it does; and it lifts the sting from broken manhood that has ventured for the sake of honor and of duty, through comradeship in suffering, to the verge of life, and beyond it. War takes a man in the splendid vigor of his full manhood, and flings him out of trench and battlefield a bleeding thing. The devoted women of the hospital tents shrink from no duty when the suffering and mire-stained man is brought to them. There can be no greater self-mastery and no more sublime self-forgetfulness than the washing of the bodies of the stricken, and the dressing of the terrible wounds that have broken their murderous way into the fair flesh of the soul's house. And how they work! It has to be seen to be understood, and once seen it can never be forgotten. Faithfulness, tenderness, and loving devotion are the marks of those ministering angels, 'when pain and anguish wring the brow.' There is no question of adherence to hours. It becomes a question of adherence to duty when a rush is on. There is no strike for shorter hours, or an increased wage, or a war bonus with them or the brave men

whom they serve. The men, even to the roughest 'grouser,' appreciate it fully. 'O, sister! go to rest now,' I have heard them say, pleadingly, to the tired woman with the red cross on her breast and the white cross in her heart."

A READING COURSE

Religions of the Past and Present. A series of lectures delivered by members of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. Edited by James A. Montgomery, Ph.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50 net.

Religions of the World. By George A. Barton. The University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

The preacher who is also a teacher of religion must have the world vision if he would speak with authority. Since religion is a spirit of allegiance more than a form of belief, an adequate knowledge is necessary of the various manifestations of this spirit in the different religions of the world. The preacher who knows only Christianity does not really know it, because he cannot appreciate in what a wonderful way it has completed and fulfilled the hopes and desires of the ethnic faiths. A comparative study of religion will prevent Christian preaching from becoming provincial and onesided. It will also give the universal note and outlook which is never more needed than to-day. We can no longer think in terms of mere nationalism or denominationalism. The nations will come out of the furnace of war with a world-consciousness; and it would be futile to think of the ideals of the several nations of the East and of the West without taking into consideration their religions, which have played a large part in the shaping of their ideals. We are to study this month two of the best books dealing with the religions of the world. Religions, Past and Present is a scholarly and scientific study dealing more especially with the philosophy and theology of the various religions. The value of these discussions would have been greatly increased if the religions which are alive and aggressive were placed in the stream of modern life. The lecture on the Religion of the Teutons could well be spared if attention was given to the modern religious movements in India and the Far East and to the counterfeit cults which are making a bid for acceptance in America. A more serious omission is that of Shintoism and Confucianism, which must certainly be reckoned with as Japan and China are to take a large place in the world developments of to-morrow. It is on account of these shortcomings that we include Professor Barton's volume. His manual is exceptionally well written and takes up more subjects, although the treatment is necessarily limited. He is, however, strong in the history of the religions and of the countries where they flourish. This commendation does not imply approval of everything. The chapter on Christianity is very unsatisfactory. There are scholars who put forward the theory that the public ministry of Jesus lasted but fifteen months; but Dr. Barton accepts it as proved and here he counts without his host. His presentation

of Jesus is that of an ethical teacher, and he regards the Gospel of John as an apologetic writing dealing with Christian ideas rather than a record of the life of Jesus Christ and preeminently the most spiritual book of the New Testament. We radically disagree with his conclusions. The two chapters on Early and Mediæval Christianity in the Montgomery volume are far better. We cannot accept the statement that Jesus never made himself a part of his gospel and that he never demanded that men should accept even his own statements about himself as part of his message (p. 366). We wonder where the writer got his bewildering information. Surely not from the four Gospels. He does not, moreover, have a profound enough conception of what is really distinctive of Christianity. How would you answer his statement that the preaching of Jesus as Lord and Saviour was and still is an extraordinary and inexplicable phenomenon? (P. 397.) The lecture on Mediæval Christianity gives a fine résumé of the Christian centuries up to the dawn of the Protestant Reformation. Why has Protestantism not been as hospitable as Roman Catholicism to leaders and prophets who refused to accept and even protested against certain of its teachings? Nothing is said about modern Christianity in this volume and what Dr. Barton writes on the subject is very inadequate. The student who desires information should read the excellent article on Christianity by Principal Garvie in the Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics, Vol. III. We cannot agree with the lecture on Primitive Religions that the savage is more scientific in his way of thinking about origins than is the civilized philosopher. Scientific thinking is orderly, while the savage is confused and is unable to distinguish between the animate and the inanimate. Read what is written about animism, toteism, fetishism, taboo, and note how they are closely related to one another and how the primitive mind has no idea of the bearing of religion on moral conduct. Note also Barton's remarks that the essential purpose of primitive religion is to avert the anger of supernatural beings. Recall how the element of fear is a notable feature in all the ethnic religions, while it is wholly absent from Christianity, whose message is that perfect love casteth out fear. Read carefully the section in the lecture on the Religion of Babylonia and Assyria and what is written about no distinction being made between an ethical misdeed and a purely ritualistic transgression or omission. Barton makes a fine statement in his chapter on the Religion of the Ancient Hebrews: "In other countries, as in Egypt, monotheism was grasped by a few; in Israel alone was it made the possession of the people." Montgomery states in his lecture on The Hebrew Religion that "the unique characteristic of the God of the Hebrews is his intense personality." He also traces the historical development of the concept of God in the Old Testament and its influence on the national consciousness of being a people with a future and a destiny and ultimately with a mission in the world. Note to what extent the prophets were responsible for the truth of the ethical monotheism of Israel. Barton's chapter on Judaism deals with the growth of the Jewish faith from the fourth century B. C. to the present day, including the aspirations of Zionism and the confession of reform Judaism, which is a type of Unitarianism. There is much valuable information in the

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lectures on the Religion of the Veda and its philosophical monism, Buddhism and its pessimism and protest against Brahmanic class privilege, Jainism and its asceticism, Hinduism and its extensive caste and ceremonial regulations. Barton deals with these religions less thoroughly, but discusses the great epic literature of India, including the Mahabharata, which celebrates the incarnation of the god Vishnu. The lecture on Zorastrianism by Kent is a comprehensive exposition of this ethical faith, which is held by about a hundred thousand people, whose influence is out of all proportion to their numbers. Find out why Islam is the religion of conquest and not of civilization, although the five pillars of its faith are the unity of Allah, prayer, the poor tax, fasting during the month of Ramadan and the Haj or pilgrimage to Mecca. The lecture on the Religion of Greece by Hyde is exceptionally able and of special value to the student of early Christianity. Why should Greek religion be studied as an important factor in the spiritual history of the race? Note the reasons given why the Greek epic is secular in origin and not religious, like the Hindu Vedas or the Zoroastrian Gathas. What led to the dominant note of later Hellenism being personal religion, and compare it with Christianity (p. 307). The lecture on the Religion of the Romans enables us to see how it came about that the gospel won its way in the Roman empire. The preacher will find much in these two volumes to help him to make a study of the different ideas of God, the various conceptions of sin, of life and duty, of the practice of prayer, and of the divers ways of salvation. The result will lead him to magnify the redemption through the Cross and the unique appeal of divine grace.

Side Reading

The Faiths of Mankind. By E. D. Soper (Association Press, 60 cents). A brief but suggestive series of studies of the living religions and their effects on life and character. The book is divided into twelve chapters and the related Bible readings make it a practical volume for Bible study in its missionary outlook.

Missionary Education in Home and School. By R. E. Diffendorfer (Abingdon Press, $1.50). Points out the bearing of friendliness, sympathy, generosity, loyalty and other Christian virtues on the study of missions by youth and adults. The suggested methods of study are quite feasible.

For information about books of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the Methodist Review, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York city.

METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1918

PRAYER IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY

Russia has been called the land of mists and mysteries. Its recent history has been a veritable arsenal of surprises. It has given sufficient material to almost any opinion one desired to form about the Russian people, and has called into life a voluminous literature, which, however, is still far from solving the mystery of the Russian character.

Is the Russian religious? This question has been answered affirmatively as far as the peasant folks are concerned, but the intellectual class has been considered as notoriously anti-religious. In my opinion, this generalization has been made prematurely, and is generally based upon religious surveys[1] made among university students, who, because of their disagreement with orthodoxy or as a protest against ecclesiasticism or as a part of their political creed, pretend to be irreligious. Poets and thinking men of letters, on the contrary, seldom hide their thoughts on religion. Sooner or later they express themselves either in poetry or literature or philosophy, and reflect in their writings not only the spiritual aspirations of their souls, but, to a certain degree, the character of the people they represent. Therefore, from the

[1] Thus a survey made in 1912 at the Jurief (Derpt) University gave the following results:

	Those who do not recognize their religion.	Those who recognize it but with emendations	Those who recognize it wholly.	Those who recognize the existence of God	Those who deny the existence of God.
Orthodox	54.5	28.7	10.1	33.3	32.2
Catholic	63.9	16.7	13.9	?	?
Lutheran	64.1	12.1	16.5	20.9	51.6
Hebrew	86.8	6.6	1.1	5.4	66.6

This shows that the Russian Orthodox students compared with other nationalities and creeds are not at all more atheistic.

literary product of a people, one could judge more safely about the character of this people than from religious surveys of a student body cherishing antireligious traditions, as is the case in the Russian State Universities. Psychologists of religion have pointed out that the practice of prayer is the positive aspect of the religious life, being a natural function of all men who seek, by the aid of religion, to maintain themselves in the struggle with the adversities of life, and, more than this, for noble characters, prayer has become the expression of deeply moral sentiments and of the dominant desire to commune with God and rise to a higher level in the spiritual life. Thus it should appear that all noble men of all creeds or no creed would be praying men or at least reflect a prayerful attitude in their expressions on life and its meaning.

This is why I choose to study Russian literature from the point of view of its spiritual value as expressed in prayer. And although I expected Russian men of letters to be more religious than it is usually thought of, I was greatly surprised to find that the best of Russian poets and authors were of a deeply religious nature, not only believing in prayer but practicing it and composing such themselves.

Prayer in Russian Poetry

Gogol when endeavoring to determine the peculiarity and essence of Russian poetry says: "Aspiration toward light has become one of our elements, the sixth sense of the Russian man, and the whole trend of the present day poetry is the result of it."

Already in the middle of the eighteenth century the first Russian poet and scholar—Lomonossoff, who investigated the phenomena of the Northern Light—expresses his impressions and feelings in an ode entitled "An Evening Meditation Upon the Majesty of God."

Poushkine's genius embraced the whole range of different faiths and questions of his day. A certain critic likened his words to a perfectly equipped arsenal, wherein a poet could find any weapon which might be necessary for his art: each one had but to enter and choose his arms, and lo! he was ready for the battle.

The poet himself realized his mission, and never more clear-sightedly than in his most inspired and eloquent moments of poetical creativeness. He says:

"We were not born for vain elation,
For savage fightings, sordid gains,
Our souls were meant for inspiration,
For prayer and sweet melodious strains."[1]

Being a true poet, the grandeur and beauty of nature inspired him with the desire to be in perfect unity with God. Once, when he was in the Caucasus, he was struck by the wonderful beauty of the mountain Kasbek, on the summit of which a monastery stood out against the sky, appearing to the poet's fancy as an ark sailing in the azure. An inspiration came over him which expressed itself in the following lines:

"O far off, much desired strand,
Could I but bid this earth adieu
And climbing until lost to view
Within those clouds build me a cell
In God's dear neighborhood to dwell!"

The ceremonies of the Church and the humble, benign appearance of the priest affected him very strongly. Addressing himself to the servant of Christ he says:

"Thou stretchest forth thy hand to me
From heights divine and seem'st to be
So strong and meek and full of love,
Imbued with power from above
To calm my thoughts, wild, sad, and free
As once the Master calmed the sea."

Prayer was always very dear to the poet and his attitude toward it was impregnated with the deepest reverence. In speaking of his favorite, he expresses himself thus:

"The prayer I love the best of all,
Is one the priest repeats full oft,
When Lent's sad days lie like a pall
Upon our hearts; its comfort soft

[1] These and the subsequent verses quoted in this article are translations of Miss Margherit Ashton Johnson.

Heals all our pain and makes us strong.
O God of ages! Hear my cry:
'Let not my heart incline to wrong,
Let not the snares of lust come nigh;
But let me see my sins, O Lord,
In all their hideousness and guile,
And teach me ne'er to breathe a word
My brothers' failings to revile.
Grant me these blessings I desire,
Send down thy spirit from above
To fill my soul with holy fire,
With patience, chastity, and love.'"

It can be clearly seen from these examples, that notwithstanding the fact that Poushkine was greatly attracted by the pleasure and brilliancy of society life, he nevertheless leaned toward the Christian faith and found comfort in prayer. In his relation to Russian poetry, Poushkine may be likened to a burning torch thrown down from the heavens, which ignited the paler candle-flames of other poets who gathered around him and thus formed a perfect constellation. Most of these poets manifested in their works a tendency toward divine communion and prayer.

The poet Jasykoff (whose name in Russian is derived from the word "jasyk"—tongue), was greatly admired by Poushkine who, according to Gogol, was so touched upon reading Jasykoff's poems, that he actually wept; Gogol was very much struck by this, as it was the first time he had seen the great poet moved to tears. Speaking of Jasykoff, Gogol said: "He can manage his tongue, as an Arab does his wild steed." Jasykoff, who loved his country with all his soul, was firmly convinced that its salvation lay in true piety, and that national suffering and sacrifices (such as the Napoleonic invasion) must be considered as a fiery purification.

"Art thou doomed? No, Russia, never!
Bravely face the gathering storm,
Ties of home and kindred sever,
Serried ranks of heroes form.
Though your death be fierce and gory
You will not have died in vain,
For your country's fame and glory
Phoenixlike will rise again!"

In his verses he also praises God's mercy:

"The Lord is truly great! Both earth and heaven above
Are but the instruments of His divine commands.
His name be ever blessed, his mercy and his love;
Be blessed his punishments, dealt out with loving hands!"

As was the case with many a Russian genius, he was not fated to enjoy a long and happy life, but was carried off in the flower of his youth. While ill he invokes Providence with the following prayer:

"O Providence! To thee I pray!
Let not my life so swiftly end;
Give me but patience for each day,
And fortitude and courage send."

We must not forget to mention a contemporary of Poushkine, the poet Ognareff, one of Russia's leading Slavophils, who prays for truth and purity of the soul in the following manner:

"Give me but strength to raise with trembling hands
One little corner of that heavy shroud,
Which veils from mortal eyes the naked Truth,
And let my soul, awe-struck and humble gaze
Upon the majesty of thine eternal being.
Give me the strength to crush within my heart
All selfish impulse and all vain desire.
Teach me to love all men as brethren dear,
Nay, more, to love them better than myself.
Thus, loving thee, and all created things,
With fortitude I'll face Life's bitter trials."

Homiakoff, another Slavophil, also prayed in the selfsame spirit:

"Lord, though we struggle through Life's vale of sorrow,
Our feet bruised by stones and our hearts racked with pain,
Let not our souls be afraid of the morrow,
Let not our trust in thy mercy be vain.
Thou sun never setting, our darkness enlighten,
Shine thou upon us by day and by night,
Shine on our struggles, our poor courage heighten,
Shine on our efforts for justice and right.
In grief and in rapture, thou light from above
Shine thou upon us wherever we be,
Sun of Justice, of power, of law and of love,
O Lord God Almighty, and glory to thee!"

Very beautiful also are the religious poems and prayers of Derjavin, Merejkovski, Benedictoff, Khereskoff, Fofanoff, A. Maikoff, Apouchtine, Plechtecheef, A. Tolstoi, C. H. Frug, and many others who deserve to be translated. As a matter of fact, prayer and religious thought pass like golden threads through all Russian poetry. And it cannot be otherwise, for there is nothing more sensitive than a poet's soul—to create it must be inspired, and, therefore, prayer is a paramount necessity for a poet, perhaps even more than to less gifted mortals. Lermontoff, one of the most talented of Russian poets, expresses this thought in the following famous prayer of his which has been set to beautiful music by Dargomychsky.

"In life's most anguished, bitter hour,
When sorrow fills my aching breast,
I breathe one prayer, whose holy power
Puts all my grief and strife to rest.
And o'er my mind a calmness steals
As low I breathe those words so blessed,
Whose tender message clear reveals
Hope for the weary and oppressed.
Its heavy load my soul has shed,
My doubts are gone, I know no care,
Sweet peace is mine, all fear has fled,
My soul is light and free as air."

The Prayer-Life of Russia's Three Greatest Authors: Gogol, Dostoevski, and Tolstoi

What is true regarding the need for prayer experienced by poets can also be said of the great Russian writers.

There is no doubt that the most brilliant stars in Russian literature were Gogol, Dostoevski, and Tolstoi. These masters of the pen thoroughly understood the Russian soul and loved it accordingly. It will be interesting to note their attitude toward prayer and the spiritual life.

Gogol is especially famous as a satirist. In all his novels and plays he laughs at the weaknesses and follies of his compatriots, but he neither laughs himself nor makes his reader laugh with him without having a definite aim in view. The great desire

of his life, he tells his readers in his Testament, in his correspondence with his friends and in his Author's Confessions, was to help Russia to understand the evil reigning in their midst, to combat it and to overcome it.

"He who desires to serve Russia honestly and sincerely," writes Gogol, in his Author's Confessions, "must bear her in great love, engulfing all others' feelings—he must also love all mankind, and become a sincere, practicing Christian, in the full significance of the word."

Thoroughly realizing this fact, and burning with the zeal to serve loyally, Gogol began to seek for help and encouragement through close communion with God by means of prayer. In a letter addressed to Mr. Sht.....ff, he writes:

"Reason alone does not afford man the necessary impetus to go forward; there exists a higher power, whose name is wisdom, which Christ alone can give. We are not born possessing it—it is not natural to any one of us, but is given to us from on high. He who already possesses intelligence and reason can obtain wisdom only by praying for it night and day and in imploring Almighty God to grant it to him, by raising up his soul to the eternal heights and purifying it from all earthly dross, so that it may be a worthy dwelling place for this heavenly guest, which is frightened away from all those souls wherein disorder reigns. When wisdom enters the dwelling house of the soul, then man begins to possess the heavenly life, and learns the sweetness of being a disciple. Everything teaches him a lesson—the whole world is his teacher, even the most insignificant of men. He draws wisdom from the simplest council; the most foolish object will turn its wisest side toward him and the whole universe becomes like unto an open book for his study."

Having learned to know Christ and having confessed his faith in him, Gogol was brought to the knowledge of higher wisdom, teaching him the real meaning of life. This is what he writes in his "Author's Confessions": "I came to Christ, hardly cognizant of what I was doing, and in him I found the key to the soul of man, and realized that not a single shepherd of souls had risen to the same heights of spiritual knowledge, as those upon

which he stood." A few pages further on, he continues thus: "Anyway, life is no longer a riddle for us, as it was when the wisest of men, both thinkers and poets, vainly tried to solve it and merely came to the conclusion that they were ignorant of what life really meant. But, when he, the wisest of all men, said firmly, unshaken by the faintest doubts, that *he* knew what life really was; when he—acknowledged by all, even by those who deny his divinity, as the greatest of all men—spoke thus, then we must believe his word, even were he but a simple mortal. Therefore the question, "What is life?" has been solved. And thus, after many long years of labors and experiments and ponderings, during which I thought I was going forward, I have come back to the thoughts and convictions of my childhood, that is, that man's destination was to serve, and that our whole life is but service. We must never forget that we occupy a place in the earthly kingdom merely for the purpose of being able to serve our Heavenly King, and therefore we must keep his law ever before our eyes. It is only by serving in this manner that we can please all—the Ruler, the people, and our country."

Gogol was convinced that he could not accomplish this duty of serving without God's help. He sought for and found the necessary aid in his prayers, and also in those of other believers. Here is another extract from his Confessions: "One of the principal reasons for my journey to the Holy Land was the desire to pray whole-heartedly and beg God's blessing on my life and on the honest accomplishment of my duty. I desired this blessing from him, who discovered to us the secret of life on the very spot where once upon a time his feet trod; I wished to render thanks for all that has happened in my life: to crave light and guidance for the work for which I had been brought up and had prepared myself. I do not find anything strange in this. If a scholar at the close of his studies hurries to thank his teacher, if a son, before setting forth to fight for his existence, visits his father's grave, why should I not then bend my knee besides that grave, before which all men bow themselves, where all receive help and inspiration—even those who are not poets? I begged others to pray for me because I knew not whose prayer would be the most pleasing

to him to whom all pray; I only knew that the humblest of us might become—perhaps on the very morrow—better than all the rest of us, and his prayer would be nearest to God. I do not think that I deserve blame for this, if you but remember the words, 'Ask, and it shall be given you.' "

These are Gogol's ideas on prayer; it was an absolute necessity for his soul and he was not ashamed to confess it.

Unlike Gogol and Tolstoi, Dostoevski did not leave any confessions behind him, but nevertheless he leaves no doubts in the minds of his readers as to his religious convictions and spiritual leanings. His favorite heroes expound his most intimate thoughts and convictions. Prince Mychkin in "The Idiot," and Father Zosim and Alesha in "The Brothers Karamazoff," serve as his mouthpieces, and among other things they express their opinion of prayer.

As for Gogol, so also for Dostoevski, Christ was the true Life Force, and prayer was a natural communion with him. This is what we read in "The Brothers Karamazoff," through the medium of Father Zosim: "I firmly believe that we shall accomplish this great work with Christ's help. How many ideas and projects have there been in the history of a man, which seemed totally unrealizable even ten years before, and then, suddenly when according to the mysterious decrees of Providence the time of their fulfillment had arrived, they sprang into being and were carried from one end of the earth to the other. Thus will it come to pass with us also, and our people shall shine before the world, and all men shall say of them: 'The stone which the builders rejected has become the corner stone!' And if one should question those who mock: 'If ours be a dream, then, well and good, set up to live justly in your way, according to reason alone without Christ.' And even if they themselves affirm that on the contrary they desire union, this assertion is believed only by the most simple-minded among them, and even then it leads one to wonder that such simple-mindedness exists. Verily, their faculties for dreams and fantasies are greater than our own. They dream of establishing justice, but having renounced Christ they will end up by drowning the world in blood; for blood calls for blood, and

who draws the sword shall perish by the sword. And if it were not for the promises of Christ man would exterminate his fellow-men—yea, unto the very last. And when there remained but two men upon earth, even these last two human beings in the pride of their hearts would not be able to withhold each other, and then the penultimate man would be killed by the ultimate one, who would finally kill himself. And this would indeed happen, if it were not for Christ's promise, that for the sake of the meek and humble of heart the rest should be saved."

He continues as follows: "Young man, do not forget to pray, for each time you do so, if your prayer be but sincere, a new feeling, a new thought, hitherto unknown to you, will gleam through it, enlightening and encouraging you, and thus you will learn to understand what a powerful educational factor prayer is. Remember also, that every day and whenever it is possible for you to do so, you should pray silently to yourself: 'Lord, have mercy upon all those, who this day shall stand before thee.' For every hour and every moment sees thousands of souls leaving their earthly dwelling place and appearing before their Lord—and how many of them have breathed their last in loneliness and sorrow, with no one to mourn over them or even perchance to know of their existence—who lived and died alone."

Dostoevski's prayer is not selfish; he does not merely pray for himself. On the contrary it represents a deep love of humanity and of all created things: "Brethren, fear not the sins of men, but love man even though he sins, for thus your love will be like unto the Divine Love, far beyond any earthly affection. Love ye the whole of God's creation, and every separate grain of sand within it. Love ye every leaf, every ray of God's sunlight, every animal, every plant, every created thing. If thou but lovest all things thou wilt discover God's secret within them. Once discovered thou wilt ever learn to understand it better and more fully, with every day that passes. And finally thou wilt learn to love the whole universe with an all-embracing, universal love. When thou remainest alone pray! Love to prostrate thyself upon the ground and kiss it. Kiss the earth, and love unceasingly and insatiably all and everything upon it, seeking joy and rapture.

Be not ashamed of this ecstasy, but treasure it, for it is a great gift of God's, given to but the chosen few."

Dostoevski is not put off by the fact that many of his contemporaries turn away from belief in God, and he is determined to believe until the end: "Believe thou until the end, even if it should happen that all upon earth should become perverted, and thou alone shouldst remain faithful; offer up a sacrifice to the Lord the God, praising his name. And if it should chance that there be two of you, and you meet, then, behold a whole world exists within you twain, a world of living love; embrace ye each other with deep feeling and praise the Lord, for within you two his truth has manifested itself."

Such are Dostoevski's reflections touching the spiritual life. His almost monastic piety will seem a trifle obsolete to the modern man, but even if one does not agree with him one cannot but admire the deeply moral, charitable spirit emanating from his teachings.

Tolstoi is better known as having a deeply religious nature. His seekings after the Kingdom of God are vividly reflected in all his writings which bear a decided autobiographical character. Already in his youth he passed through minutes of spiritual exaltation and emotion, resulting in communion with God by the aid of prayer. In his diary he speaks of living through such moments during a stay in the Caucasus, where at eventide he prayed surrounded by the all-enveloping peace of nature: "If prayer be defined as an act of supplication or of thanksgiving, then I did not pray." Says he: "I wished for something exalted and good, but what it was I was unable to define, though I realized quite clearly what it was I wished for. My desire was to become fused with the Universal Being, and I begged him to pardon me my offenses though, no—I did not beg for that, for I felt that if he gave me this blessed moment he had already granted me pardon. I asked, and yet felt that there was nothing for me to ask for, and that I neither could nor knew how to ask. I thanked him, but not in words nor in thought. Both supplication and thanksgiving were united into one and the same feeling. The feeling of fear had completely disappeared. I could not have separated a single

feeling—faith, hope, and charity—from the whole. No, this is the feeling that I experienced last night—the love of God, an exalted love, uniting to itself all that is good and renouncing all that is evil. It terrified me to think of the empty, vicious side of life; I could not understand how it could ever tempt me, and with all my heart I begged God to receive me within his bosom."

In the latter period of his life Tolstoi informed the world by means of his "Confessions" of the spiritual change which had taken place within him. In his zeal to influence the moral and spiritual regeneration of society he separated himself from the Church and from the dogmatic teachings of theology. Nevertheless, though he found himself outside the fold of the Church Visible, his soul could not live without prayer. Condemning prayer in common, such as is used in church services, he prayed all the more in solitude. This is what he says concerning it: "The fact that supplicatory prayer has no sense whatever does not mean that one cannot or need not pray; on the contrary I consider that it is impossible to live as one ought to without prayer, and that prayer is an indispensable condition for a good, peaceful, and happy life. The gospel teaches us the manner in which we should pray and what prayer should consist of.

"In whomsoever there exists the Divine Spark, the Divine Spirit, that man is a child of God. Prayer is the calling forth of that which is divine within us, having previously detached ourselves from all things that distract us. The best way is to follow Christ's teaching in the matter; to shut ourselves up alone in our chamber, that is, to pray in perfect solitude, whether it be in a cell, or in a forest, or in a field. Prayer consists of the renunciation of all exterior influences and the calling forth of the divine part of our soul and dwelling therein, entering thus into communion with him, of whose substance it is a particle, acknowledging oneself God's servant and examining one's soul, verifying its acts and desires, not according to worldly standards and demands, but according to the divine part of the soul."

In a private letter addressed to Mr. P. I. Birukoff,[1] Tolstoi expresses himself clearly as regards prayer: "I pray often, namely,

[1] From this still unpublished letter we quote with the kind permission of P. I. Birukoff.

two or three times a day, and always repeat the Lord's Prayer. I have tried to put together a prayer of my own; not long ago I composed a prayer recognizing the fact that I am but an instrument of God's, and that I wish to accomplish my destiny without erring on the side of too much carelessness or too much strenuousness, being ever conscious that it is the power of God that acts through me. Sometimes I remember this prayer, but nevertheless the 'Our Father' remains, if not quite irreplaceable, anyhow as serving to fill all the needs and aspirations of the heart. To me the Lord's Prayer represents five different theses, which are so absolutely clear, indispensable, conjoint, and joyful that each time I pray they surge up within my soul and tell me of something new emanating from it. 1. The Holy Being is love; therefore all things must be measured and guided by love. Realizing this immediately all one's difficulties are straightened out, and one feels happier and more assured. 2. We find the indication of what we are to do, guided by love, to help with the coming of God's kingdom upon earth, joyful and free, as it is in heaven. This gives substance to our loving activity—especially if we do not quite know what to do, or which of the two courses lying before us to choose. 3. And this work of lovingly establishing God's kingdom upon earth I wish to do—and will do—now, at once, this very minute, on the very spot where I find myself, and with whoever is present at the moment. If only we are really at one, with this thought, it gives us tremendous energy and firmness of purpose. 4. And if there exist any obstacles, they are formed by the sins of my past—sins which I earnestly wish to discard, sins of lust, of self-love, or hatred. Yes, I tell some one, quite simply and with much love in the doing of it: 'forgive me'; just as I said it, when I confessed my sins before the people. And praying thus I remember the sins of others, those that disgust me the most, and not only do I forgive them, but I even wonder how one can be angry or refuse to forgive. 5. I fear the temptations of the flesh and those of self-love and anger, and I flee from them, but the principal hindrance is the devil within my heart. That must be eradicated! I pray thus, walking out, sometimes in the most difficult moments of life, and when I am surrounded

by other people. I know, as knows the engine driver who has driven his machine half through a snowdrift and has then stuck, that the reason why he was able to pass through a small snowdrift and half a big one is because he put on full steam. In the same way I know that if I did not pray I should fare far worse than I do, and I also know that if I were able to attain that, the possibilities of which I perceive when I pray, then there would be no need for me to live any longer. I know that one must become perfect like the Father."

It is unnecessary for us to add anything to this clear exposition of Tolstoi's spiritual and prayerful life, but it is interesting to compare his views with those of Gogol and Dostoevski. As regards the intrinsic motives of their spiritual life, they were all the same. The desire to help and love humanity prompted them to seek in prayer the means of evoking within themselves the "divine part of themselves," as Tolstoi expressed it. Their opinions diverge regarding the church and prayer in common. Gogol remained within the bosom of the Russian Orthodox Church, which he loved and defended and wished to help to raise to the highest possible moral standard; Dostoevski was also a faithful son of the church, but his tendency was to disperse the barriers of nationality, and to unite with the help of the Orthodox Church all the Slav peoples. Tolstoi rose above the barriers of nationalities and churches. He only acknowledged God the Father, and he considered the whole of humanity as brothers and children of God.

Notwithstanding the differences existing between these great Russian authors, all three had the same aspiration toward communion with God by means of prayer.

Russia's Philosopher of Prayer

At the end of this review of Russian literature we must not forget to mention V. S. Solovieff, a prominent Russian thinker, who has the honor of being the first Russian to create an independent system of philosophy.

What is really remarkable is the fact that this truly Russian philosopher, whose personality reflected many of the spiritual

tendencies of his countrymen, presents himself as a man of a deeply religious frame of mind. In his works he assigns an important place to prayer, and attempts to give it a philosophical definition, which appears as a necessary complement and conclusion to the thoughts concerning prayer to be found in Russian poetry and literature. This is how Solovieff expounds the meaning of prayer:

"He who does not pray, that is, does not unite his will with a higher will, either does not believe in a higher will and in good, or else he considers himself the sovereign possessor of good, and his will as being perfect and all powerful. Not to believe in good is moral death, whereas to believe in a divine source of good, and to pray to him, giving up one's will in everything, is true wisdom and the beginning of perfection."

Solovieff considers prayer the means by which a cooperation of the human and the divine will is established. He says: "For, the first action of faith, the first movement of a new spiritual life wherein God acts in conjunction with man is prayer. When by means of earnest prayer a man communes with God, he not only unites himself spiritually with the divinity, but also unites others with him and he becomes one of the links between God and his creation, between the divine and natural world. The human will which has freely given up itself to the divine will is not absorbed by it, but is merely united to it, and becomes a mingling of human and divine force which is capable of accomplishing God's work in this world. This beneficent moral bond with God distinguishes sincere prayer from all other human relations with God."

The Lord's Prayer is highly valued by Solovieff as an example of a genuine prayer as well as a revelation of the nature of God and as to how men can commune with him. He says: "The prayer that Christ taught his disciples possesses all these attributes (of genuine prayer) to the fullest degree; it is absolutely unselfish, for in it we do not ask for any blessing exclusively for ourselves. The true aim of this prayer is that God should be present everywhere and in everything. This aim is clearly expressed in the first three petitions: 'Hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done upon earth, as it is in

heaven.' The subject matter of the remaining petitions merely express the necessary conditions for the realization of that higher aim in so far as it concerns us."

"God cannot be all in all, if he does not exist in our personal life, therefore we first of all offer God our material life. When we pray for our daily bread, we no longer consider ourselves the masters of our material life, but make it subject to the divine life. When we pray that our trespasses may be forgiven us, and willingly forgive those who trespass against us for God's sake, we no longer seek our own justice, but acknowledge the justice of God which alone is true, and, finally, when praying that we may not be led into temptation but may be delivered from the evil one, we do not intend to escape by the help of our own means the evident or secret actions of the powers of darkness, but choose the one true path under God's guidance."

Speaking in another place on the Lord's Prayer, he enlarges the above expressed ideas. He says: "Being absolutely unselfish, and because of this very fact, the Lord's Prayer is truly efficacious. Each one of the petitions if pronounced with faith contains within it the beginning of its accomplishment; when we say in all sincerity, 'hallowed be thy name,' God's name is already hallowed within us; in acknowledging the kingdom of God we recognize the fact that we belong to this kingdom, or in other words, that it is already among us. In saying, 'Thy will be done'—that is, giving up our own will to God—we are already accomplishing his will within ourselves. Furthermore, in so much as we minimize our material needs (in praying for our daily bread) in so much we make their accomplishments possible. When we forgive them that trespass against us, we at the same time justify ourselves before God, and finally, when we beg God's help in our struggle with temptations and the snares of the evil one, by this very supplication we receive the most efficacious help, as the only means of driving them away consist in fasting and prayer."

Julius F. Hecker.

"AND TO ALL POINTS BEYOND"

A RAILROAD station has not been set down among the habitations of poetry. Search all the guidebooks which chronicle the places of solace in the Land of Dreams and never a finger will point to a railway depot. I cannot find it in my heart to blame them. Railroads are not evident poetries. They are comfortable methods of transportation and represent the highest type of utility. For railroad ties and railroad rolling stock and steadfast purpose to serve the race I cherish a respect that cannot be set down in words. The great Turner has a great picture to figure transportation, which is the nearest station to poetry at which a railroad train has ever arrived. But then, a Turner could idealize anything. He was a sort of infinite idealization and certainly an infinite idealizer. Himself was utility touched with the infinite.

It grieves my spirit more than I can say to recall how, whatever the nobility of structure of a depot, it has no esthetic thrill for the soul. The Pennsylvania Station in New York city is in many regards an adventure in architecture incomparable on this continent. Its massive pillars, its extraordinary concourse, its splendid roominess, its compulsion of nature, its conquest of the Hudson River, its taking calm control of all comforts for the use of travelers challenge even the stupid to consideration. It is worth going round the world to see and is more worthy than all pyramids and coliseums. Yet do the sphinx and the pyramids and the coliseum still stand in the midst of the landscape of human wonder, while this place of transit is unacclaimed by even imaginative travelers. The reason indubitably is that utility is one thing and poetry is another thing. They scarcely mix, at least not in architecture. Utility has its laurels. It wears a crown of gold. Poetry has its coronet. It is the withering petals of wild flowers, yet outlasts all crowns of gold. You cannot have everything. The railroad builder does a stupendous work. He is an achiever all but unapproachable. It is not to be thought that he should write sonorous sentences outsounding stormy seas, as Milton has done

in prose and poetry. There are realms and realms. It would be scarcely fair to have one man lord it over all realms. Only the sun does that. Commerce is one name; poetry is another. They must not make faces at one another. That is not polite. "He hath his work, I mine," reads the high poem, "Ulysses"; and the verdict is ultimate.

And the railroad station is not written down in the Forest of Arden nor in the Islands of Hesperides nor in that Indian Summer Land of Utopia. Nevertheless it must not murmur, but rest content, seeing it has had its abundant service and may well be satisfied.

Notwithstanding!

We must ever keep that word of our human dictionary lying close at hand like a dictionary when we spell—correctly. At times least expected we shall be called upon to use it. The reason is the unreasonableness of life. Life is a radiant thing whether at a railroad station or a lover's tryst. Effulgence is apt to put in an appearance on any beclouded day. A rush of rapture may be looked for solely because there is somewhere a sun. Whatever the place or shadow, life is apt to spread wings and utter song. A stable is not quite a house of poetry, yet we know how the Poet of poets was born there among the soft-breathed cattle. Since which event we are wistful to keep our "Notwithstanding" close at hand, like a keepsake from one we greatly loved and lost. We may need to kiss it or weep over it smilingly any moment. There are no set moments for Life's music to break into carols.

So, then, *notwithstanding* a railway station is not a flower bed where poetry is set to break into sudden and blissful bloom, it sometimes does break into blossom there. On the card of announcement of time for trains to depart, where the name of the railroad and the names of the places of considerable importance are set down, after a recitation of many names you may sometimes read: "And to all points beyond."

I recall how the first time that announcement caught my eyes and how it lifted me into ecstasy. A railway station may not be a fit place for ecstasy, as the reader may be mentally suggesting, and I will not be disputatious. My points of ecstasy are not

all charted. In railroad stations they come like an unlooked-for loveliness on a hidden river. When a boy at the front, where battle spills its tides of death, was reported killed but was not, and you see the meeting of the soldier lad and father and mother in the railroad station when the soldier lad comes home wounded, pale, prison-worn, and their glory of reunion sweeps over them like an illustrious sun-up, then such as witness the scene know that poetry has never had a loftier chariot in which to ride than the crowded, unpoetic depot. That day and many a recurring day, when that legend of the road smiled out at me like a wild flower in the spring woods, I have wandered through crushing throngs as I wandered through wide fields sown to asphodels and amaranths. I forget surly and wearying journeys and throngs of sweaty passengers getting on the train and off, and I climb invisible Alps, and wander beside new rivers not named in any earth geography, and adventure into far countries where no traveler has adventured. The railroad card has gripped my hand till the bones in the fingers crack and the fingers ache and bleed, and I am clutched with a vast desire—to-wit, the tug of the infinite.

"And to all points beyond." That is an actuality where any man's real journey begins. That is his station start. He is en route "to all points beyond." Anybody can go somewhere, only unusual folk can go everywhere. Where the journey stops is really where the journey begins.

If one were to select a schoolroom for thought would it be a depot? Hardly. Yet here it is. A thought belted like a knight for far adventure. "And to all points beyond." Should a railroad be farther-going than the soul of woman and of man? Shall a railroad have far points along its run and man remain barely a local incident? To suggest it is a parody on all high things holy, whereas life is not parody; life is poetry.

Soul is headed "to all points beyond." Life is on a very long quest. There is where all materialized theologies are bankrupts. They have no provision for the quest of the soul back of visible horizons, nor for it to touch at "all points beyond." They are glib and chipper about near-by points. They can recite like a little child its Mother Goose rhymes—the names of all the little

towns, the places where starch is made or glue or chocolate bars or window screens or window glass, the towns where the roundhouses are and the division points on the road, the funny little stations of much-ado-about-nothing—but not the stately places, the headlands where the golden glory burns radiant like autumn; the trifling hamlet where some great soul waked or slept, the farmstead where some sweet woman died of unrequited love and wore a pathway like an angel's street to some dear grave where her tears of hope and heartache watered the grave. The town where goes the trunk called Struggle, the hill called Hope, and the Vineyard where grow the Eshcol grapes and where the great Vinegrower tramped out the grapes of wrath alone, the town called Mansoul, nor the mountains named Delectable, nor the fair prospect the angels call The Land of Beulah—those dear places of longing and remembrance and holy hope guides of travelers know nothing of. They say with self-satisfied voice, "These are not set down on our time card, which is revised to date, quite modern, with each smallest new place set down." They call harshly, like a train caller in a roomy station, stridently, the puny places on the puny time card, but have no "points beyond." The little car lines that run through a sugar plantation or to a near-by lumber camp or to a summer merry-go-round are not the railways for the soul. The soul must take long trips and arduous. The martyrs tramped long roads with bleeding feet and bleeding lips, yet singing feet and singing lips. The short road is ineffectual. For turtles it may suffice, but not for birds of passage nor for far-sailing ships. The lapping of water on the strand has a far-away voice, a yearning look and mood. "Outward" is what it whispers. The voices of aspiration are seldom clangorous. They are half-hushed silences. They do not cry in the market places, having a subduedness like falling shadows. There is a secrecy in all large matters. So is it that to many the night has a manlier ministry than the day. It has rooms of silence, mystery, unfolding. They are as the winter, when all seeds are silent in the frozen ground with never an intimation of what sort the seed may be, or even that it is. No wisest wisdom can tell when or where spring flowers shall in glad spring spring up. Mystery puts finger

across its lips. No secret is told. All wonder has silences more musical than music.

These know-alls of the road of life use megaphones too much. Megaphones are for the sight-seeing car through city ways. They are not fitted for the solemn solitudes where the mountains stay and where pines give forth at one breath odors and music. There is no sound of machinery when the lilies weave their garments of starlight or of snow; and the thorns of the crown of thorns were not shaped on an anvil to the hammer's voice. These noisy pointers of travelers to no-where-much, methinks they do profess too much. Their voice is still high, vociferous, strident, raucous, but their vocabulary is limited. They have not acquired the words of the journey. They are like the little child who can tell you who lives next door, but who has no knowledge of the town where Shakespeare was born and died, nor the field where Robbie Burns plowed up the mouse and the daisy. Shall a railroad time card know more than a guide for man? Why should the man who knows so little be so severe with the man who knows so much? Why should the man who has never met God be so smilingly superior to the man who has heard God talk to him, who has God's secret hidden in his heart? Why should the little village be ironic with the metropolis? This is worthy inquiry. I protest, ignorance must not swagger so, nor the little man play so many tunes on his penny trumpet. Men of my generation have been so absolutely sure in telling how things were not, and what themselves did not know; meantime many a woman kissing her babe to sleep and praying with her could have tutored them in a salutary theology filled with whispered and sung hallelujahs. Such souls have "points beyond" arranged for on their chosen journey. There is no break in the voice of the know-all, no choke in his throat. Huxley spent his last days in caring for flowers. And is that all? Could he find no sweeter gardening? I have known bent men and gray, young men in the morning of their years, but called to die; these have I known to grow heaven's lilies and a quiet heart and a settled trust and a radiant life which outshone rainbows and white suns.

So many roads I encounter, as I wander on unaccustomed

ways, which lead to a farmhouse, and there they end. The roads so many minds travel lead to the farmhouse named Death and into a narrow valley with no way out. Shall we trust and choose for road-makers those who build a road to a farmhouse, or were it better, wiser wisdom to employ for road-makers those spirits which build the road "to all points beyond"—across the continent, into all marts, beside all seas, to all high mountains of vision, through every lovely valley where singing streams fill the way with music?

Ofttimes in my loiterings on summer streams my boat dawdles because my hands use the oars idly, as not designing to hasten, but to enjoy and see things in sky and stream and river edge, and so loitering I have seen, climbing slowly to the surface of the water, a misbegotten thing meant for the mud of the bottom of the stream and not at all for the shining surface where the sweet winds dream and the sunlight makes glory. What impels the crawling thing of the underworld to adventure so? Why stayed it not where it was born, an ugly cumberer cannibal, to prey on water-worms and dash about in its muddy depths at home in the slime and the ooze? To me there is something inexpressibly pathetic and at the same time infinitely glad and heroic in this slimy advent at the surface of the summer stream. It had never been here before. Down in the roily depths its life had passed in worm contentment, its only eagerness being the eagerness of hunger, a thing of the slime and well content, till now a new hunger tugged at its dim life. It grew restless as running water. The ooze was no longer its paradise. Its companionship with shadow and mud no longer gave it comfort. It had never risen. At the bottom of the stream was its home, sweet home. What knew it of any Upward? It had no sky, nor needed it. Slime begotten, it had slime happiness. And now— What is a "now" to a worm wriggling in the mire? It has no now nor then. But *now* the worm wants upward. It cranes its poor neck, lifts its poor dull head a touch above the ooze. It eels a blind way to the ladder of a reed rooted in the mud which has been its only landscape—mud all. The worm feet begin the slow ascent out of its lifetime home, away from its poor but accustomed ways, hungrily climbing to where it has never been and to

what it knows not of, and to light and sky which it has not dreamt of, to sunshine glorious as joy. It climbs, climbs, tiredly, achingly, for a fatigue and a pain have invaded the wriggling climbing body, climbing dizzily, for a strange drunkenness is on it, climbs tiredly, seeing it has never climbed before, and its dull feet linger on the shaking stair of the reed pushed to and fro by the blowing wind whereof the aspirant has no knowledge; howbeit, the worm climbs, climbs on and up. It is a long, grim journey for a worm and accustomed to no climbing. The beyond has gotten into its poor slime body. Why should a worm want to leave its worm home? There it has been happy, unaspiring.

And *now*—ah, that *now* keeps reappearing. It has come into the worm's vocabulary. *Now*. The poor dogged thing keeps on. Fire is in its muddy feet, and they toil on whither they had never been. A sublime persistency is on this trivial and despised thing. It never would have coveted nor consented to such a trip before, but on now, tugged at by it knows not what, it climbs out of the ooze, up the stalk, up to the surface of the stream. Above the surface of the stream its slow slimy full length at last trembles and pauses. It surely will return. It has no business here. All is new and strange. The light worries it, the wind makes it shiver, and all make it afraid. No mud, only sky and sunlight. No water, but sky. Turn, poor dull worm; make no excuse. You have had your escapade and can tell your journey to your family and friends; hasten back home. No; the dull worm does not return. It is out of its old element, all it knew or guessed, yet clings tenaciously to its stairway of ascent, clings with blind tenacity while the reed rocks and the winds hurry and the sunlight blinds. Poor, grim, glorious traveler. Poor, grim, glorious soldier. I hail thee for the hero that thou art!

Then a dizziness comes on and over this poor creature of anabasis; pains make it blind, yet it does not turn back, does not head downward into its old abyss, does not seek its elemental darkness, but barely clings, clings palpitatingly, while a whirlwind of pain shakes the poor and shabby house the worm has hitherto dwelt in gladly until—and *now*, O wonder! the worm feet still cling pitifully, frightenedly, heroically, to the reed, while from the worm

body immerges a thing of light, a rainbow luster, a creature of wings and gossamer, a body of glancing lights, a creature provided for the sky, not for mud and ooze. The body it has is left a husk which still clings on the windblown ladder of the reed and the dragon fly when its wings are dried plumes flight into an element it never knew and wings "to points beyond." It has the sky, the glancing river, the swaying rushes, the forests rimming the river, the glory of the sun. Dragon Fly it is called, and it knows not the river worm. It is named after its flight. That is its life and its joy. It flies from place to place; wings have taken the place of feet. Feet it has, but only for temporary alighting. So long it had its feet only that now it scarcely lights. Wings—all wings. It lights only for the laughter of renewed flight.

When such an apocalypse is open to us may not a wee worm teach man the lesson of the sky? A poor worm, sworn brother of the mud, left the mud and found a road to "points beyond."

I confess the sight of this deserted house clinging to the rush along the stream makes me weep like a motherless baby. I cannot see it often enough to quench the wonder of it. I had nearly said the miracle of it. For no miracle set down to the hands of the Son of God when he was barefoot here on our open road was quite as wondrous as this worm aspiring to the sky and wings. "To points beyond" seems not such an extravagant formula after this. A man should have as good a chance as a worm, think you? and as high a chance? No change of the mortal body to an immortal body whereof the Christ gave credential was equal in prodigy to this worm apocalypse. I had no light, no sky, no wings, nor needed them nor wanted them, then came to possess them all. And shall not the good God who put the passion for the sky and wings into the shambling worm give passion to man for a better world where wings shall take the place of tired feet and fretlessness shall preempt the place of care?

I protest the rationalist and the materialist should go to school to the worm, which would teach them immeasurable diameters more than they have set down in their dull, cycless philosophy. Man is a chrysalis and shall emerge; death is a dizziness which comes over the body, the brain, when making transit from

mortality to immortality. There is a change of azures; there is the espousal of the infinite. For this mortal shall put on immortality, and we shall be *changed* in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and God shall give a body as it shall please him. Cannot the dragon fly talk that talk after what has happened to him? I wot he could only. It remains for a redeemed man to say it in whose life abides the luxury of immortality.

Such as make light of this radiant immortality, this change from little to large, from less to more, from under to upper, from a cul-de-sac of death to the open roadway of immortality to "all points beyond," turn out to be grim disciples of the mud, and the worm could teach them beyond all they know and become their apostle. They trumpet so loudly that they should be taught a gospel to proclaim. "A little child shall lead them" was a somewhat whimsical word long ago uttered to those super-wise who knew so little. But now the irony is that a water worm shall be competent to lead these. If the water worm's groping was prophetic of its place in the azure how shall we explain the restless human soul save by its open sky access "to all points beyond"?

A daring aviator was shot down on the battle front not so long ago, and when they wrote of him after his death in a tone of hushed wonder they declared, "His home was in the sky, and he only lived to fly." That swift biography of a brave spirit, told by men who gave no heed to the vast Poetry of what they set down, has drowned my heart in trumpet triumph time after time. His home was in the sky and he only lived to fly. Ah, radiant vagrant of the upper spaces, shall I not learn of thee where I belong? Shall I, for whom "all points beyond" are the sure holdings of my life, be satisfied to let earth domineer over me, and stay a citizen where I am meant only to stay a day and a night, or shall I, who am girded and goaded for immortality, fold my tent "like the Arabs and as silently steal away"?

A worm must not transcend a man in hunger. Man must not be eyeless like an owl when his hand is tugged at by the nail-pierced Hand of Immortality. Hear this passage from an old poem writ in an illuminated missal:

"There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of

the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. . . . And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal shall put on immortality."

And with that voice of trumpets my soul is in accord. I know it from my need. I know it from those radiant dissatisfactions which urge me into clamorous surgings after those things I have not yet secured and the God whom I shall see. The dragon fly must not shame me. The flying man of battle in the skies must not point brave finger at me in scorn.

I will consult my soul when it is hushed in the presence of its passion for aspiration, and for sunrise, and for starting to "all points beyond." I will consult the Passion of the great spirits of the world, who knew time was not their port, but their port was eternity. I will consult the Great Intruder who came from heaven to tell to earthly souls the bewildering company to which they were kinsfolk; and I will hear him say ("knowing that he came forth from the Father and that he must return to the Father"), "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye"—

"And to all points beyond."

William A. Quayle

THACKERAY IN IRELAND

Among the many persons to whom I have mentioned the Irish Sketch Book of 1842 only one could boast of having read it. He, indeed, spoke as if an acquaintance with it were a matter of course. The others simply knew the volume as one that came with a "full set" of Thackeray; they had never dreamed they were under any obligation to look into its pages. It was a successful piece of work, vivacious, informing, the first of Thackeray's literary ventures, so they tell us, to make a distinct impression on the public. This hard-working author knew how to please the editors, he could market his wares, but he confessed himself baffled by the indifference of the readers of magazines. The Irish Sketch Book was not subjected to piecemeal publication, it came out in a pair of comfortable volumes with the hall-mark of a first-rate house. Possibly a capricious public liked it on that account. Dawdlers in bookshops could look through the table of contents and learn at a glance what was to be had for their money. Thackeray offered a good deal, far more than the table of contents indicates: a straightforward narrative, a manly style —always easy and occasionally eloquent; a keen sense of fun, a dash of satire now and then as well as outbursts of honest indignation, also plenty of facts well seasoned with amusing or touching anecdotes. In addition to this he gave himself, Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, or, as he generally calls himself, the Cockney; for the title of the book, had he had his own way, would have been "The Cockney in Ireland"; he abandoned that title because of "the pathetic remonstrances of the publishers."

Nothing that was characteristic escaped him. He worked hard at his task, both with mind and body. To make a tour of Ireland in 1842 required a good physique. The long journeys, the indifferent inns, the questionable food and the uncertainties of the climate were in themselves a hardship. He attended a court of petty sessions, he read the newspapers diligently and commented on them, he bought specimens of the popular litera-

ture, analyzed them, and gave his readers a *précis.* What a delightful piece of fooling is his outline of the historical tragedy of The Battle of Aughrim, "written from beginning to end in decasyllabic verse of the richest sort!" Yet one's first impulse is to skip it. He was a guest at an agricultural banquet and a ball, he mingled with people at the fairs, he religiously attended the theater, and he visited a convent in a decidedly secular frame of mind. Neither poorhouses nor schools, churches nor colleges were neglected. Yet he gives only his impressions of things, in the order he likes, and has a laugh at the prospective reader who may possibly take up his book in search of classified information and guide-book lore. As a practical man of letters who was also bookish in his tastes he sought out all the bookshops—they were not very numerous—and came to the conclusion that the belles-lettres were not so eagerly cultivated at Limerick as at Cork. Nevertheless it was at Limerick that he found the writings of one Titmarsh, and viewed them with a melancholy tenderness: "Poor flowrets of a season (and a very short season too), let me be allowed to salute your scattered leaves with a passing sigh!"

The talk of the people amused him much, and, sensible traveler that he was, Thackeray encouraged them to talk until they had run dry. At Derryclear he had the luck to meet a man who had seen a mermaid—"he with Jim Mullen being above on a rock, the mermaid on the shore directly beneath them"; and he heard of another man *who had shot one;* a dastardly form of sport, almost as sacrilegious as shooting cherubim in the Himalayas after the manner described in Cranford. It is pleasant to know that mermaids have been seen as late as 1842. The two Irishmen were more fortunate than Mr. Asterias, in Peacock's novel, who perlustrated the coast of Lincolnshire in the lively hope of seeing (and capturing) a mermaid, but netted a perfectly valueless specimen in the shape of a fellow-guest at Nightmare Abbey.

Not having undertaken to compile a guide-book, Thackeray went where he would, made mention of such matters as interested him, tarried but for a night at some places and was more than leisurely at others. By tracing his wanderings on the map one

discovers that he did his Ireland with something that approximates thoroughness. At a period of history when it was impossible, as now, to glide on smooth rails from one town to another, a traveler saw not only the towns but all that lay between; he came in close contact both with the country and the natives. After relating the adventures of a summer's day in Dublin and describing what befell him at a country-house in Kildare, Thackeray visited Carlow, Waterford, Cork and the town with the melodious name of Skibbereen—would that Richard Strauss might be moved to set that name to music!—also Bantry and Glengariff. He made the inevitable trip to Killarney, presented its lively incidents in an extremely lively chapter, and added a couple of chapters on the famous lakes. Satisfied with a glance at Tralee, Listowel and Tarbet, he journeyed to Limerick, Galway and Ballinahinch. The variety and splendor of the scenery deeply impressed him, as it also convinced him of the uselessness of piling up big words to represent wild mountains, or of spinning long smooth sentences to give an idea of the calm lakes by which he traveled. "All one can do is to lay down the pen and ruminate, and cry, 'Beautiful!'" Leaving Ballinahinch "with sincere regret," he made his way through the Joyce country to Westport, to Ballinasloe, and so on, by Athlone, Lishoy, Moate, and Maynooth, back to Dublin. Having diverted himself by a two days' excursion to Wicklow, the Cockney turned his face to the north and visited Drogheda, Dundalk, Louth, Newry, Armagh and Belfast; also the Giant's Causeway, at which place the guides and professional mendicants badgered him unmercifully.

He forgot his griefs at Limavaddy, for there he fell eternally in love during the ten minutes of his stay and, as he remarks, chronicled the circumstances of his passion in "deathless verse." All properly educated persons know the poem, "Peg of Limavaddy," and, if they be men, wish they might have seen the handsome original. The last stanza is a perfect example of the author's drollery:

> Citizen or Squire,
> Tory, Whig, or Radical would all desire
> Peg of Limavaddy.

Had I Homer's fire,
Or that of Serjeant Taddy,
Meetly I'd admire
Peg of Limavaddy.
And till I expire,
Or till I grow mad, I
Will sing unto my lyre
Peg of Limavaddy!

On the road to Londonderry the traveler turned aside to visit the "Agricultural Seminary of Templemoyle," and was vastly pleased with what was to be seen there. Here at last was education in a sensible form. He has a fling at the English public school system. "All the world is improving except the gentlemen." At Eton were five hundred boys, "kicked, and licked, and bullied by another hundred—scrubbing shoes, running errands, making false concords, and (as if that were a natural consequence) putting their posteriors on a block for Dr. Hawtrey to lash at; and still calling it education." Worst of all, they were "absolutely vain of it." Readers who are interested in the training of boys will do well to compare Thackeray's outburst with a famous and brilliant explosion of Sydney Smith's on "the good old English system." Of "wild Donegal" our tourist saw but little. The season was now well advanced. Snow had fallen at Londonderry, and Mr. Titmarsh had begun to yearn for the society of Pat the waiter at the Shelburne Hotel, Stephen's Green. A true city man, he felt an honest and comical terror of the country, and it was with a sense of genuine relief that he came in sight of the gas lamps of Dublin. With a final flourish on Dublin, its hospitalities and its peculiarities, the amiable book is brought to a close.

For it *is* amiable; exceedingly so. To be sure, the author mingled praise and blame and the Irish firmly resented all unfavorable comments—a position to be explained in part on the ground of imperfect sense of humor—but a book which leaves the reader deeply and sympathetically interested in the people described is amiable, to say the least. And it is a modest book. Thackeray knew how hard it was to get at the truth. Are things what they seem or are they not? And what about the tales that are poured into the traveler's ear, every one of them in a tone

of absolute sincerity? Furthermore, there are always to be met with cases of a deliberate attempt to befuddle the honest inquirer. It were a wonder if, after his summer in Ireland, Thackeray did not become an example of the complete historical sceptic. "I shall never forget," he says, "the glee with which a gentleman in Munster told me how he had sent off MM. Tocqueville and Beaumont 'with such a set of stories.' . . . Amid a multitude of conflicting statements which one is the stranger to believe? And how are we to trust philosophers who make theories upon such data?" The writer who aims only at a volume of impressions must be puzzled to find that truth (in Ireland) is always of two sorts, one Protestant, the other Catholic. Thackeray was not prepared fully to trust deductions of his own, drawn from what he had seen and heard. He puts his doubts in an amusing way. For example, he was charmed with the ride from Armagh to Portadown, with the look of the neat farms and orchards, the manners and speech of the people, their dress and their accent. "A man gives you a downright answer, without any grin or joke, or attempt at flattery." Having drawn a comparison between all this, so agreeable to him, and what he has seen in other parts of the island, Thackeray promptly pulls himself up with the remark that "these are rather early days to begin to judge of national characteristics; and very likely the above distinctions have been drawn after profoundly studying a Northern and a Southern waiter at the inn at Armagh."

No doubt much may be learned from waiters. They are a gifted people, wiser than most metaphysicians, besides being capital financiers. But they are nomadic, a race apart, and Thackeray did well not to regard them as types of their respective civilizations. Journalist though he was, he was far too clever a man to theorize to any great extent. He knew perfectly what sort of thing he could do and therefore he confined himself to sketches of people and places. He aimed to bring out traits of character by humorous or ironical description as well as by anecdote, to make visible to the reader the aspect of towns and villages, the features of the milder landscape, the wild splendors of lake and mountain scenery. He set himself a conventional task, but he

performed it in a fresh and unconventional way. With the help of this book and a good map one may make a tour of Ireland in the forties with one's feet on the fender. His vignettes are admirable—if it be correct to call them vignettes. Take this one of Dublin as he first saw it. And remember that Thackeray was just from London, which, then as now, was not so much a city as it was a world. Remember also his playful insistence on the fact of his being a Cockney—a Cockney in Dublin:

"A handsomer town with fewer people in it it is impossible to see on a summer's day. In the whole wide square of Stephen's Green I think there were not more than two nursery-maids to keep company with the statue of George I. . . . Small troops of dirty children . . . were squatting here and there upon the sunshiny steps, the only clients at the thresholds of the professional gentlemen whose names figure on brass door-plates on the doors. A stand of lazy carmen, a policeman or two with clinking boot-heels, a couple of moaning beggars leaning against the rails and calling on the Lord, and a fellow with a toy and book stall, where the lives of Saint Patrick, Robert Emmett and Lord Edward Fitzgerald may be bought for double their value, were all the population of the Green.

"At the door of the Kildare Street Club I saw eight gentlemen looking at two boys playing leapfrog; at the door of the university six lazy porters in jockey-caps were sunning themselves on a bench—a sort of bluebottle race; and the bank on the opposite side did not look as if a six-pence worth of change had been negotiated there during the day. There was a lad pretending to sell umbrellas under the Colonnade, almost the only instance of trade going on, and I began to think of Juan Fernandez, or Cambridge in the long vacation. In the courts of the college scarce the ghost of a gyp or the shadow of a bed-maker."

Of such sort were Thackeray's first impressions of Dublin. It was midsummer. All the dandies were at the seashore, and society had fled to the terraces and pleasure-houses of Kingstown. How could Dublin have been other than desolate?

Fortunately a friend came to see him and carried him off in a wonderful cab "of a lovely olive-green, picked out with white, on high springs and enormous wheels." A little tiger swung gracefully up and down, holding on by the hood. As for the horse, it was almost as tall as the moldy camelopard in the Trinity College "Musayum." Thackeray wished he might have driven up Regent Street in this splendid equipage and "met a few creditors." Later he saw the Dublin dandies in all their glory, and

marveled at the spectacle. Thackeray knew the breed wherever they were to be found, in Paris or in London, or even at Liverpool, a city famous for its "desk and counter D'Orsays and cotton and sugar-barrel Brummels," but he doubted whether any city could produce such a number of smartly dressed young fellows as Dublin had to show. To his eye they had an original and splendid character and appearance of their own "very hard to describe." So happily has Thackeray touched them off that one can see them and can rejoice with him in the sight. The spectacle of a group of young men whose principal business is dress must always be entertaining. Military and ferocious of look, they wore their hats well over one ear, and an oily bush of hair on the other side of the head to balance the hat. In the matter of pins, and canes, and horn quizzing-glasses they made the bravest possible show. Big pins were the fashion in 1842, but Thackeray thought he had never seen so many pins, or so big, as at Dublin. "Large agate marbles or 'taws,' globes terrestrial and celestial, pawnbrokers' balls—I cannot find comparisons large enough for these wonderful ornaments of the person." The owners thereof seemed to have nothing to do, and the question in Thackeray's mind was how the city could support them, or they themselves. Supported they were in some mysterious manner, well supplied with three of the essentials of dandyism—food, raiment, and infinite leisure. They were to be seen in vast numbers, swarming in the park or at the seaside, whirling about in cars, pouring into or out of railway carriages, always voluble and vivacious, "and greeting other dandies with that rich large brogue which some actor ought to make known to the English public."

The existence of this large leisure class bestriding their hacks in the "Phaynix," sailing their yachts at Kingstown, shows that the Ireland of 1842 must indeed have been a land of contrasts. But it also complicates the problem of how to explain that same Ireland. In truth the profession of dandyism at Dublin could not have cost its votaries much (gold-headed canes, "very splendid," were to be had on the quay for a shilling); but that this "noble breed" should have existed in such numbers as to excite astonishment, and that at a time when poverty was rampant every-

where, when the beggars were to be seen in droves, and when the great famine was impending, is, as the Wessex countryman would say, "a thought to look at." At Cork Thackeray caught a glimpse of alleys where the odors and rags and darkness were so hideous as to be appalling. They told him of quarters of the town which the policeman could not penetrate, "only the priest." He asked a Roman Catholic clergyman to take him into some of these purlieus. The man refused. Everywhere throughout the south and west of Ireland a traveler was "haunted by the face of popular starvation." It lacked three years of the time when the outbreak of a potato-disease in the Isle of Wight should bring the danger to the notice of Parliament. Even now the terror existed. Thackeray saw it—the spectacle of thousands stretched out in the sunshine before their cabins, with no work and apparently no hope. Many of these unfortunates had torn up the half-ripe potatoes from their little gardens and devoured them. Now there remained nothing for the winter but the prospect of a gnawing hunger and the bitter cold besides. With all these signs of misery about him a traveler had no right to be happy, still less any heart for it.

In walking the streets of Cork and looking at the ragged urchins that crowded them Thackeray was impelled to remark that the superiority of intelligence was here, "and not with us." He thought he had never seen "such a collection of bright-eyed, wild, clever, eager faces." The talk of two little chaps lolling over the balustrade of the quay attracted him and he listened. One of them had been reading Rollin, and the subject of their animated discourse was the Ptolemys. Both of these boys were "almost in rags." At Dublin he picked up the anecdote of the groom at Dycer's stables who, on learning that the gentleman to whom he had brought out a horse was Lever, touched his cap and pointed to a book in his pocket, a little pink-covered copy of Harry Lorrequer. "I can't do without it, sir," said the groom. Now what a joyous episode was that in the sad life of a man of letters. Lever must have been pleased; Thackeray certainly was in hearing about it. The incident could not well have happened to himself, for he had printed no novel as yet, only the two volumes of the Comic Tales and Sketches, a work not likely to appeal to

grooms, Irish or otherwise. But he knew of a certain compatriot who had written a bright chronicle of laughable adventures, a book that anybody could, and everybody should, read. And he speculated on the likelihood (or unlikelihood) of an English stableboy's being acquainted with that drollest of narratives as the Irishman knew his Harry Lorrequer. "I wonder does any one of Mr. Rymell's grooms take in Pickwick, or would they have any curiosity to see Mr. Dickens should he pass that way?"

And, by the way, has any industrious person taken the trouble to collect all the pretty allusions to Dickens that are scattered through the voluminous writings of Thackeray? There must be a hundred such references, or more.

That were a strange book of travel which took no note of modes of conveyance. Thackeray does not say that he was considerably shaken up in the course of his Irish tour, he simply leaves it to be inferred. He marveled at the capacity of the car by which he made the trip from Glengariff to Killarney. It was no more elastic than other vehicles. Seven passengers filled it, but the driver was a man of many resources and took on six more, making thirteen in all. They kept their places in part by holding on to each other. That there may be no mistake about this the author introduces a sketch of the car and its human load in which he himself appears, wearing a high hat in genuine cockney style, with his arm around a demure young lady in a poke bonnet. He has a cherubic face, and in his spectacles faintly resembles "Gig-lamps," of Cuthbert Bede's instructive romance. Says Thackeray, "Now it may be a wonder to some persons that with such a cargo the carriage did not upset, or some of us did not fall off; to which the answer is that we *did* fall off. A very pretty woman fell off, and showed a pair of never-mind-what-colored garters." As a matter of fact the cars seemed to be made for the passengers to fall off from. They could not be doing it all the time, but just as they were reaching Killarney they saw somebody else fall off another car. It was a form of national amusement.

This was the most mirthful of the adventurer's experiences while learning to adapt himself to Irish modes of travel. The dreariest was the ride from Leenane to Westport, with for chariot-

eer a young savage who not only spoke little English, but was "dressed in that very pair of pantaloons which Humphrey Clinker was compelled to cast off some years since on account of the offense which they gave to Mrs. Tabitha Bramble." The lad sat with his feet directly under the horse's tail, and from this point of vantage belabored the unhappy brute with a whip for six consecutive hours. To the questions put him he gave mostly wrong answers, howling them into the interlocutor's ear. His voice was so hideous that Thackeray (whom we know to have been an ironical wag) asked him *to sing,* and the youth, in newspaper phraseology, "kindly complied." If the listener hoped to collect the songs of the people from one of themselves he was disappointed. Nothing was to be made of either words or music. Yet it was evident that this "horrible Irish ditty" was meant to be tuneful, that the lines rhymed and were divided into stanzas.

Thackeray plied both pen and pencil during this busy summer. He made sketches of the people, when they would submit to it: the young woman who sold worsted stockings, and who, after agreeing to pose for a certain sum, raised her price a shilling when the sketch was only half done; the man peddling turf, from a cart of original construction, who started back in alarm when Thackeray showed him his sketch-book in the vain hope of making the fellow comprehend in what sense he wanted "to draw the cart." When it was a question of landscape the traveler very wisely depended on his gift for painting pictures in words. He traveled through many dismal tracts, dismal, that is to say, "for eyes accustomed to admire a hop-garden in Kent, or a view of rich meadows in Surrey, with a clump of trees and a comfortable village spire." Nevertheless they had a certain dreary impressiveness, or even splendor, all their own. Whatever he himself saw he can make the reader see and feel. He has good phrases with which to paint the dark mountains in a livery of purple and green, the dull gray sky above, an estuary silver-bright below, then a fisherman's boat or two, a pair of seagulls undulating with the little waves of the water, a pair of curlews wheeling overhead and piping. It is all spontaneously done, and not as if he had said to himself, "Come now, let us make a landscape, and show the

public what we can do in that line." In his brief account of the Giant's Causeway it would appear that Thackeray had beaten the specialists in nature-painting at their own game and not made half so much fuss about it. There are less than two pages of actual description. Read them and you have seen the place, the wild, sad, lonely place, where the solitude was "awful." You may save your money by not going, and you won't be obliged to meet those chattering guides who dared to lift up their voices and cry for money in this scene of awe and terror.

"It looks like the beginning of the world, somehow. The sea looks older than in other places, the hills and rocks strange, and formed differently from other rocks and hills—as those vast dubious monsters were formed who possessed the earth before man. The hilltops are shattered into a thousand cragged fantastical shapes; the water comes swelling into scores of little strange creeks, or goes off with a leap, roaring into those mysterious caves yonder, which penetrate who knows how far into our common world? The savage rock-sides are painted of a hundred colors. Does the sun ever shine here? When the world was molded and fashioned out of formless chaos this must have been the *bit over*—a remnant of chaos! Think of it!"

For my part I ask nothing better than this. But Thackeray would not have been Thackeray had he neglected to pull himself up for daring to be "eloquent." He must always have a laugh at himself before anyone else got a chance to laugh. What had he been using but "a tailor's simile" with his remnant of chaos? "Well, I am a Cockney. I wish I were in Pall Mall." One sympathizes with him, the Londoner, the clubman, the denizen of towered cities, at that most desolate of places, the Giant's Causeway.

Yet it fascinates him. He cannot leave it alone. He must go back to it. He *does* go back to it and makes a vignette like this:

"Yonder is a kelp-burner: a lurid smoke from his burning kelp rises up to the leaden sky and he looks as naked and fierce as Cain. Bubbling up out of the rocks at the very brim of the sea rises a little crystal spring: how comes it there? and there is an old gray hag beside, who has been there for hundreds and hundreds of years, and there sits and sells whisky at the extremity of creation! How do you dare to sell whisky there, old woman? Did you serve old Saturn with a glass when he lay along the Causeway here?"

And then he spoils his picture with an ironical stroke—or, rather,

does not spoil it, merely shows that he for one will not be caught attempting the grandiose and failing. Of a truth he was fairly bedeviled by the place, and kept on trying to express somehow its wonders of color and form, and then scoffing at himself for thinking it could be done. "There is that in nature, dear Jenkins, which passes even our powers." (This Jenkins, I feel sure, was first cousin to that very Jones who used to read numbers of Vanity Fair at his club and annotate the sentimental passages with "foolish, silly, twaddling," and like epithets.) And Thackeray tells Jenkins that we can perhaps feel the beauty of a magnificent landscape, "but we can describe a leg of mutton and turnips better." He tells the imaginary Jenkins that this scene is not for Cockneys like themselves, it is "for our betters to depict." And he kindly confides to the readers, *and* Jenkins, who "our betters" are—or, rather, who one of them is: "If Mr. Tennyson were to come hither for a month, and brood over the place, he might, in some of those lofty heroic lines which the author of the Morte d'Arthur knows how to pile up, convey to the reader a sense of this gigantic desolate scene."

"*Mr.* Tennyson": how oddly that appellation falls upon the ear. The Poems of 1842 had been published and Thackeray had read them. He may have seen the Morte d'Arthur before it was given to the public. Fitzgerald had heard it read by the author from manuscript as early as 1835; it then had neither introduction nor epilogue. Tennyson never spent a month in brooding over the Causeway, he brooded over the wild cliffs of the Cornish coast, at Tintagel and Morwenstow, and afterward wrote the Idylls of the King. If the Irish are really proud of their scenery they may well take the trouble to make Thackeray's descriptions of it better known. The man was profoundly impressed by what he saw. And he marveled that Londoners should always flock like sheep to the continent, year after year, while all this beauty of rock, hill, lake and mountain, with their misty lights and shadows, should remain utterly unknown. One can fancy a reader's taking up the Irish Sketch Book primarily for what it might tell him about Ireland, and as he goes from page to page finding himself more and more absorbed in the work itself as an exhibition of

clever craftsmanship, and at last almost forgetting the book because of his interest in the author as a man. Here was a great literary artist in the making. This work contains the germ of other works. It has the air of being easily, almost carelessly, written. The jaunty tone—not persistent indeed but constantly recurring—the affectation of ingrained cockneyism, the numerous asides, the sudden transitions, are all rather deceptive. They convey the idea that the author tossed off his sketches, that his feeling for what he was about was journalistic rather than literary. One would better not be fooled by Thackeray's nonchalant air; the man undoubtedly took great pains.

His summer in Ireland must have stimulated his imagination, for he was presently to write Barry Lyndon: or, to give the title under which the romance first appeared in Fraser's Magazine, *The Luck of Barry Lyndon.* He had not yet begun in Punch the brilliant series of papers there entitled The Snobs of England, but from numerous passages in the Irish Sketch Book it is plain enough that were he given the chance he would most certainly castigate snobs and take real pleasure in the exercise. The enormous deference paid to titles both amused and annoyed him. But was he not a little hard on His Grace of Tchume? And if it is silly to belord a man out of all reason is it not equally absurd to doctor and colonel and professor him, *more Americano,* or, as far as that goes, even to mister him? The plain Quaker mode of address is rather refreshing from time to time. I do not imagine that Thackeray had to go to Ireland to make Captain Costigan's acquaintance; worthies of the Costigan stripe abounded in England. And what was The Mulligan—he who made such a disturbance at Mrs. Perkins's Ball—but an Anglo-Irishman? Poor Titmarsh could never find out, save in a general way, where The Mulligan lived; it was down toward Uxbridge, whither the big fellow would point vaguely with the big stick that he always carried under his arm.

Valuable as The Irish Sketch Book may be as a record of impressions and experiences, highly suggestive as it certainly is to the student of Thackeray's literary methods and art, it is also one of the most significant of his earlier writings in that it so

admirably reveals the human side of the man who wrote it. The tone of the book is large-minded and generous. The author could pretend to be parochial and cockneyfied, it suited his whimsical nature to make such a pretense, but he was as incapable of the thing itself as he was incapable of being stingy or unsympathetic. If anything he had too much heart, and must needs conceal the fact now and then under a show of mockery. Not that he would always conceal his sympathies. Take the case of the man he met at the baiting-house ten miles out of Leenane—a wretched fellow, out of work, half sick, lame from a recent fall, and now painfully tramping one hundred and fifty miles back to his starving wife and children at Cork. No writer of a light book of travels could conceal his real feelings in an encounter with misery like this, least of all the writer in question. Whoever cares to learn how the pathetic may be handled with masterly restraint will turn to this paragraph. Thackeray does not say how much he gave the poor chap, does not indeed admit that he gave him anything. It was his way to keep mum on the subject of his charities, but he is forever telling us how he refused to give in this quarter or that. Well, we know how to interpret him; he cannot fool us.

He is none the less likable for his little bursts of anger and petulance. If he became hot at finding that attributed to English misrule which was the result of rank shiftlessness, who can blame him? It was difficult for Thackeray to be patient with those who supinely endured evils that a present application of whitewash and soap would have mitigated at once. He is refreshingly direct. The reader knows exactly where the man stands on a hundred and one questions. He never trims, never tries to dodge an issue, and in the main he is singularly fairminded. He strikes a hard blow now and then, but he always puts on boxing-gloves before squaring at his opponent. There was little or nothing in him of the bruiser. As to his prejudices, they are perfectly harmless; and he is so amusing in the expression of them that the reader cannot help laughing. He could not away with the extemporaneous method of preaching, and his experiences in Presbyterian churches in Ireland did not convince him that a sermon was the better for having been delivered without the help of a manuscript.

"If I were Defender of the Faith," he says, "I would issue an order to all priests and deacons to take to the book again; weighing well, before they uttered it, every word they proposed to say upon so great a subject as that of religion; and distrusting that dangerous facility given by active jaws and a hot imagination." Not all extemporaneous preachers suffer from active jaws and a hot imagination, or begin a sentence without knowing what is to be its conclusion. Thackeray is unfair simply from honest prejudice. No doubt he was soundly trounced by editors of Presbyterian journals after his book came out. I should like to see a few of the fulminations. No more than his Scotch brother is your Irish Calvinist lacking in a command of denunciatory rhetoric.

One of Thackeray's outbursts occurs at the end of his account of a Sunday walk through the Devil's Glen, as it is inappropriately called, a few miles from Roundwood, where he was enchanted by the foliage, the color, "and all sorts of delightful caprices of light and shadow," and where he heard a chorus of 150,000 birds—he is quite definite as to the number. As a salvo to his conscience for not being at church he writes a charming description of the place, and maintains the thesis that one may get as much good by an hour's walk there "as out of the best hour's extempore preaching." And he thinks of

> "a million and a half brother cockneys shut up in their huge prison . . . and told by some legislators that relaxation is sinful, that works of art are abominations except on week-days, and that their proper place of resort is a dingy tabernacle where a loud-voiced man is howling about hell-fire in bad grammar."

A passage like this was certain to bring down upon him all the organs of Dissent in England, but one cannot think that he would much mind. Thackeray was touching on a minor question of the day. As a lover of pictures he could not see why the galleries should be closed on Sundays so long as the gin palaces were kept open. Whatever he has to say on the topic—there is only a page or two of it—may be looked on as a slight contribution to the Young England movement, or at least so much of its activities as related to the problem of making the poor happier as well as

better off. Thackeray, though himself far from successful, did not exactly come under the appellation of "the poor," and it will comfort some horrified reader of his outburst to find him sobering down, growing almost humble, and quite ready to admit that, instead of walking in the woods and preaching a sermon against sermons, he might better have been at church hearing one.

Of his fantastical quality of mind, his humor, and his love of fun the book contains endless illustrations. Exceedingly droll is his putting of this difference between London and Dublin: One can only take leave of London by degrees, the great town "melts away into suburbs. But you pass from some of the stately fine Dublin streets straight into the country. After No. 46, Eccles Street, for instance, potatoes begin at once." For an example of humorous description, the humor lightened with fancy, one may take the account of Glendalough. The picture is like that seen through an opera-glass with the small lenses turned toward the object. Everything is astonishingly minute, yet brightly painted and perfectly distinct. Thackeray likens the place to "the most delicate, fantastic, fairy melody that ever was played." He writes a whole paragraph in that key. It is quite faultless. Then the humor broadens, as witness the following paragraph:

"There are seven churches, whereof the clergy must have been the smallest persons and have had the smallest benefices and the littlest congregations ever known. As for the cathedral, what a bishoplet it must have been that presided there! The place would hardly hold the Bishop of London, or Mr. Sydney Smith—two full-sized clergymen of these days—who would be sure to quarrel there for want of room, or for any other reason. There must have been a dean no bigger than Mr. Moore, and a chapter no bigger than that in Tristram Shandy, which does not contain a single word, and mere popguns of canons, and a beadle about as tall as Mr. Crofton Croker to whip the little boys who were playing at taw (with peas) in the yard."

A man so apt at the humorous in all its forms must have been appreciative of the same quality in others. In the entire book there is, so far as I can remember, but one example of what we call "Irish wit." It is excellent, but why should there be only one? Did Thackeray hear none of the sparkling clevernesses for which the very carmen and beggars are supposed to be famous?

Can it be that they are a myth, and in large part the creation of travelers who visit Ireland with a predestinate grin on their countenances and take for wit any unexpected turn of speech that drops from an Irishman's lips? The point needs clearing up. Ireland has produced almost the wittiest man who ever used the English language—Thomas Moore; now let someone tell us just how much that proves. Perhaps at heart they are a sad people—making exception, of course, of those in America.

It is natural to connect this great man's name at the present point in his history with the names of two of his contemporaries. At the very time Thackeray was doing Ireland, pleased, touched and puzzled by what he saw, Dickens was hot-footedly scouring the United States and trying, with only partial success, to comprehend our queer civilization. A hardworking but lucky dog, that Charles Dickens, world-famous and fairly rich at thirty!

And when Thackeray went to Kingstown with a group of friends, all bent on pleasure-making—the time he got the receipt for hot lobster and wrote it out in phrases not to be read without deep emotion—he *may* have seen there a bespectacled, burly young Englishman of twenty-seven, with a nice young lady on his arm, and *may* have set the pair down as newly betrothed; in which opinion he would have been pretty nearly right. Some years later that same young Englishman—his name was Anthony Trollope—was to write a novel that Thackeray would be very fond of reading, for in its pages he could see as much as he liked of a young girl whom he pronounced one of the most charming in modern fiction.

Trollope was already planning books to be written, long stories and short, plays, historical novels, a guide to Ireland, and what not. The day of his success was distant.

An interesting group of novelists. And why should one read less entertaining writers so long as a single important line of any one of the three remains unread?

CONTEMPORARY WAR LITERATURE AND THE NEW CALVARY

Contemporary war literature is, consciously or unconsciously, interpreting the great world conflict in terms of a New Calvary. One will find this note in the almost innumerable books which have been written by soldiers from the trenches; men who have never in all their lives before given Jesus Christ a loyal thought, but who feel a real comradeship with the Master now, and who have come to understand, in their fullest meaning, both Gethsemane and Calvary. The books of their experiences are pouring in upon us and we are reading them with the utmost eagerness, for we have learned by reading several books which have come out of the trenches, from the pens of men who never before thought to write, that these erstwhile thoughtless, playing, careless, laughing boys have come to marvelous articulation because of their experiences. And in most of these books one finds the note of Calvary struck, a note which finds immediate response and understanding in the hearts of millions of readers because they too are passing through their own sufferings.

In this contemporary war literature, defining the great world war in terms of "The New Calvary," Alfred Noyes sets the text when he catches the deeper meaning, the eternal meaning, of the war and links it up with the cross of yesterday, and he does it in these significant lines:

"And while ye scoff, on every side
Great hints of Him go by,
Souls that are hourly crucified
On some new Calvary.

"And, while ye scoff, from shore to shore,
From sea to moaning sea,
'Eloi, Eloi,' goes up once more,
'Lama sabachthani!'

"The heavens are like a scroll unfurled,
The writing flames above—
This is the King of all the world
Upon His Cross of Love."

Noyes names the text, and somehow, in a strangely unanimous fashion, every thoughtful writer who through prose or poetry attempts to interpret the war turns at last to Golgotha. They do not all use the orthodox phraseology, but they cannot get away from that interpretation. Read a hundred books that have actually come out of the blood, the glare, the flare, the heat, the hurt, the hate, the sorrow and suffering of the war, and in more than half of these books, selected at random, you will hear the note of a tragic and yet a triumphant Calvary struck continually.

Coningsby Dawson, as well as Alfred Noyes, defines the war in these terms in Carry On, that remarkable series of personal letters which he wrote home. In one which he wrote to his mother he makes it clear not only that he believes that those who remain at home, especially the women, are bearing the harder cross, but he also makes it clear in a striking phraseology that he, too, is interpreting the war in the light of the Crucifixion, and he writes to his mother these lines:

"We have been carried up to the Calvary of the world, where it is expedient that some men should suffer that the generation to come may be better. Your end of the business is the worse. For me, I can go forward steadily because of the greatness of the glory. I never thought to have the chance to suffer in my body for other men."

Kauffman, in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, also defines the war in this orthodox way when he writes, in a beautiful prose poem:

"Look down, O Lord; behold us, too, send our beloved sons to mount the Cross and die on Calvary that thy ancient will may be done."

One of the most vivid illustrations of how contemporary war literature is expressing the war in terms of Calvary is found in a description of the Battle of Ypres. The writer, Dr. A. D. Enyart, Dean of Rollins College for many years, was an eye witness of this great battle, and his description of it has been copied far and near. He says:

"For miles around there was not a spot as large as a bucket that had not been shelled and when I arrived just back of the batteries it was a barren waste as far as we could see. Intense bombardment had been kept up all night, and when I say bombardment it does not describe it at all

adequately. All the hells of Dante and Milton and Faust and the Bible fade into insignificance compared with this. I walked beside the big guns; heard the short, sharp firing commands: 'No. 1, fire; No. 2, fire; Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, fire ten rounds'; and as each order was given hell was let loose. Information was being continually sent down by wireless from scouting aeroplanes overhead, and following this information belching fire shot out of the mouths of the big guns. Now and then a shell from the Germans would break near enough to where we were standing to let us know that the battle was not all onesided. Amid this continual roar I passed the night.

"At daybreak I was taken by an English officer to the brow of a hill overlooking a valley filled with a gray mist. It was cold, and I was chilled through to the bone. Suddenly he looked at his watch and said, 'In just one minute, down there, the Tommies will go Over the Top.' The words were hardly out of his mouth before the minute had passed and a deadly silence settled down over us. I wondered what that silence meant.

"The big guns had stopped to let the boys make their charge as per schedule. It was a silence like death. In that silence things around me attracted my attention that I had not noticed before. I peered through the fog across the hill where shell fire from the Germans had previously torn everything to bits, even great trunks of what had formerly been giant trees. But suddenly there loomed through the morning mists, high over that valley through which the Tommies were charging to their death, as though it were looking down from that hillside on the scene below and trying to define the significance of that Valley of the Shadow, with its gaunt arms extended, appeared the limb of an old tree, broken by shell fire, which had so fallen that it was caught in the shape of a cross. As I looked at that crude cross I remembered that it was on a tree such as this that Jesus was crucified. It is also on a cross that they themselves have crudely made that the Germans are trying to crucify culture, kindness, art, decency, tenderness, faith, hope, love, civilization, freedom, and democracy. I thought of all this and then I looked from that gaunt, rugged cross, looming through the mists of morning, amid that uncanny silence, down to the valley floor, and I said to myself, 'Those boys down there are going up the hill of Calvary.' I could not keep back the tears. Just then I did not know all that was going on down there and all that this Calvary was meaning to those boys, for the kindly gray mist hid the awfulness of that charge from my eyes. But I was soon to know.

"I was to know when, a few hours later, I stood in a Y. M. C. A. dugout and watched the 'walking wounded' come in from that charge. I hesitate to describe what I saw, for my heart is sick at the memory of it. I cannot see the paper as I write. One by one thousands of walking wounded passed me. I bowed my head at times. It seemed unbearable. They did not look like human beings. They were bloody mangled masses of flesh; their clothes torn from their bodies by the barbed wire; some just able to crawl; all dragging themselves past the dugout to get their chocolate and tea. Then down the line came a wounded 'Tommy' with his pal on his shoulders. The Tommy had been shot through the cheek, an ugly wound where a bullet had gone through one cheek and out the other.

He was a mass of blood, but he grinned and said, 'Aw, it didn't hurt. Both me arms and legs are good and I can carry me pal, who has lost his legs.'

"Then as I stood I saw an English Tommy give up his place in the line to a wounded German prisoner. I saw another English Tommy light a cigarette and stick it in the lips of a German prisoner who could use neither of his own hands because they were both wounded. I thought of Christ's prayer for his enemies, for those who were crucifying him on Calvary, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do,' and I thought how true this was of the common German soldier. But as I watched this line of walking wounded file past, hour after hour that morning, I saw back of this line something else. I saw that gaunt old tree out of which the German shells had formed a cross; I saw it nakedly looming through the mists. All that day three scenes kept mingling and intermingling: that gaunt cross, the walking wounded, and the valley of that morning's charge, until the very lines of boys themselves seemed suddenly to form into the lines of a cross before my misty eyes. Then the meaning of all that I had seen dawned on me. It was Calvary all over again."

How vividly John Oxenham pictures it all in that scintillating book of poems, The Vision Splendid, when he tells the dramatic tale of "Jim Baxter." It is a ballad with a daring conception of a British Tommy who was actually nailed to a crude wooden cross by the Germans, the actual prototype of experiences that have been authenticated during the war. Several English soldiers have been found nailed to crude crosses in captured German trenches. The Germans flagrantly deny and decry the tenderness and compassion of the Christ and ridicule the nation that believes in all that the cross symbolizes. The most vivid illustration of the difference of the two enemies is seen in a little cemetery in northern France of which Bishop McConnell told me a while ago. He had spent some time on the British front and had seen this cemetery with his own eyes. It is located on that desolate stretch of ruined country near Bapaume which is called "The saddest road in Christendom." Here the French had gathered their dead and had erected a monument over their bodies with a simple bronze cross crowning it. Later the Germans captured the cemetery, and gathering their dead together they buried them in this same God's Acre and erected a stone monument over their bodies, but, crowning this monument, instead of a cross was a great

cannon ball. Nowhere has the difference in ideals of the two combatants more clearly been set forth and contrasted. It is the cross against the cannon ball from the beginning of the war to its end. The submarine policy, the air raids on hospitals—the results of one of which I have seen myself in Paris, where one of our women Y. M. C. A. workers was killed outright; the poison gas, all is the cannon-ball ideal. The Germans take every opportunity that they can find to ridicule the idea of the cross. Out of this have come such experiences as Jim Baxter suffered.

Jim Baxter is one of those soldiers who not only suffered spiritually the pangs of the cross but he was actually nailed in his physical body to its beams. There had been a charge and Jim Baxter had stood, long after his comrades had fallen, fighting to the last bullet. Then when that bullet was gone he had still stood, swinging his big gun around him, knocking a half dozen Germans over as they closed in on him. He suddenly dropped unconscious. When he comes to he finds himself nailed to a cross and speaks:

"When Jim came to he found himself
Nailed to a cross of wood,
Just like the Christs you find out there
On every country road.

"He wondered dully if he'd died,
And so become a Christ;
'Perhaps,' thought he, 'all men are Christs
When they are crucified.'

"His strength was ebbing with his blood,
His hands and feet were dead,
Fierce, biting pains shot through the nails
And blazed within his head.

"Below, a mob of jeering Huns
Mocked at his woeful plight.
They bade him loose himself and come
Down for another fight.

"But suddenly he raised his head,
His eyes shone clear and bright,
And opened wide——, for, at his side
Stood One clothed all in white.

"His face was wondrous pitiful,
But still more wondrous sweet;
And Jim saw holes just like his own
In His white hands and feet;
But His look it was that won Jim's heart,
It was so wondrous sweet.

" 'Christ,'—said the dying man once more,
With accent reverent.
He had never said it so before,
But he knew now what Christ meant."

Linked closely with this definition and description of the war in vivid terms of a real human Calvary from a character of Jim Baxter's type comes the Donald Hankey type of college-bred, cultured, scholarly English lad. Those who have not read the two books A Student in Arms, by Donald Hankey, have not read the best of the war literature. All through both of these remarkable books Donald Hankey is ever conscious of "The New Calvary." In a hundred ways he expresses it. He expresses it in that marvelous chapter on the religion of Tommy, which he pictures as having become strangely and strongly articulate in the trenches for the first time in Tommy's life. He strikes this note in the expressions of his own religious experience. Hankey had been long searching for the Christ. When he did not find him in social service work in London he enlisted as a private, thinking to find him in the trenches with the common boys of England. And he was not disappointed, for he did find the Master. He found him through the brotherhood, the sacrifices and the sufferings of his brave comrades. He found him through learning the willingness to live the experience that Christ set forth when he said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he will lay down his life for his fellow man." Donald Hankey found Christ a vital, vivid, warm, close, personal Saviour only when he lived and suffered in the trenches with his fellows.

From both of the series of A Student in Arms one would probably choose, of the many scenes, to illustrate this particular theme the description of the charge that ended Hankey's life. We are told that before the charge that sent him "West" this young Christian, who had now, because of bravery, been promoted to an

officer, gathered his soldiers about him in the trenches. He asked them to kneel in prayer, as in the years gone, Cromwell did before battle. They all knew the seriousness of the work they were about to do. They knew that most of them would probably fall before the rain of bullets from the German machine guns as they crossed "No Man's Land." They prayed. Then Hankey looked into the eyes of his lads and said words that shall never die: "It's 'Over the Top.' If wounded, 'Blighty'; if killed, the Resurrection!"

Add to this scene the utterance of Dr. Gilbert Murray of Oxford, a scholar who had taught such fine fellows as Hankey in their Oxford days; an older man, one who could not carry arms, cultured, poised, intellectual, cold, critical, but who, too, sees in this war, sees like a man reborn, the Calvary of it, and gives utterance to this thought in a thrilling paragraph of prose:

> "As for me personally there is one thought that is always with me—the thought that other men are dying for me; better men, younger men, men with more hope in their lives, many of whom I have taught and loved. The orthodox Christian will be familiar with the thought of one who loved you dying for you. I would like to say I now seem to be familiar with the feeling that something innocent, something great, something that loved me is dying, and dying daily for me."

I could refer to The Comrade in White, The Cross at the Front, by Tiplady, to Mary Shipman Andrews's The Three Things, and to many other recent publications every chapter of which literally breathes with the thought that the war is a New Calvary to the world, and that out of this Calvary even now there is dawning the light of the resurrection of a new morning for the world. What this New Calvary means to the soldier himself one writer tries to show us. First it means that through this war the soldier is to be reborn, just as the world is to be reborn. "Private Peat," author of one of the best books that have come out of the war, in The American Magazine of March, 1918, which I am reading in France as I write this chapter, comes with a paragraph that no doubt thrilled the great reading public of America as Harry Lauder's story thrilled it a short time before. In expression of this thought, that the soldier is being reborn, Private

Peat says: "I could tell of dozens of cases I have known personally of men who were literally born again in the trenches." "To be born again" will be a familiar phrase to the orthodox Christian, just as Dr. Murray intimates. But it is a stirring thing to hear the whole world using these significant Christian phrases in these tremendous days.

And Private Peat is not the only writer who knows that the boys have been new born; that they have found Christ and their Father, for John Oxenham in The Vision Splendid, which he says is defined by "The Vision Splendid is the Cross Victorious," lets a boy speak for himself in answer to an interrogatory poem which he calls "What Did You See Out There, My Lad?" The question is asked in the first stanza of the poem:

"What did you see out there, my lad,
That has set that look in your eyes?
You went out a boy, you have come back a man,
With strange, new depths underneath your tan;
What was it you saw out there, my lad,
That set such deeps in your eyes?"

And the answer comes that he saw Christ and God:

"Strange things,—and sad,—and wonderful,—
Things that I scarce can tell,—
I have been in the sweep of the Reaper's scythe,—
With God,—and Christ,—and hell.

"I have seen Christ doing Christly deeds;
I have seen the devil at play;
. . . . . .
I have seen the Godless pray."

Other verses follow, but these are enough for our purposes, and then comes the answer of the author to the lad who has seen Christ and God; the answer that the lad had a right to his high look:

"You've a right to your deep, high look, my lad,
You have met God in the ways;
And no man looks into His face
But he feels it all his days.
You've a right to your deep, high look, my lad,
And we thank Him for His grace."

Somehow the soldier has found his oneness with God in the war. I have talked with these lads face to face and have found that this tremendous fact is true. It is not woven of a poet's fancy. It is vitally, vividly, victoriously true. I have talked with lads coming in from the trenches and they had a superior look about them. It was almost unearthly. They had gone in boys, they had come out men; they had gone in rookies, they had come out veterans. I shall never forget the look in the eyes of a cherubic red-cheeked lad from the United States as he led a big six-foot German prisoner into the First Division Headquarters a month ago when I was down on the front lines. There was the look of Heaven about his face. He had faced the Cross and he had come out to live. And with him he had brought a German prisoner. I asked him how old he was and he told me that he was seventeen. Then he added, "And I've got a brother over here who is only sixteen." But forever after that charge that boy was to be a man. He had lived his lifetime in the few minutes of that morning's charge. He had come back from the Cross and it was the dawn of his Resurrection to a new manhood. He could never be the same after that morning.

Private Peat in this same American Magazine article says that out of this hell men come to be at one with God:

> "We don't think it makes a bit of difference, even if we should be killed in the middle of an oath. God understands. That's all that is necessary. As your American slang puts it, 'We should worry.'"

And in this slang phrase, which one understands who has talked with the men in the trenches, in this one slang phrase he sums up that oneness with the Christ that the lads feel and which has been expressed by Oxenham, in the same book from which I have just quoted, in a poem called by the very orthodox title of "Atonement":

> "At one with Thee!—
> Earth's cares are gone.
> What matters else,
> With Thee at one?"

The soldier feels, and I, for one—after having seen the thing that brings him to this conclusion, having seen the Calvary on

which he suffers—that he has won his crown. Private Peat says so in the fifth paragraph of his American Magazine article:

"And suppose I didn't come back at all? I know I'd be smiling now—and I wouldn't be doing it in hell, either. That's what you don't realize, you who are here at home. You don't know how things get clear and plain to us in the trenches. Talk about finding yourself! We find more than ourselves. We find God."

If the reader doesn't find this strong enough to convince, let him turn to Oxenham's The Leaves of the Golden Book, which he has written to console his own heart and the hearts of numberless readers who wonder what has become of their lads. Bishop McConnell says that as he walked through the "saddest road in Christendom," on the British front, with an English clergyman who was seeking the graves of several boys for their folks back home, he saw hundreds of graves in this desolate war-scarred field with a simple cross and the words, "An Unknown British Soldier." And here lies the terrible tragedy of war. To those who are bearing this cross at home come these lines like the touch of a mother hand on a fevered brow, comforting, consoling, soothing, especially when coupled with what Private Peat has said:

"God will gather all these scattered
Leaves into His Golden Book,
Torn and crumpled, soiled and battered,
He will heal them with a look.
Not one soul of them has perished;
No man ever yet forsook
Wife and home and all he cherished,
And God's purpose undertook,
But he met his full reward
In the 'Well done' of his Lord."

And to further strengthen and to further comfort, and to add the full measure of consolation, Oxenham gives us another word of hope in "Through the Valley":

"And there, of His radiant company,
Full many a one I see
Who have won through the Valley of Shadows
To the larger liberty.
Even there, in the grace of the heavenly place,
It is joy to meet mine own,
And to know that not one but has valiantly won,
By the way of the Cross, his crown."

Then, like a challenge, literature puts it up to us as to what this sacrifice, what this suffering, what this cross must spur us to. It must spur us to the realization that these lads have died for us. Thoughtful men like Dr. Murray of Oxford see this and we have heard him speak already. Oxenham adds his voice to this phase of our thinking:

"For us He died,—
For you and me;
For us they died,—
For you and me.
That love so great be justified,
And that Thy name be magnified,
Grant, Lord, that we
Full worthy be
Of these, our loved—our crucified!"

And here side by side with Christ this great poet puts the lads. Not side by side with him as the criminals were, but as brothers with him. And if Christ were willing to accept the thief into his fellowship on the cross simply because he believed, how eagerly and warmly he must welcome these lads who died as he died, for others, that the world might be better; how eagerly shall he welcome them.

In "The Fiery Cross," a new Oxenham book, this thought that, like Christ, some lad has died for us is briefly and wonderfully expressed:

"Some man has died out there to-day
For you and me,—
Died in heart-wracking agony, maybe,
For you and me."

And war literature dealing with the New Calvary makes us see that not only men, but the world, will be reborn out of this New Calvary. In "The New Earth" Oxenham has one outstanding stanza:

"Not since Christ died upon His lonely cross
Has time such prospect held of Life's new birth;
Not since the world of chaos first was born
Has man so clearly visaged hope of a new earth."

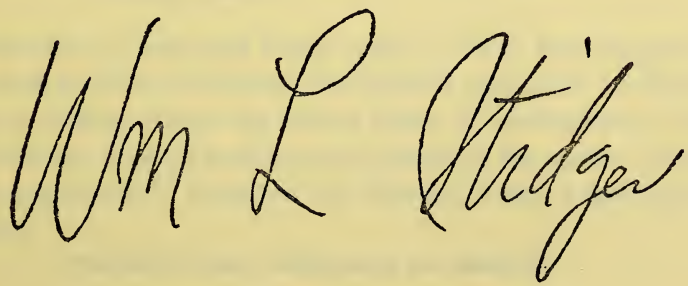
Yes, a New World is to arise after this our New Calvary; a New World is to arise out of the morning of the New World

Resurrection. Let this final word from Oxenham in prose and a final word in verse sum it all up. The more practical, social-industrial rebirth he foreshadows in the Introduction to his book, The Vision Splendid: "If this fierce flame free us from the ruinous wastage of drink—from the cancer of immorality—from the shame of our housing-systems both in town and country—and bring about a fairer apportionment of the necessaries of life—a living wage to all workers, leisure to enjoy, and opportunity to possess and progress—it will have done much. If it level the dividing-walls, and result in a Pact of Nations which will ensure Peace for all time, it will have done very much. If it bring the world back to God it will have done everything. This, our great sacrifice, will then be turned to everlasting gain."

The poem is taken from The Fiery Cross:

"The wayward world has nailed itself
On its own cross of woe;
With its own hands it hewed the wood,
It dyed the rood with its own blood,
And then, with vicious blow,
Drove home the nails that it had cast,
Through its own flesh, and made them fast;
It dug the pit below.

But every cross new meaning holds
Since such sweet virtue came
Of Calvary; and though mankind
Still wanders graceless, deaf, and blind
To his own bitter shame,
Yet, by God's grace he shall arise
From this dread cross of sacrifice
To set all life aflame!"



DANTE AND VERGIL

"Have you anything bearing on the relation between Dante and Vergil?" was a question submitted to a city librarian. With a swift look at the interrogator she replied decisively, "No; I didn't know there was any." She might be pardoned; but hardly so a university professor who said, "Dante knew little Latin. He could not have been much indebted to Vergil. He lived before the Renaissance." The professor proceeded to admit (which was not at all necessary) that he had never read Vergil himself, "except in translation." Then he must be pardoned, too, but pitied. Doubtless he would have added that one did not need a basis in classical literature to properly interpret and adequately enjoy our own and European masters of prose and verse. Not one of them but drank deep at the Pierian fount; and their utterances are a riddle only in part comprehended by the reader whose thirst has not been slaked at the same fountain. How much of the imagery, beauty, and music of Tennyson is lost to the advocate of the new and "practical" education! Every page, every line, almost, bristles with allusions which bring to the classically stored mind a train of associated ideas which must have enlivened also the writer's thought. Imagine the mental molecules stirred into action by the unnamed lady who turned "the star-like sorrows of immortal eyes" and "spoke slowly in her place":

> "I had great beauty: ask thou not my name:
> No one can be more wise than destiny,
> Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
> I brought calamity."

And who can note that liquid music of "The Lotus Eaters," the mournful refrain of Œnone, the skillful adaptation of nature setting to human mood, the clever tricks of onomatopœia and verse structure, without recalling with pleasure the sources which were his inspiration? Compare, for instance, Vergil's description of a storm,

> "luctantis ventos, tempestates que sonoras,"

or the thunder and lightning verse,

"intonuere poli et crebris micat ignibus æther"

with waves which

"roar, rock-thwarted, under billowy caves,"

and

"She tapt her tiny, silken, sandaled foot"

with the following imitation of a galloping horse:

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

Very ready was Tennyson to acknowledge his indebtedness in the poem in which he addresses Vergil as "Landscape lover, lord of language," "light among the vanished ages; star that gildest yet this phantom shore," "wielder of the stateliest measure ever molded by the lips of man": "I salute thee, Montevano, I that loved thee since my day began." It is conceivable that one *might* read Tennyson or Keats or Shelley, Browning, Addison, Shakespeare, or even Milton, without discovering much relation between them and the ancients; but only because in his own cerebral cortices he had established no paths that led from one to the other. He will wonder, doubtless, why Wordsworth calls the daisy "a little Cyclops with one eye"; or why Shelley calls the sun "sanguine"; while another refers to it as in "Phoebus' fiery car."

"Quae cum ita sint," let us condone and commiserate the professor or the city librarian who sees no relationship between the two great Italian poets under discussion. Let us remember that even we "are the heir of all the ages," and of no age so fully as that of Rome's supremacy. Our laws and forms of jurisprudence, civil and religious institutions, our philosophy, architecture and art, our literature and the very language with which we address each other or our allies are a legacy from the great nation which grew from a handful of men on the Palatine to be the "domini rerum," the masters of men and circumstances. Let us remember in these days of materialism, and emphasis on the so-called practical and scientific in education, that the highest values of life cannot be measured by a dollar nor a yardstick, and that the spiritual acquisitions of the race should not be relegated

to Limbo or Lethe. "Surely," as President Webb said recently, before the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the South, "no worse calamity could befall us intellectually and morally than the willful neglect of those studies which have come down from the past redolent with the wisdom of the ages and still capable of firing the imagination and inspiring the hearts of our youths." We are witnessing to-day the mastery of science and matter, but we somehow still believe that spiritual forces will win this war and that we shall need spiritual more than material power to solve the problems that come after the war. So let us not apologize for turning from the perusal of ghastly reports from gory battle fronts, from ravages wrought by machine guns and gas bombs, from science and materialism gone mad, to the impact of intellectual and spiritual forces, the influence of one great spirit on another separated from him by centuries of time.

Indeed, such study is by no means so *mal apropos* as it may at first seem. Our perspective is such that we may view as a whole, in all its later horrible tyranny and disgusting decadence, the history of that nation so closely paralleled in material and intellectual greatness and in its ambitions of world empire by the German nation of to-day. The first Cæsar gave his name as well as his ideals and ambitions to the last. His nephew, the heir to his throne and name, realized the importance of gathering about him a coterie of writers who would justify his reign to the people and who would inoculate them with the idea of world empire and a divine mission in dissemination of "artes," or Kultur. Poets and people fell into this clever trap. Those were days when to be able to say "sum Romanus" gave a prouder prestige than kingship. The slogan "Roma super gentes" took as powerful a hold on the imagination as "Deutschland über alles." The poets of the second Cæsar sing of a golden age, a time of peace, of prosperity, and of the extension of Roman glory over the earth. But it was an unstable peace, resting not on justice and brotherhood but on blood and arms, on the elevation of one nation over all else. Vergil's poem is intensely nationalistic, was written, indeed, at the emperor's request, to foster this spirit. Let me quote a few passages: The Romans are called the people destined

to be "widely ruling, proud in war." Jupiter, like the Kaiser's god, is made to promise empire without limit. "I have placed no limits of time nor circumstance upon them. I have given them 'imperium sine fine,'" he says. Æneas, ancestor of Cæsar, is told that his "house and sons of his sons and those who shall be born from them shall lord it over all lands." Again, Jupiter speaks of Æneas as one who shall father a race destined to send "totum orbem" under its laws. Shall I simply change the date and append this clipping from the Chicago Tribune?

"GOD AND SWORD"

KAISER SAYS THEY WILL WIN THE VICTORY FOR GERMAN PEOPLE

AMSTERDAM, March 8.—In reply to congratulations from Philip Heineken, director of the North German Lloyd steamship line, Emperor William has sent the following telegram:

"The German sword is our best protection. With God's help, it will also bring us peace in the west, and, indeed, the peace which, after much distress and many troubles, the German people need for a happy future.

"The complete victory fills me with gratitude. It permits us to live again one of those great moments in which we can reverently admire God's hand in history. What turns events have taken is by the disposition of God.

"May our people face the new time and its tasks with a strong sense of the realities, with unbending faith in itself and its *mission*, and with strong, patriotic, and proud joy in the fatherland, bound to me and *my house* by old and proved bonds of mutual trust."

Vergil sums up the mission of Rome in making the shade of Anchises to say, "Remember, O Roman, other nations will mold breathing bronze and lead living faces from marble, they will excel you in pleading cases and in measuring the heavens and naming the stars, but *you* are to rule nations by your power. To impose the customs of peace, to spare the conquered and subdue the haughty—these shall be your arts."

Dante, severed from Vergil by twelve centuries, was *en rapport* with him. Living at a time of petty, quarrelsome, divided states, he was intensely nationalistic and found in Vergil a voice for his own ideas. He believed his nation destined by God to give unity under power and law to the world. He points to Rome,

"the holy city whose very stones are worthy of reverence," as the seat of empire. To him the *status miseriæ* was the discord of Christendom, and the *status felicitatis* the pacification of the world under coequal sway of pope and emperor in Rome. His purpose in writing the Divine Comedy, like Vergil's, was both personal and political—to call the nation to piety and patriotism, to glorify religion and the Italian nation.

Dante was no more the slavish imitator of Vergil than the latter was of Homer, or than Homer was of the saga poets who preceded him. Each accepted his legacy and gave it back to the world again as the epitome of his age plus his own genius. Seneca wrote to his young nephew that one's reading should be like the pollen gathered from this flower and that. One's writing should be like the bee's product, neither lily nor rose but something distinct yet partaking of each, mingled in some mysterious way within the bee by its own individuality. So we find with Dante. His sources were the literature of the ancients, the Holy Scriptures, the poetic visions of the Middle Ages, and the external circumstances that touched his life. In "some mysterious way" these were combined and an individuality, a potency and charm added to them which have made Dante the mouthpiece of the Middle Ages; the prophet, preacher, and interpreter of the human soul for all time.

The man of wisdom and genius is the man who, when some fortuitous circumstance challenges him, is ready with his accumulations and his talents to produce a structure that shall stand. So the necessity of a proper resting place for a great tomb suggests Saint Peter's to Angelo's trained brain. Thus was Dante's imagination fired as he found himself among the two million souls that flocked to Rome during the two weeks in February, 1300, in which Boniface VIII agreed to grant plenary indulgence to all who would visit the tombs of Saint Peter and Paul and pray there for pardon. (Giovanni Villani, who accompanied him, conceived at that time the plan of his great history.) The sight of so many human souls, conscious of the weight of sin, willing to travel weary miles in the hope of escaping some of its consequences in the next life, this, and the ever-present desire to say

of Beatrice "things never said of mortal before," led to the composition of the Divine Comedy.

As to its ancient sources, it is true, as the professor said, that "Dante lived before the Renaissance." It is also true, in one sense, that he "knew little Latin." That is, in comparison with the great mass of Roman writings that preceded him and the number of manuscripts that were discovered after his time, his range of authors was not great. He knew intimately, however, the authors to whom he had access. He lived before the utter neglect of these studies, and we must remember the ancient literature was never entirely lost. In the eleventh century a monk complained of the undue popularity of Juvenal and Horace, and piously upbraids himself for being overly fond of Lucan. His plaint, be it noted, is voiced in Latin verse.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries universities were organized and became centers of culture. Certain schools had fame before that time, notably Bologna and Ravenna in Italy, Paris and Orleans in France. Dante was a student at Bologna, also in Paris and Oxford. In 1325 we read of a teacher at the Bologna University whose sole task was to "comment on Cicero and Ovid." The study of Greek was established at Oxford in the early part of the thirteenth century. Classical studies reached their height in the twelfth century, the age of John of Salisbury and Bernard Silvestris. A good Latin prose style developed in Italy by the eleventh, and in the north by the twelfth century. The fourteenth century witnessed a decline of universities and scholasticism; but Dante, born in 1265, antedated that unfortunate period. Had he lived along with Petrarch and Boccaccio he would undoubtedly have been a great humanist and his scholarship and statesmanship would have found wider scope; but we would have had no Divine Comedy. The great poem, as one has said, "is at once a tomb and a cradle—the splendid tomb of a world passing away, and the cradle of a dawning brighter world to come. It is a porch that unites two temples, the temple of the past and of the future." It is the expression and the monument of the Middle Ages.

It was possible, in the Middle Ages, for a man to take all

knowledge as his province and to really possess "omne scibile." Dante was a man of information vast and profound, possessing all the science of his time, accurate, scrupulously exact, of haughty nobleness, no "timid friend of the truth." Boccaccio says of him, "He did not, after the fashion of the nobles of his day, give himself to frolics and indolence, but with steady zeal to the liberal arts. Despising transitory riches, he gave himself up to a thorough study of poetic fiction. In doing so he made himself familiar with Vergil, Horace, Ovid, and Statius, and every other famous poet. Not content with simply knowing them, he sought to imitate them." Dante himself tells us (Convito II. 13) what consolation he found in Cicero's beautiful philosophy, notably his essay on Friendship, after the death of Beatrice. As to Vergil, he knew him by heart. Vergil addresses Dante in Inf. XX in relation to the Æneid, as "thou who knowest the whole of it."

The church fathers loved and at the same time condemned the ancient writers as "blasphemous dogs." Jerome says an angel reproved him in a dream for his devotion to Cicero in these words, "Ciceronianus es non Christianus." He called Vergil the "first Homer of the Romans," and when speaking of the catacombs at Rome he said, "Here one can only move step by step and in the darkness one is reminded of 'Horror ubique animos simul ipsa silentia terrent.' " He is the same Jerome who in a burst of pious fervor said, "What has Horace to do with the Psalter or Vergil with the Gospel?"

Vergil never suffered obloquy nor oblivion. For some reason his purity and his piety saved him from the fate of his fellow countrymen. Indeed, his writings were made school texts within his own lifetime and from that day to this have never passed out of the schools. The disgrace of dethroning him may fall on this or the next generation, but on none yet for these 2,000 years can it be laid. He was regarded with a sort of reverence not accorded to other pagan writers by the early church. So much so that all sorts of myths clustered about his name investing him with mystic powers. A Catholic tradition makes the scholarly Paul a visitor at the poet's tomb in Naples, where he says, "O, what had I made of thee had I met thee in life, thou greatest of

the poets." In north Italy, nearly to this day, a mass in honor of Vergil was said in the churches. Not all the churchmen were so tolerant of Vergil. Herbert, bishop of Norwich, repented of his enthusiasm for him after dreaming that Christ appeared to him and said, "Why do you keep with you the lies of Ovid and the inventions of Vergil? It is not fitting that the same mouth should preach Christ and recite Ovid." Rigbod, bishop of Treves, was criticized for knowing his Æneid better than the Gospels; and Wilgard (eleventh century) was convicted of heresy and condemned because of the study he had bestowed on "three devils, Vergil, Horace, and Juvenal," who appeared to him in a dream and promised him a share in their fame. Vergil was esteemed not alone on account of his consummate and appealing genius, the universality of his spirit, the charm and music of his verse, but because in certain of his lines the fathers found principles of theology, such as the unity, spirituality, or omnipotence of God, which they classified as Christian. But particularly was his fame assured among Christians by his Fourth Eclogue, which was supposed to clearly prophesy the coming of Christ.

Dante was a layman. While in his study of the classics he had various elements in common with the clergy, yet he made no apology, but instead had great respect for those great minds who antedated and were independent of the Christ. He studied them not as a grammarian or philologist, nor humanist, but as a thinker and a poet. His attitude is void of the criticism or suspicion shown by the ecclesiastics. He was able to resuscitate the ancient poetical spirit as no monk had ever done. He combined love of women and of country with the love of truth, and united Christianity and the ancient tradition as no other writer had. He was so familiar with the ancients that they formed the framework of his thought; but interwoven with every allusion to them are references to biblical characters or the people of his times. In no place does he show himself a servile imitator nor even an adapter.

Both Vergil and Dante lived at a time of spiritual decay and sought to save their compatriots by showing the heinousness and punishments of sin and the struggle of the soul toward purification.

Vergil had opened the way to Avernus, and made "facilis" its "descensus." It was natural that Dante, setting out on the perilous journey, should choose him as guide, as Æneas had chosen the Sibyl. His indebtedness and devotion to his guide are expressed in many endearing phrases and titles. He introduces us to him in the first canto, when in a burst of eloquent surprise he says to the being who saves him from the beasts (sins) that beset him in the dark forest of life,

> "Now art thou that Virgilius and that fountain
> Which spreads abroad so wide a river of speech?
> O, of the other poets honor and light,
> Avail me the long study and great love
> That have impelled me to explore thy volume!
> Thou art my master, and my author thou.
> Thou art alone the one from whom I took
> The beautiful style that hath done honor to me."

In this great allegory, representing the soul in its struggles from sin through purification to peace, Vergil can be the poet's guide only as far as heaven's gate, where another soul, "than I more worthy," the pagan sadly says, shall guide him on. Vergil stands then for human intellect, philosophy, or reason, whose function is limited. Only divine inspiration and revelation, as typified by Beatrice, can guide the soul into the highest spiritual realm. When one sees the eagerness with which our pilgrim poet greets his new guide, dismissing Vergil with a facile tear, though knowing he must return to eternal Limbo, one feels a bit of comfort in the fact that after all Vergil is only a symbol.

He caused Sordello to greet him with rapture, and Statius, who meets them as he struggles out of purgatory, says before recognizing Vergil, "To have lived upon the earth what time Virgilius lived, I would accept one sun more than I must ere issuing from my ban." Statius's joy knows no bounds when he finds himself in the presence of the great teacher, and he accords to him the credit for his repentance through the famous line of the Æneid, "Cursed love of gold, to what will you not drive mortal hearts!" and his conversion through the Fourth Eclogue. "Thou first concerning God didst me enlighten," he continues,

"Thou didst as he who walketh in the night
Who bears his light behind, which helps *him* not,
But maketh wise the persons after him."

The two continue their conversation. Dante, dropping behind them, "listened to their speech," "which gave me lessons," he says, "in the art of song."

So does the poet free himself forever from the charge of plagiarism and do honor to his source of inspiration. His guide protects him from sin, shows him its heinousness and evil consequences, incites him to arduous effort and painful penances, reproves his timidity, his inactivity, and in one case his coarseness, and leads him patiently, kindly, to the very gate of heaven. Such was Dante's conception of Vergil's influence on him. He places him among the souls who, because they had not baptism, could not enter heaven though "they sinned not." Coming before Christianity "in the right manner they adored not God," but lived on in Limbo for such defects and not for guilt, "non per fare, ma per non fare," unpunished except as they "live on in desire."

Greater praise he could not have bestowed on him and still been loyal to his faith as a Catholic. He places him, an honored member, in a group of the world's greatest poets, to which, by common consent, Dante is admitted as a sixth member.

There are reminiscences of all of Vergil's works in Dante, for Vergil was always present in his consciousness; but in the Divine Comedy he has, of course, followed particularly the sixth book of the Æneid, in which the poet has sent Æneas, guided by the prophet Sibyl, through the regions of the dead. Vergil here shows himself an eclectic in following exclusively no school of philosophy, but combining doctrines of Plato and Pythagoras with Eleusinian mysteries.

He does not, however, "hold opinion with Pythagoras, that souls of animals fuse themselves in trunks of men." He believes rather in the doctrine of metempsychosis, or soul migration from one human body to another. After spending a thousand years below in expiation and purification the soul may bathe in Lethe and forget its dismal past, and be willingly returned to earth in another form. Some, indeed, are condemned to remain in eternal

punishment, while still others, like the righteous Anchises, are permitted to dwell forever in Elysian fields. Dante's Inferno, Purgatorio and Paradiso are here clearly foreshadowed. The idea of the reincarnation of spirits he passes over as not agreeing with Christian dogma and tradition.

It is interesting to see how he makes Vergil contradict himself in order to give sanction to that mischievous practice by which the clergy have so enriched themselves; namely, prayers for the dead. Everywhere Dante is beset by souls who ask him to pray them out of Purgatory. But Vergil had written, "Cease to hope that the fates of the gods can be bent by prayer." So Dante says, "These people pray for this—might then their expectation bootless be or is to me thy saying not quite clear?" Vergil replied: "My writing is explicit, and not fallacious is the hope of these if with sane intellect 'tis well regarded." Then he dodges the issue and tells Dante to ask Beatrice!

In the main he follows Vergil closely in this psychological pilgrimage among the dead. He himself asks frequent questions of his guide, as Æneas did of the Sibyl, thus elucidating still farther for his readers the mysteries of the hereafter. He begins his journey as Æneas did, in a dismal forest, in which maze, lost and beset by wild beasts, he needs and finds a guide. As Æneas was impelled by filial love and his father's command to essay the perilous journey, so Dante is led by love and command of Beatrice. As the Sibyl says to Æneas, "Now is there need of courage and a stout heart," so Vergil has to strengthen the feeble knees of his follower by warning him against cowardice. It is night when they enter. Vergil says Æneas and the Sibyl wandered through the shadows "as one goes at night time through a forest under the niggardly light of an uncertain moon when 'nox abstulit atra colorem.'" Vergil excels in depicting night scenes. Dante has here combined two such pictures as he says,

> "Day was departing and the embrowned air
> Released the animals that are on earth
> From their fatigues; and *I the only one*
> Made myself ready to sustain the war."

Let me quote this beautiful passage from Vergil in which

Dido's troubled spirit is set in vivid contrast to the peace of nature:

"Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
corpora per terras, silvaeque et saeva quierant
æquora, cum mediis volvuntur sidera lapsu,
cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes pictæque volucres
quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
rura tenent, somno posita sub nocte silenti
At non infelix animi Phoenissa nec amquam
solvitur in somnes oculisve aut pectore noctem accepit."

Aeneid: Bk. IV: ll. 522-529.

Night was reigning supreme, and wrapt in undisturbed slumber,
Bodies exhausted from toil throughout the land lay reposing.
Ceased had the forests their sighing, the surging sea had subsided,
It was the time when the stars glide on in the midst of their courses,
When without sound lies the field, and flocks are folded and bright plumed
Birds of the air are in silence, when myriad lake dwelling fishes
Poise in the limpid depths, and lulled by the spell of the midnight
Creatures that people the prickly, briar-strewn patches are silent.
Earth was enwrapt in sleep, at rest in the arms of the night time,
Care sank from remembrance, and hearts had forgotten their sorrows.
Dido, with heart all distraught, finds rest nor in body nor in mind.
Love, like the ocean's wild roll, surges and sweeps through her soul.
(Tr. by Ellsworth Dodd.)

I cannot refrain from quoting an adaptation from an English poet:

"For now the noonday quiet holds the hill,
The grasshopper is silent in the grass,
The lizard with his shadow on the stone
Rests like a shadow and the winds are dead,
The purple flower droops; the golden bee
Is lily cradled; I alone awake."

As they pass through "sighs, laments, and ululations loud" they come to a river on the banks of which are spirits as numerous "as in the autumn time the leaves fall off" (as the Æneid also says) waiting to be transported by a grim old boatman, the austerity of whose appearance and the asperity of whose voice make his identity known to us and to Dante as Charon. Soon they encounter Cerberus, the three-headed janitor of Hades, and Minos, its first judge. In the Limbo just outside are placed the weeping souls of infants and unbaptized, where Æneas had met infants

and suicides. Within the first circle are those who died on account of love—just where we expect to find them; and 'tis no surprise to meet Dido there, though she does not turn upon Dante as upon Æneas a look "as cold as Marpessian marble." It is interesting to see how this Christian poet avails himself of pagan history and mythology, bridging over the gulf by such juxtapositions as "I not Æneas am, and I am not Paul. Nor I, nor others think me worthy of it." Harpies and Centaurs, that "infamy of Crete" the Minotaur, furies and demons, find their place beside horned devils of Christian creation. "Icarus, stripped of feathers by the melting wax," Phaeton, who "scorched the heavens," are mentioned as complacently as Abraham or Peter. Thus does he syncretize pagan and Christian ideas, unconsciously, perhaps, because it was impossible to dissociate his theme from his predecessors' treatment of it. It was impossible for him to think except in the thought-forms which his years of intimacy with the classics had created for him.

He finds the same sort of crimes worthy of punishment which had exercised Vergil's pen, with this difference, perhaps: that he invents even more hideous forms of torture. Another difference, too, is striking: the gentle Vergil did not condemn to punishment, at least by name, the men and women of his time. Dante, on the other hand, did not hesitate to avenge himself on his personal and political enemies, whether individuals or cities, peasants or popes. Boccaccio said of the Comedy, "This huge pile he erected merely to gibbet his political enemies." But not so, or it would not live. It is the epic of the soul. However, one cannot but be reminded of the story of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." The Pope's Master of Ceremonies, Monsignore Biagio, had dared to criticize the composition, whereat the artist put him into the picture as Minos, the judge of the lower regions, but with donkey's ears and a serpent about his waist. Biagio appealed to the Pope, but that astute Farnese replied: "I have power to get you out of Purgatory, but not out of hell," and there he remains. Dante, like Angelo, exercised a fearful power. Smarting under the wrongs and injustice of exile, he consigned his persecutors to an undying and unenviable fame. On the other hand, he is as per-

sonal in his commendation of virtue as Vergil had been. Under all the personal allusions lies the universal application and the purpose is plainly allegorical and ethical. Dante lived in an age of allegory, and one must understand that to understand the popularity of the Divine Comedy. Here is a sample of the exegeses of the time. The Ark of Noah was made a symbol of the church by Hugo of Saint Victor. Origen tells of a lion which to escape hunters obliterates its tracks with its tail—this signifies that God became man secretly to deceive the devil! The four letters of Adam's name indicate that man shall occupy the four regions of earth from which the elect shall be gathered. So Dante's age could appreciate his allegorical beasts and demons and himself led by reason, or Vergil, to see the depths and punishment of sin, and rescued therefrom by Beatrice, or God's gift of revelation and inspiration. They could understand that in immuring popes, heels upward, in hell, he was not only "gibbeting" individuals but forever branding the vices they practiced. His purpose may be expressed by one of Vergil's tortured spirits, "Warned (by us) learn justice and do not despise the gods."

A word as to that "bel stilo" which Dante says he owed to Vergil. His teacher's style is more compact and concentrated. It is a condensation due to reflection and the labor of eleven years on one work. "Oft the charm of all the muses lingers in a lonely word"; as for instance when he gives us a whole mental picture of the lame, awkward old nurse Barce, in saying simply, She hastened her "anilem grodum," "old woman's step." Dante would have consumed several lines in describing her.

It is impossible, as with Vergil, to reproduce subtle excellences of style in a translation. So much of the matter is bound up with the meter. His language is "Sometimes strong and harsh, sometimes soft and sweet, sometimes like a torrent rushing from a height, sometimes like the gentle gurgling of the rivulet that quietly flows through flowery meadows. Sometimes it is a boisterous wind; sometimes a soft zephyr. Sometimes it is the hideous despairing yell of demons or of lost souls; sometimes the music of the harp of angels or the hymns of the blest." (Scartazinni and Davidson.)

We find Dante following Vergil not alone in philosophy, mythology, ethics, imperialistic ideals, plot and imagery, but through skillful choice of words and arrangement of syllables to a highly artistic and immortal product.

When Vergil has done all this he realizes his own limitations and gracefully yields his place of leadership. You will recall that when Vergil had sent Æneas through the misty regions of the dead, in Æ. VI, he said:

"There are two gates of sleep: one of horn by which real spirits are given egress, another of ivory by which false dreams escape." He then proceeds to let Æneas out by the ivory gate, thus admitting that the whole story was a false dream and admitting too his agnosticism, if not epicureanism, with regard to the life beyond the tomb. Dante admits no such uncertainty, and in the confidence of Christian teaching he pushes beyond Vergil into the holy of holies where faith alone could lead him. Triumphantly he sings, this Christian,

> "The glory of Him who moveth everything
> Doth penetrate the universe and shine
> In one part more and in another less.
> Within that heaven which most his light receives
> Was I, and things beheld which to repeat,
> Nor knows, nor can, who from above descends."

Invoking the aid of the pagan Apollo he asks for "power divine,"

> "So that the shadow of the blessed realm
> Stamped on my brain I can make manifest,"

and Paradiso stands as the answer to that prayer.

Evelyn Riley Nicholson

MISSIONARY LEADERSHIP

John Wesley struck the keynote of missions when he said, "The world is my parish." Christ said, "The field is the world." The church, then, without a world vision, world plans, world activities, is no true church of Wesley or of Jesus Christ. The true church militant plans for world conquest, and is unwilling to lay down her arms till victory is complete. Unto this end she gladly devotes her greatest resources and most precious treasures. She begrudges not the best of her sons and daughters for so sublime an adventure. The greatest talent, wisdom, learning, training, and spirituality are not too great an offering. In these days the choicest youth of the world are being offered upon the altar of human liberty; how much nobler the cause of spiritual freedom! The world honors the man who strikes off the shackles from the limbs of slaves; how much grander to unshackle the minds and souls of men! Those whom Christ makes free are free indeed.

For such world tasks where can suitable men be found—men who shall be undaunted explorers, establishing new missions; pillars of fire to peoples groping toward the light; spiritual dynamos among the growing churches; wise in counsel when nations are travailing to the birth; men who dream dreams and have the dreams come true; men who have visions and see their visions realized? Such men as these, how rare are they! Truly their price is above rubies. Yet such are finding place in God's great scheme of world redemption. There will come to mind such names as William Taylor, Joseph Hartzell, James Thoburn, William Butler, and his son in Mexico; Parker, Oldham, Maclay, Lowry, Brewster, and many others. By faith these men have gone forth into lands of promise, even promised to the Son for his inheritance. By faith they "have subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises." Who will follow in their train? Upon whom will their mantle fall? Such men must be weighed, not counted. Their value to the missionary enterprise cannot be reckoned in silver or gold.

Men of special qualifications are needed in pioneering new missions. May I be pardoned if I illustrate from my own experience? When I offered myself for China I was given the choice of being sent to our Central China Mission or to accompany an older worker who was to open a new mission in the far interior. Perhaps there was some pioneer blood in my veins which led me to choose the latter, going where I certainly would not be building on another man's foundations. The mission was opened in the city of Chungking, fifteen hundred miles up the Yangtse and six weeks' journey from Shanghai. At that time there were barely a dozen Protestant missionaries within a radius of five hundred miles in any direction. There were not two dozen converts. It was as though one had been dropped from another planet upon a world which knew not the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Now it is required of a pioneer missionary that he endure hardness as a good soldier. But my colleague was a man of retiring and studious habit, who avoided, if possible, all rough contacts. When I wished to go on a journey among the people he made objection. Well, failing health compelled him to leave the field when we had been in the new station a little over a year, and it fell to me to preach the first sermon which was preached in the mission. From then on I alternated missionary journeys with teaching and preaching in the station. I encountered inveterate prejudice and deep-seated hostility. I learned what Paul meant by being made the filth of off-scouring, and why the off-scouring came after the filth. It surely was necessary.

But the only way to overcome hostility is to show one's self friendly. The only way to escape an unfortunate reputation is to live it down. No progress can be made until there is some degree of confidence on the part of those whom we seek to reach. One must be ready to take hard knocks and not shrink unduly from rough contacts. French Romish priests had been laboring in that region for generations, but the masses of people seldom had a glimpse of them. When they traveled they were hidden away in tightly closed sedan chairs. We, on the contrary, walked abroad in the full light of day, fairly courting the glare of publicity. We were made a gazing stock unto all men. Often on

entering a new town it would not be many minutes before hundreds of thousands would be densely packed in some large temple court, staring at us in open-mouthed astonishment. When we preached we were seen more than we were heard. When we ate, a dense mass of humanity paid close attention and made appropriate remarks. When we retired to an inn, fingers poked holes through paper windows. I felt almost lonesome when I came home on furlough and found that I could walk down a street without any one so much as turning the head to look at me.

Foresight is needed in the selection of main stations. Mistakes here may be costly to remedy. The educational, medical, and evangelistic plant in such cases requires a large expenditure of money, which amount should correspond to its importance as a center. The mission board must largely depend upon the judgment of its representatives on the field.

A sister mission came to our region planning to do the most of its work in the country rather than in the cities, because it was noticed that country work was more prosperous. Of course they found out their mistake later on. I was reminded of my experience when I was a small boy reading Abbott's History of the Civil War. I observed that the Union troops made their greatest effort and expended the most blood and treasure in attacking cities and fortified places, and I wondered in my innocence why they did not concentrate on the easier tasks and leave these places behind.

When a veteran missionary of the Congregational Board was in the earlier half of his missionary experience he and an associate made a prosperous country point the base for work in a large region, immortalizing the place in one of his racy books. Recently his mission, finding that a radical mistake had been made, tore down residences, school buildings, etc., and rebuilt in the nearest important city.

Important institutions must be wisely located. Fifteen years ago the principal of our boys' high school in Chungking was urging that the school be elevated to the status of a college. Now we did not want a college at Chungking, at least not at that time, but we did want it at Chengtu, the capital and official and literary

center of the largest and most populous province in China. So the man with a college under his hat was transferred to Chengtu, where he is now president of the West China Union University.

One not a missionary may master the outlines of mission strategy. Over thirty years ago Bishop Fowler, on a visit to China, remarked to me on the importance of Chungking as a railway center. He had never seen Chungking, and there was not a mile of railway in China, and little sentiment favoring one, yet he was absolutely right. Chungking is the wholesale distributing center for a population of one hundred millions, and railways will be built there when this war is over.

He founded the Peking and Nanking universities, creating things that be out of things that were not, because he had the vision of a seer. Both have become union universities. He urged that our Foochow college be made a university. It was not done then, but has since become also a union university. In every one of these important centers our high-grade work was first, and we are furnishing all the four presidents. The first classes of the Nanking University were taught in a former cow stable, but there is now a large and growing plant. So do great trees from little acorns grow.

When will great givers turn their attention to China? If ten millions is not thought too much for medical education will one hundred millions be thought too much for general education? A little over eleven years ago I was a member of a committee to consider the establishment of a union university at Nanking. During the discussions I suggested that the goal of our efforts be one million dollars for property and endowment. I would not have the face to suggest such a small sum now, but probably no college in China had one fifth of that amount then. They all looked aghast at the suggestion. I said, "Do you not favor it?" "O, yes," they all said, "but don't let such a proposition go out from this committee." Their courage has grown greatly since then. They are making good progress toward a million, and probably will not be willing to stop when they reach that amount.

The class which I saw graduate from the Peking University in 1917 had exactly the same number as my class in the North-

western University thirty-eight years before, and the grade of work was certainly not inferior. Would I be thought a rash prophet if I should predict that the growth of the university in the future will not be less than the Northwestern has had?

There is need of wise leadership in superintending a growing work. In the early stages everything devolves upon the missionary. I have been preacher, teacher, treasurer, and superintendent of building all in one. For quite a period my wife was the only one to work among women. This was not from choice, but from lack of workers. I would rather set ten men at work than do ten men's work myself. New converts should not have too much done for them. Men grow by striving, not by being carried over rough places.

As soon as possible converts should be made to feel that the work is theirs, and that they have a responsibility for carrying it on. Training in self-support should begin from the start. This is not merely a matter of money but of right education. They are all too likely to regard the church as a foreign enterprise and shirk responsibility. A church which enjoys privileges and shirks responsibilities is dead while it liveth. No people can attain political or spiritual salvation solely from without. They must work out their own salvation. God helps those who help themselves. The missionary affords the stimulus, he cannot supply spiritual strength. Spiritual muscle comes only from exercise.

Native workers need careful direction. At first they will be inexperienced and untrained, only used for lack of some one better. Even so, if they are spiritually minded they may prove to be the weak things which are to confound the mighty. One must not despair before there has been patient and persevering teaching. An unskilled coolie employed in our family was taught by my wife to read and later became quite an able preacher.

The zeal and industry of the missionary will likely have a marked effect. His preaching should be of the sort which will help the learner to preach. Much study of the Bible should be required, and he should be taught to use it skillfully in conversation and preaching. The missionary must point out the way and urge the other to walk in it, and blessed is he if he guideth the

other aright. With all his pains some will prove unadapted and some insincere. Not all the sticks in a thicket are straight.

Missionary leadership is needed in developing native leaders. Here, perhaps, it finds its highest scope. To multiply one's self through others is a noble aim. What a powerful dynamic is a good example! How many have been led to enter the ministry through the influence of great preaching and holy living. It is a high privilege to inspire others to great tasks, to set the goal high up on the shining way. The true leader does not attempt to lord it over others, but is self-effacing, seeking to develop others' powers by inducing them to accept responsibility. He is not a petty autocrat, trying to bend others to his will. Rather is he a true democrat, ready to share all privileges with others, that all in the unity of the Spirit may reach the highest use of their powers in the service of God and humanity.

A good native leader is better than an inefficient missionary. With different styles of living and the expense of furloughs the missionary costs as much as from five to ten native workers. The maturer Chinese churches are beginning to inquire whether this is always an economy of resources. It seems to some of those who are our best workers that they are discriminated against in favor of missionaries of quite common caliber. A Methodist minister at home complained to me quite bitterly because so many of the choicest young men and women in the church were going out as foreign missionaries. I replied that it was not worth while sending out any other. If they were not superior to the native workers, who were being developed in increasing numbers on the foreign field, it were better to save the money and use it for those workers. The truth is that only men of initiative, executive abilities, and qualities of leadership are needed at the present stage of the work.

A year or two ago Pastor Ho, who had been attending an important educational gathering in Shanghai, came to Peking and visited us in our home. He had been district superintendent and was at the time pastor of our large church in Chengtu. If one wanted to get into his church to hear him he had to come early. He was especially studying different types of church architecture, with a view to rebuilding when there was money for the purpose.

He was a very lovable man and a great favorite with the missionaries and the Chinese Christians. His preaching was in power and great fruitfulness. On his way back to his distant home he died of tuberculosis, leaving a gap in the force of workers most difficult to fill. A missionary who had been his teacher wrote to me that one of the missionaries could better have been spared.

A missionary may prove unacceptable to the Chinese workers. A few years ago an English missionary of experience applied to our mission board, desiring to join one of our oldest Conferences in China. He was accepted and began work during the Conference year. When Conference time arrived his application to join Conference was turned down by the committee on Conference relations, nearly all on the committee being Chinese. They said he was too bossy. His experience had been gained in a comparatively new work, and his attitude toward experienced pastors and district superintendents was decidedly unfortunate. An Annual Conference, of course, is sole judge of those whom it shall admit into its membership. About five out of six of the members of this Conference were Chinese, and the authority of the mission board could not prevail against their decision. The missionary had to take his departure.

Men with qualities of leadership should be sought for the mission fields. There is great need for men to do literary work. I understand that our editor of the China Christian Advocate, a monthly paper published in English and representing our Church and the Church, South, was sent to China expressly for literary work, his editorial work on the Epworth Herald having attracted favorable attention. Other men have taken postgraduate work before going, in order to fit themselves for special positions in educational institutions.

We should not send men abroad who are inferior in talents and education to those who have come over here to study. The eyes of the student world are upon the United States. Six thousand students from fifty countries are studying in our colleges and universities. Sixteen hundred of these are from China and one thousand from Japan. Those countries, at least, are not places to send slackers and culls. The Standard Oil Company

has sent out to China over three hundred representatives for their business there, all, I understand, college-trained men and carefully selected. As the light which we offer to China is not inferior to theirs, so the representatives of the churches should not have less training, or be less able to make good in that for which they are sent.

That special qualities are needed in mission administration will not be questioned. The fact that three of our general superintendents are ex-missionaries, and that there are and have been several missionary bishops whose praise is in all the churches shows that such qualifications have not been absent. Hiram H. Lowry, for fifty years in Peking, greatly loved and respected by hundreds of missionaries and Chinese workers and thousands of Chinese Christians, would have received the nomination as missionary bishop for China nearly twenty years ago if he had not opposed it. The work which William Brewster did in bringing the Hinghwa Conference almost to the point of complete self-support is the pattern and almost the despair of our other China Conferences. Many others have shown high administrative qualities as heads of high schools, colleges, and universities, as superintendents of missions and heads of districts, as publishers and mission treasurers, and in key positions in our own work and in important interdenominational positions.

The world will never have too many leaders. There will always be room at the top. The mission field is an especially roomy place. There is no crowding or stepping on one another's toes there. One is not only sure of an appointment, but may have two or three appointments if he will accept them. For lack of men of eminent qualifications those less qualified are called upon.

Nearly fifteen years ago, after being urged thereto for three years, I left a position as superintendent of the West China Mission, a work highly congenial, to take a place as representative of the West China region on a committee for the translation of the Bible into Mandarin Chinese, a language spoken by three hundred millions of people, and destined within a generation or two to be spoken by all China. The committee's translation of the New Testament has now been in use for ten years, and has

been distributed as a whole or in single gospels to the extent of thirty million copies. The Old Testament is now being printed.

At the same time that I entered upon this work I was offered two other positions, both of which I had to decline, and either of which would have been a full man's work. One hears of men going out to the mission field to be buried, and all will agree that I was threatened with an avalanche big enough to bury me. And the situation now is more tense than ever. In all the great fields men and women are bending to the breaking point under the colossal burdens which the unexampled prosperity of the work has imposed upon them. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he send forth more laborers.

Spencer Lewis

AT THE LAND'S END

Through the wonderful, swift-plunging years of youth death is to all of us the great unreality of the universe. Afterward, immersed as we are in living, it remains, for the most part, more dim and remote than the farthest rainbow's-end of dreams. When we really face death it is usually at the last. We are called; we have no choice. And those who face it pass out even as they begin to learn the answer death holds ready for us; the answer to the great question of the human race. They learn; but they pass out, and tell us nothing. And yet we long to know. However unreal to us may appear that future day of our own unmooring from this familiar life, we are all plunged, sooner or later, into the hard realities of separation from those we love—the called. Their going is not so impossible to us as that we ourselves should have heard the call and vanished; yet the mystery of it is almost as unbearable as the anguish. What is the secret death reveals? We would give everything but life to know.

But sometimes a miracle happens. One hears the call and faces death, dwells in death's presence, through days and nights—oh, especially through nights!—and then comes back. The curtain that hides the secret brushes one's finger tips as one lies, scarcely breathing, waiting for the last breath of all to flutter out and be gone. Momently the swaying curtain is about to lift, changing the unseen to the seen, making the unknown known. Lying so, waiting, days and nights, one's life all finished, its tasks immeasurably removed, the great silence achieves for one a certain acquaintance with death. When the curtain brushes one's finger tips no longer and the fluttering breath steadies itself a little; when the difficult path one stumbled down into the shadows by looms up as a road to be slowly and painfully retraced; when one has struggled back at last, through months or years of effort, into the beloved, familiar world of human life and work, does one ever find it quite the same? Would you not think that now and again there would sweep about such an one a sudden sense of the unreality, not of death, but of the things that are seen? A kind

of shaking of the material world it would be, such as one sees sometimes in the painted houses and trees of a theater when a wind out of heaven wanders in to remind us that the only reality about them is their poor reflection of the realities which exist elsewhere. So it is with her whose experience is here set down; set down carefully and exactly as soon as she could write it out, which was many months after it happened. But long before she could hold a pencil again, indeed before she turned to retrace the long path by which she had come down into the shadows, the gift which death had given her lay in her heart, shining, indubitable, not to be obscured. For death gave her something before he turned away. The secret was not told. The veil, you see, was never lifted. The gift was only a clue to the secret. Yet there are times when to her it seems of far more importance than the secret itself, and other times when the secret seems scarcely a secret any longer because the clue has led her to some height from which, for a moment, the hidden things are glimpsed. This is her story; the story of a woman who, in the great silence at the land's end, met death; and who came back afterward to the old familiar life that has never since been quite the same.

She had been for years a very busy woman as well as a sick one. Her main occupations had been those of a mother and homemaker, but gratitude for her own children's opportunities had forced her into some forms of service for the unprivileged children of earth. She had settled on certain things as her little part of the world's work. She meant to finish them to the last stitch and pass out, when she should pass, unashamed. Being handicapped considerably by pain she had thought of death more, and more kindly, than most busy people do, but she intended to finish her stint first. So during the months that she lay in the hospital, slipping down to the borderland between two worlds, she had no thought of death. The further she went the longer the return road would be, of course; but, long or short, she had the journey to make. But one morning, as the light sifted in under her closed but sleepless lids, she was gripped by the sudden conviction that there was no returning on this long road; she had come to the land's end.

She considered the conviction for a while and decided to try it out on the first doctor who came in. Folks were always expecting to die in the hospital and when the doctors disagreed with them, as they frequently did, they usually got well. She would see.

The first one was a young fellow fresh from the schools. She gathered herself for a great effort, and he bent his ear to her lips.

"Can—I—pull—through?" she whispered.

She had not alluded to the seriousness of her condition before and he had thought her unaware of it. The surprise caught him off guard. He turned abruptly, walked to the window, and stood there looking out. Her chances, measured by his silence, seemed negligible.

"There is always hope," he said at last. Then, his young honesty getting the better of him, "You know your heart is weak?"

"Oh, yes," she breathed.

His fingers closed on her wrist. He took a stimulant from the table, poured it carefully down her throat, and went out, silent.

When the head physician came she wasted no time. If she were going, some matters must be arranged. She must see some one from home. She whispered with difficulty; and the head, his ear at her lips, made the words cleverly into sentences for her. He must write?—write? No telegram to frighten them?—Yes, there would be time.—No, she would not become unconscious, but if she wished he would come in himself, every few hours, and write down, bit by bit, all she would say, so that she might feel safe.

This necessity attended to, life ebbed for hours below the level of connected thought, or even of feeling. Someone came when necessary, but for the most part she lay as she wished, alone; alone with death and the great moment which came ever nearer. The pain had stopped. Its going left a curious sense of awkwardness, as if some integral part of her, like a foot or a hand, were lost. She was too weak to breathe very often. Detached bits of things—pictures, not acts or words—floated through her consciousness now and then; the children's faces, the corner at home where her sofa was, the woods in spring, a bird's wings across shining blue. She

saw, her spirit indifferent, remote. But at intervals life gathered for a moment, surging in for an instant of intense feeling. Then it all would die out. In one of these living intervals she realized, with a shock of surprise, that she did not want to die. Because of the pain, she had, for years, thought of death, when one's work should be done, as life's great and crowning blessing, yet now that it was given she shrank from it. Nor was it simply that her work was unfinished; apart from that, life held infinite fascination; death was abhorrent to her.

She had been a Christian nearly all her life. The perfunctory belief of childhood had deepened into life's greatest reality, into a daily love and companionship which had strengthened with the years. It had never troubled her that reason could give no proof, but only presumption, of the truth of her belief; the matter transcended reason. She *knew* Him whom she believed. But now, without argument or conscious thought, the solid foundations of a lifetime had crumbled into dust—God? Where was God? What *proof?* Day and night this darkness deepened. The walls of the room melted out into that great void in which she was to fare alone. Darkness everywhere; immeasurable emptiness and silence; she was afraid, afraid. Then thought would lapse again, and feeling; she was aware of the situation, but nothing mattered. Lying so, conscious, but indifferent, there came a sound, a sound such as ears meshed in the noises of life may never hear. A musical note it was, sustained and beautiful, clear beyond all experience, soft beyond imagination, and sweet beyond all dreams of the heart; but high, high, high, above the power of any instrument to register or thought of the mind to conceive. It did not come from anywhere; its heavenly sweetness seemed to exhale from the whole universe, near at hand and out beyond the bounds of thought. It came and went as if thick curtains fell between or lifted. Sometimes it ceased for hours. Yet she knew it never ceased; her power to hear it failed. Then came another note, as clear, as soft, as wonderfully sweet, but deep as the other was high. The unimaginable sweetness and softness of it were more marvelous even than the other, for it was deeper than human faculties were ever tuned to, and yet so clear, so pure! It, too,

exhaled from everywhere; and it, too, came and went. But it was not because the note was elusive that she lost it; the note was there. It was her apprehension that was elusive, volatile.

Somehow the sweetness of the marvel comforted her. No one could have imagined either note, removed as they were from all human experience. One could not have thought of music like that, or dreamed it; the flesh would bar it out. She could not reason, yet in some dim way it comforted her that approach to the void should reveal a beauty so undreamed of, so all-pervading, so high.

But when life gathered to a moment of thought and feeling the music was blotted out. Only the void was there, and the chill of it struck through and through. Was God out there? Was he at all? Had her own desire fashioned him out of hopes? What *proof?* The void engulfed her, black and awful. And so the last day came. Twenty-four hours, and eyes of love would look once more upon her face. But would she be there to see? Every few minutes someone came in and there was the misery of something done to her, or of swallowing something. Why would not they let her alone? She had tried to live until to-morrow, tried her best; and she couldn't. Before another morning she would be out in that black void, far off, alone, lost beyond hope of finding. And God—where *was* God?—Oh, no matter!

In the afternoon the children's faces came again, and they were wet with tears. Life surged within her at the sight. She could not bear it. She must comfort them. The love in her heart rose like the tide of the ocean and swept her over the bar to the haven where she would be. For one intense moment alive again, through love, she turned to her children and even as she yearned toward them that instant of vivid life revealed the truth. For Power could create power, and Mind intelligence; and either of them might cast her to the void to perish, caring not at all; but love—this love for the children, stronger than death or life—Power could not create that, nor Mind! Love came from Love, from Love alone! What else God might be did not matter; but by the love in her own soul, God was Love. It was Love that had made her; and Love would turn to her even as her love sought her

children in this hour of death. And love belonged to Love; through all the void Love would draw it like filings to a magnet. Out in the void Love waited. Whatever death might mean to her, or life to those she left behind, she was safe, with Love, out there; her beloved here were safe. She lay in exhaustion again, but at peace with life and death. The void stretched round her sensibly; the walls could not keep it out, but she was not to wander there alone.

After a while she realized that for some little time it had not grown more difficult to breathe. She felt an idle surprise. Opening her eyes with an effort, she looked at the clock; it was five in the afternoon. Doctors and nurses came and went. The darkness of evening fell, but it did not shroud that wider darkness which crept closer and more closely in. She had seen sunlight for the last time. The great house grew still, folded deep in silence. For hours now the ebbing tide had stayed; perhaps she might pull through to morning, to the coming of the train at eight o'clock. At times she wanted it intensely. At times she wondered about it in an idle, impersonal way. At times she was conscious of nothing but that the pain had stopped. But back of everything Love waited; she needed to know no more. Again the music, the high note and the deep. They came and went, elusive to her consciousness, yet eternal, indubitable, woven of the texture of the universe itself. And Love—Love waited. In the void was Love. So came the dawn, and sunlight, and at last, at last! the softly opened door, the dear voice, low, and carefully steadied, the cheek against her own once more.

Long was the pathway back to earth, but loneliness was done with. For whether love be far or near, the Love from which love came is close at hand, companion in life and death alike. Once she had believed that; but on the last ledge of the known vision had been vouchsafed. This was death's gift to her. She did not learn the secret: it still awaits.

L. H. Hammond

THE BIBLE IN THE ORIENT

Six years ago, in the midst of a message to the State Legislature, the Governor of Michigan declared, "The Bible is our constitution of Christian civilization." Seventeen years ago the Vice-President of the United States said in a public address that "the teachings of the Bible are so interwoven and entwined with our whole civic and social life that it would be literally—I do not mean figuratively, I mean literally—impossible for us to figure to ourselves what that life would be if these teachings were removed." From these statements of Mr. Osborn and Mr. Roosevelt we lay claim to the boundlessness of a discussion of the Bible in America. Much more is this subject a boundless one for the Orient; the largest, most populous and most ancient region in all the earth, inhabited by benighted, blighted, superstitious millions who are waiting, to bury in ruin, like a latent supertitanic volcano, or to build and solidify the coming age. Wondrous, kaleidoscopic, revolutionizing Orient! Future ages and eternity will no more than suffice to tell the marvelous story of the Bible in the Orient. We have assembled under this title some facts, together with the opinions of a few recognized authorities, according to our own ideas, which are based largely upon the experience of three brief years spent in the Orient.

The chief agents of Bible distribution in the Orient are the Bible Societies. The largest of these societies are the British and Foreign Bible Society, which was formed in 1804; the American Bible Society, which was organized in 1816; and the National Bible Society of Scotland, which was organized much later than the other two and is a little more practical in its methods. In many instances the agents of the Bible Societies are real missionary scouts; going from mission to mission, from city to city, and often sowing the good seed of the Word of God in regions that have not been reached by the missionary or by his very worthy aide-de-camp, the native worker.

Before Gospels or other portions of the Scriptures are sold

at popular prices two great tasks must be accomplished. Translation is the preliminary undertaking. Doctor Julius Richter says, "The work of translating the Bible has from the first occupied a distinguished place on the program of Evangelical Missions. The work accomplished is of a very high order; in fact, it is in many ways perfect in its kind. The task is a stupendous one." The Commission on the Church in the Mission Field reported to the Edinburgh Conference, "The work of translation has called out the highest and best powers of a great variety and a great company of men. Men who had made no pretension to scholarship have found themselves by the force of circumstances compelled to begin the gracious work among ignorant people. Men of the highest intellectual qualifications have devoted their lives to the great task." The Bible has been translated into the ancient and highly developed literary languages of the Orient, and it has also been translated into many Oriental dialects which had not previously been reduced to writing. People who know that a century ago Robert Morrison translated the Bible into Chinese, and that a few years later Adoniram Judson translated the book into Burmese, while William Carey was responsible for the translation of at least some portion of the scripture into thirty-five of the languages and dialects of India, do not always appreciate what it has cost to translate the Bible into the speech of the Orientals. Carey had unusual ability and he did a great work, but his whole life-work made only a small beginning in his chosen field. Worthy successors have carried on the work through all these years, and they must toil on until in each of the one hundred and forty-seven languages and dialects of India a standard Bible has been written. In China a translation which would appeal to the literati would not be at all suitable for a larger class who have received only a practical education, and again vast areas could be reached only through some vernacular translation. The Reverend J. Macgowan, in the introduction to his English and Chinese Dictionary, says: "The Amoy dialect is one of four principal dialects which, with their varieties, are spoken by at least seven millions of people." Likewise each empire and each little state offers to the translator its own peculiar problems. It has not been an easy task to make

scores and scores of original translations, but the task has been even greater than this, for it has generally been found necessary to make careful and laborious revisions of these original productions. In many cases the revising process has continued beyond the first revision, and carefully selected men of a succeeding generation have concentrated their best efforts upon the holy undertaking.

To publish these translations so as to cater to the customs of strange peoples, and at the same time meet the demands arising from climatic and other local conditions, has been of itself a great task. It is greatly to the credit of the Bible Societies that they have done all this with efficiency and economy. Our Master described the Word of God as "the seed" when explaining his parable of the four soils. And this suggests to us that the translators may be compared to horticulturists taking a useful plant from one country and producing from it a new variety which thrives in another land and climate. As horticulturists would place an approved new variety in the hands of nurserymen who would increase the stock with all speed and care, so these spiritual horticulturists have their nurseries; they are the Bible society and denominational publishing house. And our spiritual nurserymen, in turn, deal out to merchants, the missionaries, who distribute the precious seed to faithful farmers; namely, the native workers and laymen of the great Church of Jesus Christ in Asia. And they are like good agriculturists everywhere in respect to the rapid distribution of good seed. Doctor Eugene P. Dunlap, of Siam, once told me of a man who gathered quite a following of believers about him before he had had the privilege of meeting any Christian or of reading more than some small portions of the New Testament. Millions of copies of the Bible or its parts have been circulated among the nations "east of Suez." Two societies have engaged in this work in the Philippine Islands since about the beginning of the American régime. The New Testament is being sold in China for three cents. The Bible is selling better than any other book in Korea to-day. In Japan more than five million copies of the Bible or its parts have been sold. In Persia this has been a prominent feature of missionary activities, as also in Turkey and

Arabia. In India, as in China, the book has been very widely circulated, yet not in proportion to the population or the demand. At least some portion of the Bible has been translated into nearly every language spoken in the Moslem world, while the Koran is generally circulated only in Arabic. Editions for the blind have been prepared in two Chinese dialects.

The Bible is already powerful in the life of the Orient. The potency of the Bible in the life of the Occident began with the Reformation, when men turned to it with inquiring minds. Signs of this favorable mental attitude abound throughout the Orient. It is pretty generally true that they "are ready, with Queen Victoria, to assign the cause of the greatness of western nations to the Bible and Christianity." A few years ago Sir William McWorth Young, fresh from a lieutenant-governorship in India, announced to a great gathering in London, "I am prepared to say that what has been done by the life of Christ through missions in India is greater than all that has been done by the British Government in India from the beginning." Doctor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, in a chapter on "Unbinding the Women of China," writes, "Christianity is doing its share. The reading of the New Testament exalts women in their own eyes and in the eyes of others." Miss Burton, who has made a careful study of female education in China, is convinced that "The past decade has witnessed in China what is probably the greatest educational renaissance the world has ever seen. And no feature of this great awakening has been more interesting or significant than the universal interest felt in the education of women." The same writer shows that modern education was first brought to the women of this benighted land by Christian missionaries. In all parts of the Orient are Christian churches and hospitals and schools; the chief end of every one of these institutions is to extend the influence of the blessed book. It was once the privilege of the writer to conduct a group of forty young men in a very simple study of the Book of Proverbs. Two of the class were from Christian homes, some eight or ten came from Mohammedan homes, and all the others from heathen homes. It was wonderful to me to see how the old Hebrew sayings appealed to the better nature of these lads,

irrespective of race or of previous training. They were getting moral truths and their own hearts responded; they arrived freely and naturally at the conclusion that the God of the Bible was their God. To say the least, their attitude toward the Bible and the religion which it teaches was forever changed. Many larger groups and countless smaller ones are being continuously gathered in these ancient lands to study the scripture. Thus the light of the gospel is radiating in ever-expanding circles over all these vast empires.

The transforming power of the Bible is evidenced in all grades of society and especially among the lower classes. Almost any book bearing upon the activities or the achievements of the Christian church from the Fiji Islands to the Hermit Kingdom, from Tokyo to Smyrna, will furnish some proof of this. In a recent book on India we read, "The most powerful apologetic in India will not be a few converted Brahmans, nor the arguments of the missionary, but the mighty uplift of whole communities, once debased and degraded, for whom Hinduism has no message, and who were without hope and without God in the world." The higher classes, too, are being reached. The thinkers of the East are beginning to understand that the history of Israel "lives in the heart of Christian nations with a very real and spiritual force." Frequently we hear thrilling stories of the conversion of men of considerable influence—such as Sherwood Eddy related to the Indianapolis Convention of Methodist Men concerning the very happy experience of Mr. Chan, a brilliant educationalist of North China. The Bible has affected even the religions of the Orient. Doctor Ross declares "that the aggressive rivalry of Christianity, coupled with the coming diffusion of education among the masses, is bound to raise continually the religious plane of the Chinese by forcing the native faiths to assume higher and higher forms in order to survive." The correctness of his judgment is indicated by a single sentence from an interesting editorial in the Chinese Recorder of June, 1912: "There is little doubt that the revival of these Oriental faiths is due to their contact with Christianity." Arthur H. Smith reports that "Articles have been published in the influential secular Chinese dailies

showing the follies of Chinese superstitions, and proving, with a wealth of illustration and a fullness of knowledge to which no foreigner could aspire, that China has at present no religion at all, but is vitally in need of one."

Let the transforming touch of the Bible upon the literature of the Orient be described by two authorities who were writing for other purposes than this. Doctor Harlan P. Beach, summing up the work of Judson in Burma, attests: "His views of translation required such a reproduction of the Bible as the English Revised Version, and, thanks to such principles, rare linguistic ability and his 'lust for finish,' his Bible will long be what Luther's has been to Germany." Now, concerning Luther's translation of the Bible, Professor Fisher of Yale has written these words in a textbook on History: "Which apart from its religious influence, from the vigor and racy quality of its style, made an epoch in the literary history of the German people." If Judson's translation of the Bible has made an epoch in the literary history of the Burmese people will it be presumptuous to conclude that to-day all the peoples of the Orient are embarking upon new and epochal periods of their literary history? If this seem to violate the sense of reasoning, let it be remembered that, when a common bush became the outward vehicle through which the word of the Lord was transmitted to Moses, that bush glowed with such a luster that the experienced shepherd supposed it to be on fire; and again, when on Mount Sinai the law was given, the tribes of Israel beheld yon mountain covered with a glory that was terrifying in its splendor. Is it not true that every instrument of the word of God, whether it be a bush or a mountain or a man or a language, is given a new and far-excellent glory? And shall we be surprised, as was Moses, or terrified, as were the children of Israel, if this splendrous glory radiates from the divinely touched literature of the Orient? The secret of the influence of the Bible is, of course, its spiritual power, its recreative force in individual character. Speaking of this, John R. Mott says: "The most important single agency in the work of evangelization is the Bible." "The value of the possession of this agency," he estimates, "is simply incalculable." One writer quotes a statement

made by Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, who, after long residence in India, avowed that he had formed a high estimate of the character of many native Christians. Missionary literature is full of accounts of confessions, persecutions, toils, sacrifices, martyrdoms and triumphs of Asiatics whose lives have been transformed by the power of the Word of God. It is most fascinating reading. It shows how the power of the gospel continues the acts of the Apostolic Church down through the ages. The true chronicler must still make the record, "So mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed." If we compare the Bible with the sacred books of these countries, we shall find ourselves dealing largely in contrasts ranging all the way from literary values to moral ideals. No book can rank with God's Word, which "is the record of his supreme manifestation in Christ Jesus." Its superiority is being felt, and Buddhism is driven already to the extreme of plagiarizing Christian hymns.

It should be said that the Asiatic Bible is certain to have a tremendous influence upon the rest of the world. Eminent authorities agree that the tasks involved in giving the Bible to the Orient have done much to promote unity in the church at home. Again, it is plain that the strong tendency of the thinkers of the East to get away from the denominational interpretations of the Bible which they have received from the West must have no little bearing upon future exegesis. And it would seem probable that in the coming years wise men from the East may again lead the world to the incarnate Son of God; that in Japan and Persia and Malaysia and Korea scholars may rise to teach the world new lessons from the Book of Life. The men of these nations are able. In the opinion of the Reverend J. Campbell White, "These Chinese can make their own theology if we give them the Bible," and other similar expressions of confidence, made by men who know well the people of these various countries, might be adduced here. It may be that it is because so many of their manners and customs are exactly opposite to our ways of doing things that we have come unthinkingly to feel that they are our antipodes by nature as much as by location. But Doctor Ross, who is a social scientist, discredits "the theory, dear to literary interpreters of

the Orient, that owing to diversity in mental constitution the yellow man and the white man can never comprehend or sympathize with one another." And Arthur J. Brown reasons thus: "The Bible was written by Asiatics and in an Asiatic language. Christ himself was an Asiatic. Perhaps we of the West have not fully understood that Asiatic Bible, and it may be that, by the guidance of God's Spirit within the rising churches of Asia and Africa, a more perfect interpretation of Christ may be made known to the world."

We are forced to superlatives. Translating the Bible into the languages of the Orient seems to have been the greatest literary accomplishment of the past century. Introducing the Bible into the life of the Orient seems likewise to have been the greatest social and religious achievement of the past century. It has there created an influence peculiar to itself, unmeasured, and full of promise.

Floyd R. Maynard

MINISTERS AS REFORMERS

Leaders in reform work are frequently heard to complain that ministers are not good reformers. It is said that they lack unity of action, a clear understanding of the foe, and practical ideas and methods. Other minor complaints are heard. It is, however, agreed, that the present interest of the church in sociology and temperance is improving the ministers. They are becoming more practical and united in their methods. However, there is much room left for improvement. Of course this criticism does not apply to all ministers, for most of our leading reforms have been led by them. It simply applies to the multitude who are among the followers. Since the charges do not seem groundless, it is worth while to give them and some remedies offered some consideration.

Preachers and Precedent. Preachers and lawyers are followers of precedent. That they have looked backward for authority and precedent rather than forward for opportunity has been true in almost every age. The well-versed scribes and lawyers and priests gave Jesus more trouble than any other classes. They had been so fixed in "the old" that it was difficult to get their attention to "the new." It is a weakness of the professions or callings as well as one of humanity. The old-fashioned colleges, universities and seminaries were all planned to establish one in the "truths of the fathers" rather than prepare him for the truths of to-morrow. The influence of the congregations served by the ministers does not help him, for the chief thought of many congregations is about yesterday. One of the most popular hymns has been, "The Old Time Religion Is Good Enough for Me." These remarks are not made in criticism, for all these things were necessary, in their day and generation, to establish the minds and hearts of the people and keep them fixed. They are only mentioned in explanation.

The life and work of the preacher until the last few years has not given him a clear understanding of business and political

methods. He has been an idealist. He gazed upon the stars without even thinking about a way to get to them. He was speculative without reaching conclusions or harnessing his conclusions to action. The Divine was responsible for all things and the preacher was contented to worship without asking how he might help to answer his own prayers. But the old conditions and training do not seem to have trained and fitted the ministers for the new times and conditions. It should also be remembered that the minister of yesterday went forth with "Thus saith the Lord" as his basis of appeal to the people. To-day he must go forth with "the profits of Godliness" upon which to base his appeal to the people. When a minister wants to capture ten thousand men in the steel mill he must answer satisfactorily their question, "What have you got for me?" He must also be quick about it.

The sincerity or good intentions or self-sacrifice of the preachers, when reforms have been attempted, have not been questioned by a single leader in reform work. It is a question of viewpoint and practical method. Sometimes their memory of unhappy experiences with some previous reform makes ministers skeptical of almost all reforms and reformers.

Lack of Unity. Even the ten spies could not bring back a unanimous decision or report. The apostles disagreed and separated. So long as individuals are different their views will be different. The Independent congregations and many beliefs and controversies following the Reformation did not help the ministers to united action. Instead of uniting them, slavery divided them. The temperance question seems to have been the first since the Reformation upon which all ministers could unite—even the Catholics can unite with Protestants on this question. The importance of unifying the followers of Jesus in all faiths is seen when it is remembered that it is the first time since the crusades that all followers of Christ can unite on one thing. It was a condition like this which led a leader in reform last year to say, "I will take care of the foe if some one will just take care of my followers." In reform work I have always been more afraid of the men behind me than the men in front. Some very right-hearted men are very wrong-headed. If these men could only be

kept silent at critical times all would be well. But so frequently, just when victory seems complete, their "zeal without knowledge" brings a division, and two or three men—who talk much more than a thousand men in favor of the best methods possible to attain—get the attention of the foe and the reform is discredited by "divided followers." The many viewpoints and organizations in the temperance reform is a good illustration which applies to all reforms. Not until reform leaders have the good sense of politicians and adopt majority rule, caucus rule if necessary, and get together and stand by the object they wish to accomplish can they hope to get the best success.

The belated forces in reform work have caused the loss of many a battle. Some are naturally slow. They do not read as much as they should. They are not posted as they might be. When the battle is lost they put in their appearance to tell why the battle was lost or to sympathize with the defeated. They mean well, but all their good intentions are of no value. A big reform bill was at stake in the State Legislature. It was a tie vote. The President of the Senate cast the deciding vote against the reform. A howl and wave of criticism swept over the State. If one-half of the well-meaning preachers who now were criticising everything in indignation, had waked up six weeks sooner the bill would have passed. The race track in New York State is said to have been driven out by the vote of a man who was carried on his cot to cast his vote. Some preachers are heroes and always act, but some others leave all work to somebody else. Until some source or central authority can be found which can get united action at the right time nothing will be gained. Maximum results with minimum efforts can never be achieved.

The Foe Misunderstood. Preachers live among the good and far from the bad. Their everyday work takes them among the best people, their thinking is of the best things. They do not understand the foe. They are too anxious for quick results. They want battle before their troops are ready. Many of them are volunteers and some of them will have to experience a "Bull Run" before they settle down and understand that they are in for a long and protracted war. If their leader does not make the grand-stand

plays they leave him. If he does make them, and loses, the reform may be lost or long delayed. All credit to the volunteer militia, but they should remember that the regulars have more experience and staying qualities than they will probably ever have. Nearly all reforms are begun with expectations of a victory in one battle, but many years of war against customs, and habits, and business conditions are to come before victory is achieved. Public sentiment of the people at home has driven many an army to defeat. It was so in the Franco-Prussian war. Some enthusiastic people should read over again how Fabius "the Delayer" saved Rome.

The immensity of the slavery question is better understood to-day than it was at any time in the days of slavery by those who sought to abolish it. The average preacher who starts out to imitate Caleb and Joshua has not done what these men had done. He has not spied out the foe and his strongholds.

Impractical Methods. The average preacher should remember that every wrong is based on profits to some one. The liquor advertisement in the newspapers was there because some one paid for it. The saloon keeper runs his saloon because he thinks he gets a profit from the business. The race-track gambler does likewise. The grafter loathes himself, but his itching palm must be satisfied. Some men may wrong others for no reason except pleasure in doing so, but the wrongdoers of to-day are wrongdoers for profit. This is true of the white-slaver, the liquor-dealer, the grafter, the juggler of stocks and bonds, the falsifier of accounts, and all the legion of wrongdoers. Cut off all hope of profit from wrongdoing, and most of it would cease to-morrow. Preachers often overlook these facts. Preachers have been taught to save the sinners, and that is their business. But they have been converting the two hundred thousand sinners who are saloon-keepers at the rate of about two a year. In the hundred thousand years required to convert them, at this rate, some of them will die. I only mention this class to show the difference between reform and religion. This is not a temperance article. It is an appeal for practical viewpoints and methods.

The average preacher has been taught to be thorough and

evade publicity. The greatest aid to a reform is publicity of the right kind. This was better understood by John Alexander Dowie than by most ministers of other and more orthodox churches. The greatest need of righteousness to-day is a publicity manager. The preachers depend on methods in use before newspapers were common. In many instances they have not caught up with the times. They might well take their lessons from their foes: If you have no good things to say of your own cause, or if it is unwise to say them, then expose the mistakes of your opponent.

I am not pessimistic. Progress was never as rapid as it is to-day. The future is bright. The Federation of Churches is uniting in action. I would have the high authorities in all denominations take up some means to get good ministers to adopt the new who were trained under old methods. Our seminaries are slowly changing so as to give their men practical ideas to meet to-day's needs. The colleges and universities have already done so. The chief difficulty will be with men who finished their schooling more than a decade ago. The next decade will witness greater progress than any quarter of a century. The preachers will again take their place as master guides of public thought, conscience and opinion.

W. C. Poole

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

EXCERPTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS OF "MADEMOISELLE MISS"

AMBULANCE 12-1, April 12, 1918.

. . . BUT who would not get out of focus in this great, sleepy, deserted village; all the troops I love, all the good officers I know, even to the general, gone up yonder into the furnace, and I nailed to my post. I only note that years have brought some advantage, for instead of getting into a perfect paroxysm of restlessness as I would have done once, I am trying to let my bark glide calmly with the current only with her decks cleared for action so that no time need be lost if a chance presents itself. Do not imagine that I am idle; every minute is taken, sorting materials, packing, unpacking, dispensing, and it would take two months to write all the letters I owe on the subject. Despite the hundreds and hundreds of cases that I have opened in the interim, there are cases that have followed me about unopened, and what made me hold on to them was not so much their contents, for they could have been so thankfully used anywhere, as the hope of some time thanking their givers. I always have this hope on opening a case, but it is not often enough fulfilled. What happens is that I go in the night or instead of eating my lunch, to open a certain case that I think holds the articles that, for the moment, I want most on earth. I generally find them and a card, or a list, with the name of the person who has made me happy. Overflowing with gratitude I want to write while the inspiration is fresh. Of course that is impossible, for my patients need me, so I put the card in my pocket, and if I don't lose it I find it weeks afterward among a pile of similar souvenirs tucked away with conscientious care. By this time I have accumulated many more pressing tasks, and so the dear person who has packed that case, and put so much love, thought, and sacrifice into it, is relegated to the limbo of loving memory.

April 24—All quiet in our budding valley, so quiet that one has to

stop one's mind from working, or, at least, hold it within the visible horizon, in order to keep steadily at all. And since keeping steady and not only seeming but being serene is everyone's cardinal duty, at present, perhaps in itself that ought to be enough occupation. War not only consists in charging over open country, but in waiting wearily and molding in damp holes as well, and sometimes the latter part demands the greater valor. Thus I try my lesson of waiting. I think I told you of the hapless American ambulance driver who had the misfortune to get stranded here with pleurisy. For two weeks I respected the conventions and limited myself to taking him fruit and lemonade and a word of cheer. But as time passed and his so called infirmier never thought of bathing him or doing anything else, in fact, I kicked over the traces and gave him baths, etc., on the sly. By a delightful coincidence his fever—over 104 degrees during nearly three weeks—began to fall after the first one. When he was able to eat I bribed soldiers who brought me chickens and eggs, and my case for some time had been to fatten my American—not so easy a matter, since he measures almost six feet three inches and had lost over sixty pounds; at the same time I wrote letters in all directions scheming to get the poor fellow into the hands of our own people, a crying necessity in every case, in no way provided for by our authorities. A brave American lieutenant offered me an auto as far as E—— and a man of his section to conduct White to Paris—White's section having gone to the Somme.

The "Médecin Chef" was persuaded to return him officially to his corps; and Tuesday morning, with many hot water bottles, for the air was sharp, we trundled our patient carefully along through the soft brown hills and reached E—— in time to stoke him up with hot chocolate, and arrange for a private compartment before the scheduled arrival of the train. The train was nearly two hours late, during which time I stretched out my patient on the quai, and when it came there was hardly a corner to stand a musket in. A pretty dilemma for a man whom the least over-exertion might kill outright. I flew despairingly from one end of the platform to the other, and in the last compartment of all came upon a party of train officials who had just laid out their lunch in style. To persuade them that they must get out, and to hoist my American in, took less time than I do to tell it, but they piled like creatures mesmerized, and I don't believe to this moment they knew why. White was safely stretched at his full lank length on the coveted seat with my lunch

box and the last of Mrs. Buffington's chocolates ready to open beside him. "All is well that ends well."

White left to official devices would now be restrained in some town of the interior, dependent on chance to get him with his own people, and a chance that it might take many weeks to realize. The other day I had a unique experience—one that for picturesqueness and pathos could not be surpassed. The British War-Relief Society had sent me masses of civilian clothing, no easy thing to dispose of in a military camp far from all centers and rather a white elephant to house. I asked the "Médecin Chef" if he could not find me some refugees. The dear man set to work, wrote to the mayors of all the villages in the vicinity, and found there was quite a colony in the hamlet of S——, and on Sunday we went together in a "Camion" full of cases and played at beneficent fairies in the queer little schoolhouse. "Médecin Chef" worked as hard as poilu and as cleverly as a woman. Everything from old linens and baby caps to overcoats and shoes were classified on the school benches, and in the middle was a table with bags of candy among flags and toys (again that blessed Mrs. Buffington). Then the cracked old bell was rung, and in they came—the homeless ones who had clung to their bombarded city all these years only to be driven out at last now by the flames. Old men and women, girls and mothers with their babies, and not one went out without a smile or a tearful blessing that it seemed somehow must make its hallowed way across the sea. Could you have seen the "Médecin Chef" trying a shawl on an old woman or a bonnet on a baby your heart would have uttered a special hallelujah. And their city? It wears its martyr's crown of flame. Perhaps no generation has witnessed such a dazzling horror since Nero looked on Rome. A few nights ago I saw it first. I had walked through the balmy afterglow, the young moon was setting, the great stars rising—village and valley seemed at prayer. Then a turn in the path revealed the hellish horror. Miles of city mounting in straight red flame to heaven, and belching smoke that hid the horizon stars. O merciful God, do not let the smoke get into the eyes of our souls! Do not let it veil the star of everlasting love! Let us hope, and write on the cities' sacred ashes "Sursum Corda."

May 10—You remember my telling you of the visit of the American doctors here last winter, and my pleasure in meeting their very remarkable chief, Col. Ashford. He has returned with a new "team," and came to see me the first day. I gave him and a notable associate

tea the next day, and we examined the distressing problem of Americans stranded in French hospitals. I had valuable and poignant data to present on the subject, and they are keen to rectify the lacks in the evacuation system. . . . My life continues crowded, though I am less of a nurse just now than "Cantinière," and cheering up bureau for the defected. So many of the children, beside Galois have been wounded in the Somme region, and they write so pathetically that they want their "petit mère," which calls for many letters. Several of the divisions, near here last winter, returned recently and have been in cantonments and villages around about for a little while before going back to the front lines.. So many came to call that the "Médecin Chef" jestingly declared that he would put a sentinel on the road, and only let them pass one at a time. I gave them all tea and sandwiches (more of a luxury than you might think with butter at 7 frs. a half *rancid* lb.), and as much welcome and cheer as I knew how. Whenever I am tempted to get restive at the fate that holds me here inactive, I think of the joy of all these lonely souls at finding a little oasis of affection amid the cruel desert whose boundaries no man sees, and I am comforted. If my cup of tea is going to send a man off to the trenches with a better heart what more constructive thing could I be doing? Now the last battalion has mounted and I won't hear any more of them for some days. When Kara Mustapha and Hadj Mohammed—two lone waifs from Fez—came to say goodbye Kara slipped four hard boiled eggs, still hot, into my apron pocket, and Hadj pressed a five-franc note into my hand. You see they take me very literally as their "Maman" to whom offerings are made at parting. To refuse both would have broken their hearts, so I took the eggs and gave one to the "Médecin Chef" and one to the "Gestionaire," but refused the note. I had a difficult time with Hadj, who insisted he had belonged to me, was I not his "Maman"?

Mark you, I have never done anything for Hadj but give him a kind word and a few cigarettes; but all these exiled hearts hunger for affection. It is their one talisman against the shells. I see a great deal of the American section 640 who invited me to Thanksgiving dinner last fall. During the winter I saw little of the section. It was off getting its costly experience and didn't often evacuate here. Occasionally one of them would drop in dripping to get warm by my mite of a stove and, unless I was busy with a patient, he had a most sympathetic listener and a cup of something hot; but these ambulance men are not much on recounting their exploits. It has

been too often repeated by the sleek "embusques" at home and in the rear, "If you can't fight drive an ambulance," and its iron has entered into their souls. I use all the magnet I possess to draw it out every time I get a chance, for it is a poisonous lie. Perfectly true that nearly every section gets months of perfectly stupid, safe service—sort of to and from the station thing—but when it is in action it is in action in a way to test the mettle of the bravest. There is not a man in the trenches who would have changed jobs with 640 when it was evacuating Rheims a little while ago. When I looked down upon that gigantic brazier from the hill, consuming away the pride of France there under the soft spring stars, it did not make the sight any more bearable to think that my brothers were ploughing through the midst of it. Any poilu will tell you there was never anything finer than the way 640 evacuated Rheims—the bravest joint action made by all the sections round about—and it is the only one that has had no citation. . . . At least, however, I could show them publicly what *I* thought of their conduct. Invited to an occasion I arrived with my 37 baby croix de guerre, wrapped up in the Stars and Stripes, and pinned on the crosses, beginning with the lieutenant and ending with "cookie," amid one delighted roar of cheers. *I* had explained that the accolade should go with the *real* decoration of which this was a similar prophecy.

AMBULANCE 12-1, SECTOR 233.

While the memory of it is still fresh I must tell you how I played Easter Rabbit on the front.

First, however, that you may have the picture framed, I must take you back to a certain gray and windy week day many weeks ago, when Colonel Guerin sent the queer little omnibus of the division after me. I piled bright comfort bags on top of it, and drove exultantly off to that camp behind the lines where our young heroes come to train for those inimitable "Coups de Main" which are the peculiar glory of the army. There was to be a special "concours" that day in all the most daring maneuvers with all the deadliest engines. I was invited to see it all—a trust of the very first magnitude, for there were many things, as you may imagine, not to be repeated—after which I was to distribute prizes. At the entrance of the miniature "champ de bataille"—a tract several kilometers square containing every variety of surface, hill and wood, ravine and open field, and even a marshy dell where artillery might get most successfully stuck —a triumphal arch had been erected for me to walk under. As we

entered, the colonel, followed by his captains, all those gallant young "diables bleus" (as the boches call them), drew up in salute and then dispersed in squads to their various posts. From one to another we went, and each taught its terrible, vivid lesson, explained by their most surprising captain—a priest who had doffed the robes of sanctity to win five palms and four stars in his "croix de guerre." As we stopped before each piece, at the invitation of the colonel, I fired several shots, sometimes coming plumb on my objective—a feat sufficiently out of keeping with my costume to delight those spirited veterans. Then, after the different pieces of the "first line" had been fired, came the different methods of assault, capturing of the enemy's batteries, etc., and you saw men go over the top, and blue forms creeping among the tree-trunks, crouch and fire, leap forward and crouch again to fling those deadly grenades, as deadly for the assailant, unless he is careful, as for the enemy. Then all was smoke and flame and blind struggle and uncertainty for an instant, and when the curtain lifted the battery was ours. All the time colored smoke and flag signals were being made, and the thunder of the guns raged about a much contested fort in front of us. At the end of the program we followed the combatants back to the starting point, and were about to inspect the ammunition magazine before the prize-giving, when the colonel abruptly asked if I didn't want to give the men a "bel exemple" by throwing a grenade myself. My first sensation was blank astonishment, my second, admiration for his faith in American nerve and forearm (feminine), my third, enthusiasm to be able to furnish a "bel exemple," so I said, "Certainly." Whereupon the colonel and his suite discreetly stepped back—why I only realized afterward—and the be-palmed and be-starred captain advanced with me a few rods and produced a grenade, which, he explained, was perfectly harmless until a little key in one end was bent back and withdrawn, whereupon it might immediately explode unless I kept my thumb firmly pressed on a kind of flat steel spring on the side; otherwise I could hold it *four seconds!* After these reassuring instructions he handed me the weapon. I drew the key, holding down that spring most conscientiously, I can assure you, and, despite the slander on feminine collar bones, threw the thing to a safe distance, that is to say, at least thirty yards. It obediently exploded with a great noise, tearing up some ground. Great applause from the rear. The captain, pleased with his pupil, then produced the most powerful grenade made—the other was only half strength—and the

same performance was repeated with a bigger noise and more scatteration.

Whereupon, we all, in the best of spirits, went to enjoy the fruit of our labors. The colonel, with admirable tact, withdrew and left us to ourselves, so there was no constraint. Squad after squad filed in gravely with their guns and helmets, and filed out again, swinging their bright bags and smiling, and one could only think of the flowering of Aaron's rod, and be thankful. When everybody had been thus decorated I was taken off to tea by the colonel and his officers, and then put into the little omnibus to drive home in the sunset. You may know my thoughts were busy as we threaded the woods and crossed the crest whence the wounded city of the "twin towers" glimmered rose and gold as I had seen it on that dreadful day last July.

If you have misgivings about those bags that were originally destined for the wounded, calm them. It is a grave error, too often made, to imagine that a man must be nearly cut to pieces before he needs or deserves to be comforted; and the particular comforts contained in a comfort bag are peculiarly fitted to rejoice the heart of a foot soldier, and lift it too, thereby having a military value as well. The socks and handkerchiefs, the chocolate and tobacco, the writing paper and knife, the comb and mirror, and other surprises, are things he always wants and almost never has. If he is going to the attack perhaps he will send the pretty sock home to his mother or fiancée as a souvenir. Don't think me hard and suddenly changed to our beloved blessés. Of course he comes first and foremost, like the Bible among books, which we leave out of every day discussions on comparative literature. But he was a combatant once, just as glorious and somewhat more useful before he was wounded; and that is a fact that many good people seem to forget. All these years I have been dimly feeling that, and I think that must be the reason why I just had to get to the front despite all the powers of evil hidden under the hide of smug bureaucrats who tried to bar the way—now I know. . . . A few days after the "Concours" a "planton" came bearing a note from the colonel in which he announced that I had been named "Grenadier d'Elite" of the regiment and endorsing my diploma "bravement gagné." The diploma itself is a museum piece, and I would have sent it to you but for the risk of the mail; then, too, it may be useful some day as a testament, eloquent beyond all others, to my military trustworthiness, for I am very probably the

only woman in France who possesses one. You may imagine that now there was a stronger tie than ever between me and my brothers and that was why I broke the traces and braved the avions—that does sound ridiculous after all I have been through—but you can't imagine how afraid I was to be killed in Paris instead of at my post, and went there to obtain supplies for my Easter celebration. This morning early I embarked in the creaky old omnibus and away through the fickle, fragrant spring sunshine to ———— where the colonel stood waiting at the door of his quarters with his suite to conduct me into the mess-room. Lunch was a most charming function and the bivouac atmosphere lent special piquancy to the grace of the host and the courteous bonhomie of the company. After Pershing had been well toasted and Wilson and our army and your own most humble servant, we adjourned up the hill amidst fruit trees beginning to flower and were met at the top by a salute and cheer for Mademoiselle Miss. The interior of the braque was gay as a carnival and a monument to French ingenuity. The woods, too, had been pillaged of their best treasures, budding boughs cunningly hid the rafters, and the long table over which I passed the coveted gifts was covered with moss and wee flowerets and dells and fairy woodlands, a veritable miracle in landscape gardening. Again the colonel had the good taste to withdraw, and for nearly three hours we had the merriest time you can imagine just as though the fate of the world were not being decided a hundred miles away. It was the kind of an afternoon one wants never to come to an end, and the sign and symbol of it was that supernal rainbow that suddenly blazed above our lines at sunset to bless and illumine my journey home. I suppose you are wondering a bit what I am made of to be able to talk and think on laughing themes when the Somme lies bleeding and Paris is torn with horrors, and so many of my children, perhaps Galois, for he has gone with his battalion, have found nameless graves since I last wrote. But that is what we learn at the war, to live day by day, rather moment by moment, for otherwise one couldn't live at all.

A PICTURE OF MADEMOISELLE MISS AT HER WORK[1]

I AM out of danger and on the road to recovery. My head still aches dreadfully and I have few good nights of sleep. But there is

[1] A private letter written from an army hospital in France, by Cyril B. Smith, a Syracuse University student, in Ambulance Service at the front.

one joy that has entered my life here that I must tell you about. When I was brought to this hospital my cot was in a long wooden barracks. On every side there were men with high fevers, severe wounds, bronchitis, pneumonia, and other ills. The room was long and narrow, with a double row of cots. It was not as spick and span as one would expect a hospital to be. The cots had not clean sheets, the walls were not white as they were meant to be, but somber dingy gray, darkened by the smoke from the two coal stoves that heated the big room. The sick and wounded did not have clean night shirts; some had none, and slept in their clothes.

The second night I was there I had my vision. She was an infirmière, an American nurse. She brought me malted milk and little refreshments to augment the scant rations accorded me by the hospital. She was a beautiful creature, between twenty-five and thirty years of age, although she tries to impress one with the idea that she is old enough to be one's mother. Day after day she came to my cot always with the same radiant smile and the same gentle touch of her hand. She came after her own regular duties for the day were finished, usually after nine o'clock. So all day I would look forward to her coming; and when she came, her blue-gray eyes were brimming over with kindness reflected right from her heart. I am telling you this to show how a touch of kindness is felt by a soldier who has left the joys of life behind him.

The fact that I was a compatriot caused her to tell me something of her work; and I learned a great deal more about it from her "enfants," as she calls her patients. She is Miss Norman Derr, author of a book, Mademoiselle Miss, which has had the huge sale of forty thousand copies. It was prefaced by Dr. Richard C. Cabot. The profits from it are all turned over to French War Relief. She has been in France seven years, in the pursuit of art until war broke out, when she gave herself to her present humane work with an ardor and a courage that would do credit to the bravest of men, in nursing the wounded in hospitals at the front. Many times she has been under fire and bombardment. Her name has been mentioned for bravery time and again in military honors.

I wish I could tell you the immensity of her work. Through her, the generosity of many Americans at home is being carried directly to the simple soldiers in the trenches. At Christmas time, in guise of Santa Claus, she gave Christmas stockings well filled to fifteen thousand soldiers in the front line. Later she carried beautiful com-

fort bags to the soldiers who had volunteered for a *coup de main.* Never imagine that there is any joy in making the attack called a *coup de main.* Sometimes the attacking party consists of only a dozen men. They volunteer for the dangerous work, and then go back behind the lines to practice for the attack. I have never seen any outbursts of *joy* among *those* fellows. Those of them who come back, and often there are very few who return, are awarded the Croix de Guerre. Miss Derr was asked by the general of the army to visit those heroic volunteers to brighten them up. She told me how hard it was to instill any cheer into the hearts of men facing such grim prospects and desperate chances. How successful she was only the few soldiers who came back can say. Do you wonder that the *poilus* to whom she ministers call her "Petite Mère"? One of the many soldiers whose lives she has saved, came all the way from Marseilles to see her, taking the time from his brief leave of absence. He had to pay his fare from his government stipend of five cents a day.

She has been especially good to the "Joyeaux." They are men who, before the war, were serving terms of imprisonment as desperate criminals. They were taken out of prison and put at the front to fight. They are used for attacking in desperate raids. (The name given them indicates French public opinion.) God knows their lot is a hard one. They are given the worst trenches and their work is always the most dangerous. In the hospitals they are treated by many nurses on a par with the despised Boches. But with their "Petite Mère" everything is different. Their grateful letters would move one to tears. One fine looking fellow, who is undergoing, under her influence, a complete psychic change from the criminal condition and spirit into something nobler, adores her. Once after he had recovered in hospital and was back at the front, he had something on his mind that necessitated Miss Derr's advice and consolation. So he left his company for a brief time when it was resting, and sought her in her hospital. For this breach of military discipline he was locked up in the guard house; but he counted that all joy.

One letter written in the criminal trench, up to his hips in mud so he could not keep the letter clean, contained a little blue flower, which he had picked in "No Man's Land." Looking over the parapet he saw it. A desire to risk his life for his "Petite Mère" made him desire to pluck that flower out of the jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell, to send it to her; so he crept over and crawled across through the mud under fire from the enemy, amid exploding shells, and got

back with his blue flower which made his letter an homage to his benefactress. Such a spirit as that has been developed in a professional criminal!

The power a nurse can exercise over a man's soul for good is as great as the power she can exercise over his body. And it is wonderful how much religion there is in a dying soldier, a good sound religion of Faith, Hope, and Love. It is a great joy to be in a hospital that has two hundred barracks, over two hundred doctors, twenty groups of operating barracks, a big hospital accommodating ten thousand sick and wounded, and to find in that tragic place of suffering and death, amid the bustle of medical and surgical activity, a soul that has made every sacrifice for her *"enfants"*—the soul of an American woman.[1]

THE CONFERENCE COURSE OF STUDY[2]

Introductory

There is no subject more vital to the church than the training of her leaders, and the importance of this subject increases with the years. One of the most important actions of the last General Conference was to entrust to a special commission the direction of this work in relation to the Conference courses of study. It was perhaps inevitable that there should be some misunderstanding and some criticism in connection with such a plan. All the more significant is the fact of the general approval that has come from the men who, next to the students, are most directly interested in this work, the

[1] Miss Norman Derr, "Mademoiselle Miss," daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. Z. Derr, of Decatur, Georgia, has the rank of Lieutenant in the French Army, and has been decorated with the Cross of War for arduous and heroic service. She is dear to the Editor of this Review as being of the fourth generation of his friends in the family of her mother, Mrs. Julia Latham Derr.

[2] The General Conference Commission on Courses of Study has issued a statement explaining the Origin of the New Plan, the Organizing of the Course, the Subject Matter, the Arrangement of Subjects, the Selection of Books, Important Features of the New Plan, and the Relative Importance of the Various Studies. The Commission's statement closes with two General Considerations and Eight Important Matters which are among the Waiting Tasks of the Church. The appointment and work of this Commission constitute a progressive step in providing for ministerial education and efficiency. We give space to as much of the statement as we have room for. [We omit the part relating to criticisms of the course.] The Commission was appointed by the Board of Bishops in obedience to the order of the General Conference and consists of two Bishops, E. H. Hughes and F. J. McConnell, the Book Editor, David G. Downey, two Theological Professors, H. F. Rall and F. W. Hannan, and two pastors experienced in the work of Conference Board of Examination, L. F. W. Lesemann and Frank S. Townsend: all men of rank and standing, well educated, highly intelligent and able, utterly loyal to the faith of our fathers, holding the confidence of Methodism as thoroughly competent for the task assigned them by the General Conference. Their work and their statement will doubtless be accepted as satisfactory and approved by the church at large.

fifteen hundred preachers who compose the Conference Boards of Examiners. These men, whose devoted service and intimate knowledge qualify them to speak, have been repeatedly invited by the Commission on Courses of Study to send in their opinions and personal conferences have been held with many of these Boards. Helpful suggestions have come from them and occasional criticisms of some detail, but no criticism of the general plan and no objection to any book on the score of its teaching has come to the Commission from any Board.

During this time objections, chiefly on doctrinal grounds, were raised in certain quarters. The Commission felt under no obligation to enter into public controversy over this matter. The Course of Study had been approved by the Board of Bishops in exact accordance with the plan arranged by the Board and with the provision of the General Conference. The bishops had given full opportunity to the complainants to present their objections. The Commission had met these objections in a statement made at the request of the bishops, and the approval of the Course had then been reaffirmed. The attacks that were being made were thus quite as much attacks upon the Board of Bishops as upon the Commission, and, indeed, the books attacked included several placed by the bishops in the previous course.

There are reasons, however, why a full and clear statement upon the situation should be issued now by the Commission. The important work of training our preachers, with whose supervision the Commission is charged, demands the intelligent understanding and hearty cooperation of the entire ministry of the Church. To this end it seems desirable to set forth the aims of the Commission and the character of the work that is being done. Suggestion and criticism are both welcomed by the Commission. For the sake of the Church and in justice to itself it simply asks that these be based upon an understanding of its plans and a direct acquaintance with the books of the Course, including the five volumes of the Directions and Helps.

I

The New Plan and Its Meaning

THE ORIGIN OF THE PLAN

The present plan arose in the minds of men who felt that the Church was facing a serious situation which was not being adequately considered. First of all was the fact of untrained leaders in the

Church. In twenty-five years college students had multiplied fourfold in this country, and high school students had increased from three hundred thousand to a million and a half. The Church was facing ever greater tasks, and we were realizing that every forward movement in the last analysis depended upon the leadership of our preachers. Meanwhile the standard in our Conferences was falling rather than rising. Roughly speaking, in this day of increasing demands half of our candidates did not have a college training and a fifth of them had not even finished high school. Here was a Conference in a strong Methodist State of the midwest, where out of twenty-five applicants only six could meet the suggested minimum of a high school course. Here was another strong Conference in the north Atlantic section receiving twelve candidates with but one from college and with nine having only high school training or less. Five of that number ranged in age from thirty-five to forty-four and these five averaged only an eighth-grade education. With this went another startling fact. Opposite four thousand Methodist charges in this country there stood in the Minutes the words: To be supplied. And in most cases these were supplied by men who could not reach even the low standard indicated above.

The second fact was the comparative neglect of the Church in connection with the training of these unprepared men. We had urged our young men to go to school and had raised millions for college and seminary, but three fourths of these candidates did not have college and seminary training. What were we doing for these? For the one fourth we were spending in our seminaries alone perhaps a quarter of a million a year, for the three fourths we were spending nothing at all. We gave them no instructors and no educational supervision. We furnished them a list of books and then told them to go to it. They were untrained men and they had to work alone, but we prepared no special texts and no helps for their need. Often we required of them the study of difficult works, prepared for college graduates who had in addition the help of their instructors. Once in four years the list of books was revised, and that was about the extent of the attention which the general church gave to the problem. An occasional far-seeing and self-sacrificing Board of Examiners strove to remedy the situation by furnishing questions and outlines and holding midyear institutes, but the above was the rule.

The fundamental error here was plain. The Conference course of study was an educational proposition but it had never been treated

as such. The educators of the Church had passed it by; they were interested in particular institutions. The Board of Education had definitely limited itself to problems of education as connected with institutions. The bishops had their hands full of many duties and had been charged simply with the matter of the selection of books. Meanwhile the young men who were dependent upon this course formed three fourths of our candidates, and the problem of the Church, especially in small town and open country, was growing more and more desperate for the lack of rightly trained leaders. The task was plain. It was to lift the course from being a set of examinations and make it a means of effective training.

The first requisite seemed clear: constant and careful educational supervision. Essentially the problem was the same as that of one of our seminaries. It was not that of selecting books or determining theological standards, but of educating men. If it was not possible to have a president and a theological faculty, then at least there could be a commission which could give continued attention to the task, not merely determining the course of study, but preparing plans and materials to aid the students and cooperating with the Board of Examiners.

The general scheme now in force was developed by conference of the heads of our theological schools, after consultation with bishops, district superintendents, pastors, and educators. It was presented to the Methodist college presidents at two succeeding annual meetings and approved by them. After careful consideration by the large Committee on Itinerancy it was adopted by the last General Conference.

ORGANIZING THE COURSE

The Commission appointed by the bishops labored under decided difficulties because of limitation of time. Its plan can best be understood by indicating how it proceeded. It began, not with the selection of books, but with the broad question of subjects to be studied and their arrangement in the course. Its conclusions were something like this:

SUBJECT MATTER

1. The preacher must know his Bible. That is his inspiration, his instrument, the source of his message week after week.

2. If the preacher is to understand the Christian religion and the Christian church, if he is to have breadth of outlook and be saved

from errors, he must know Christianity in its history. He must study the church at large to be a catholic Christian, and his own church that he may serve it with intelligent loyalty.

3. He must study Christian doctrine. He must see the great truths of the Christian faith, that he may know their meaning for life and preach them with power, building up men at once in grace and in truth as these have come to us in Jesus Christ.

4. He must be fitted for his practical task as servant of the Church and a leader of the Church in the work of the Kingdom. Foremost stands the work of preaching, but hand in hand with this come the questions of evangelism, of religious training, church organization, pastoral duty, missions and social service.

ARRANGEMENT OF SUBJECTS

Then came the question of the arrangement of these studies in the Course, and the general conclusions were about as follows:

1. Simplify the work as much as possible, not having more than four subjects for study each year. Do not try to have all subjects represented each year. Let each year stand for certain special studies, and let the collateral reading be related to these.

2. Bible study, however, may well be given each year. Not only its importance warrants that, but the fact that such study will help the young preacher constantly in his actual pulpit work, and that such study of the *Bible,* not of books about the Bible which have been our staple hitherto, will make the Course itself vital and interesting.

3. Arrange the subjects in some pedagogical order. The more difficult doctrinal studies may well come later, the student being prepared for these by biblical and historical work.

4. Give adequate attention to the practical branches. These concern the actual tasks with which the young preacher is engaged. Take up one such branch each year, so that each year's Course will call the student to apply practically what he is learning and to master one field of his calling (preaching and pastoral work, Sunday school, missions, social service).

5. The minister's greatest single task is preaching. While emphasizing homiletics in one year, let us make each year bear upon this question, and let us show the student how to make his other studies bear fruit for his preaching.

6. For personal inspiration and help, let us have each year one biography, taking up in turn the founder of Methodism, its first great

American leader, the great Protestant reformer, and a representative preacher of the modern church.

SELECTION OF BOOKS

The task of selecting textbooks came last. It was exceedingly difficult. It was necessary to keep constantly in view the fact that the Course was being prepared for young men who had not had full school advantages, of whom probably one fourth had not even completed the high school course, and who were under the added disadvantage of pursuing their studies with no aid from teachers. To fling at the heads of these young men learned volumes designed for college graduates would seem to be as cruel as it was stupid. The ideal plainly was a series of texts arranged specially for such work, a plan which is the basis of all successful correspondence schools. But no such books were available. It was necessary to choose the best that could be had, leaving to the future the preparation of texts specially suited to the course.

IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THE NEW PLAN

It was here that a unique element in the plan was introduced, the scheme of handbooks known as *Directions and Helps,* one of which accompanies each year of the Course. The name indicates their purpose. These little volumes take the place of the teacher. They seek to teach the student first of all how to study. Even in our colleges large numbers of students are ignorant of that art. And yet that is one of the greatest single advantages of a course of training, not merely to acquire information, but to learn how to study. A large number of our young men approach the Course without knowing how to study, and leave it without having learned this. And that is one reason why they so often cease real study as soon as they finish their Course. The present plan seeks to teach these men how to study. The Directions and Helps contain, first, General Suggestions devoted mainly to the question, how to study. To each book of the Course a section is devoted giving the student suggestions for study, explanations, references to other books, and directions as to his work.

Required written work forms a vital part of this plan. The purpose of this is not to exact elaborate and original essays, but to train the student to think. Mere reading or memorizing is not study. Only as the student thinks and expresses his thoughts is there real study, and the written work aims to secure this.

To this principle of activity on the part of the student, the present plan joins that of *interest.* There is little profit where there is no interest. The interest of the student is aroused in various ways. At each step the Directions and Helps point out the importance of the study in question. Wherever possible the connection is made directly with the actual work of the young preacher, the fact being kept in mind that almost all the students are pastors at the same time. Every encouragement is given in connection with the practical studies to test and apply them in the actual work of the charge. The student is required to outline the condition of his own Sunday school, to report his own community survey or constituency list, and this is handed in as part of the required work. There are great possibilities of development of the plan on this side, that will enable us to bring our young preachers into line with the most advanced and effective movements in the Church. The Directions and Helps afford a flexible instrument for this, for they are not necessarily limited to comment upon the books of the Course and they can easily be modified.

The *homiletic work* affords an even better illustration of the way in which the new plan, through the Directions and Helps, interests the student by tying up his studies to his work and making them immediately fruitful. Homiletics as a special study is taken up in the first year. But the work of preaching is too important to have this study limited to one year, and the art of preaching is not acquired from the mere study of a text. For each year, therefore, the Directions and Helps have a special section devoted to *Homiletical Suggestions.* These Suggestions show the young preacher how he can utilize the material of his studies in preaching, the individual books being considered with specific illustrations and suggestions. By this method the student's interest is gained for the course of study while at the same time he is learning the important lesson of how to make his reading bear upon his preaching. Finally, he is required in connection with this work to hand in outlines, sermons, and other homiletic exercises, enabling the examiner to give him helpful criticism and advice throughout the Course.

The last named point suggests another element in the new plan: The endeavor to change what has commonly been a mere board of examiners into a *board of instruction.* The disciplinary name, Board of Examiners, shows the limitation of the old conception. What is needed is a group of men who will serve not merely as examiners, but as instructors, counselors, and friends. The new plan strongly urges

the establishment of summer schools where students and examiners will meet. But the special opportunity for such helpful relation is given through the required written work. Where this is sent in by the student, as suggested, at intervals throughout the year, it can be made the basis for constant helpful criticism and suggestion.

THE RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF THE VARIOUS STUDIES

One of the most difficult problems facing the Commission was to determine the relative attention to be given to different subjects. At no point is there likely to be greater difference of opinion, and here, as elsewhere, the Commission asks for suggestions and seeks to learn from experience. As might be expected, those who have expressed themselves are far from agreeing with one another. Some questions rest upon a misunderstanding of what the Course really contains, and certain proposals are made without thought of the Course as a whole and would result in intolerable burdens for the student. A few questions will bring out the main points.

Is enough attention given to *Methodist history and doctrines?* The question is easily answered. As at present constituted the Course contains the following: The Discipline, with a thorough treatment occupying over one half of the first volume of the Directions and Helps; Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection; Selections from the Writings of John Wesley, a volume of over four hundred pages, including ten sermons and thirteen of Wesley's most important writings on Methodist doctrine and practice; The Life of John Wesley; The Life of Francis Asbury; Stevens' History of Methodism, in three volumes; Sheldon's System of Christian Doctrine, as a standard work of Methodist theology; four volumes of the METHODIST REVIEW, presenting current Methodist thought. This makes in all sixteen volumes, with the rather staggering total of about six thousand pages.

Has too much attention been given to *the social question?* As a matter of fact, the number of such books was reduced as compared with the last quadrennium, even if one were to include Soares, which has now been dropped and which was in reality a Bible study text. As against Peabody, Rauschenbusch, Patten, Brown, and Earp, we now have Ellwood, Rauschenbusch, and Ward, and the last named (on Social Evangelism) might be placed in the practical theology list.

But is not too much attention given to *practical theology?* In the general field of practical theology the present Course contains two books on evangelism, one on worship, four which deal with pastoral

methods and parish problems, and one general work (Quayle, The Pastor-Preacher). But these eight books taken together are not equal in size to two of the books on theology in the Course. Six of them together are about equal in size to Sheldon's Christian Doctrine. The Commission felt the urgent need of help in this field for the young preacher, the untrained man who is thrown into the work with little preparation and with no "senior preacher" any longer at hand for counsel. Just in this field, however, it is difficult to get satisfactory manuals, especially in the matter of church organization and pastoral work, and this accounts for the selection of a number of smaller books.

It has been suggested that too little attention is given to *doctrine,* and that this is postponed to the close of the Course. Note the facts. There are seven volumes devoted to the statement and defense of Christian truth: two by Wesley (Plain Account and Selections), and those by Strickland, Bowne, Simpson, Sheldon, and Clarke. In addition, special attention is given to our Articles of Religion in connection with the study of the Discipline. Counting the Discipline, three of these books come in the required study for admission on trial, that is, at the very beginning of the Course. These three bring a clear statement of the principles of religion as Methodism conceives them, and are placed here so that these may be understood by the candidate before he applies for admission into the ranks of the Methodist ministry. The other works are placed in the last two years. The biblical and historical branches furnish necessary preparation for the study of doctrine, and for this last named more difficult discipline the student is better fitted after a year or two of study.

It needs no debate to make plain that the matter could never be settled to the satisfaction of all. It is interesting to consider where the Commission would have been led if it had followed some of the advice that has been given. Thus one veteran theological professor thinks that a knowledge of the Greek Testament is indispensable, even for the young men who may not have graduated from high school or college, and that with this should go the study of commentaries like those of the International Critical series. The same writer, criticising the present course in the matter of theology, thinks that "a mastery of Hodge, A. H. Strong, Shedd, or others (even a Roman Catholic like Scheeben) would be of incalculable value." Pope's three volumes are then commended and the statement added: "But let these be *in addition* to our own Raymond, Terry, Curtis." Sixteen volumes of theology are proposed here. Assuming that but one non-Methodist

in this list were to be studied, eliminating the Roman Catholic and all the Calvinists but Hodge, leaving out Pope, and dropping Sheldon, this would still give us five thousand pages of heavy theological material for these young men, hundreds of whom have not even completed the high school. The "mastery of Hodge" alone would involve the study of over twenty-two hundred pages.

TWO GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS

1. Books are not included in the Course because every detail of opinion in them is approved. The Course of Study is handled in the same manner as in any good school for training preachers. The books are first of all selected because adapted to teach their special subject. Doctrinally they must be in essential harmony with the position of the Church. At the same time the student must be made familiar with the best thought of the day, and must learn to handle the problems that he will meet as a leader and teacher of men. He must be taught to think, to discriminate. The Course is not intended to give him a set of ready-made opinions to be taken without thinking and for the rest of his life to be handed over to his people equally without thought. Such an attitude may fit Roman Catholicism but not Protestantism.

This position is generally recognized. Professor Faulkner definitely stands for it. It is well stated in the discriminating discussion of the Directions and Helps by Dr. Oscar L. Joseph, which appeared in the METHODIST REVIEW. In contrast is the hypercriticism which we have been considering. A book on How to Study is put in the "Index" because of a casual reference to native depravity (and that misinterpreted). Ellwood's fine work on The Social Problem is a genuinely spiritual protest against "an egoistic and materialistic social philosophy" and one much needed to-day, but because it looks at human history from the standpoint of its social development it is condemned as representing the dangerous idea of evolution. Rauschenbusch's stirring work, placed in the Course by the bishops ten years ago, is the outstanding book for the student who wants to understand the modern social development in religious thought, and has contributed more to this development than any other volume. It is condemned because of objections to incidentally expressed biblical opinions.

2. A second and very important consideration is the part played by the Directions and Helps. This essential part of the plan, indi-

cated in the Discipline and emphasized in all the matter put forth by the Commission, has been entirely ignored by the New Jersey Conference critics. Of these volumes, ranging from 165 to 200 pages, one accompanies each year of the Course. It gives guidance to the student, directs his work, and gives necessary explanations and comments upon the books. It seeks to give the aid furnished by a wise teacher in the class room. In general, the aim is to point out what is of value, to give explanation and quicken interest, to advise and caution as may be needed, and to lead the student to think for himself.

Waiting Tasks

It remains now to point out some of the work that waits to be done, and to ask for suggestion and cooperation in the doing of this work. The Board of Education has just completed its great campaign and added many millions of greatly needed funds to the endowment of our schools. These schools can make no higher claim to our regard than their service in training leaders for the Church. But here, in this Conference Course of Study, is the instrument upon which we must depend for the training of three times as many men as come to our ranks from the theological schools. We must give far more thought to this work, and we must spend more money upon it.

Here are a few of the important matters to be considered:

1. We must develop better materials for study, textbooks that will be suited to the needs and capacities of men who have not had college training and who must work by themselves. The recent legislation of the General Conference has excused the men who are graduates of both college and seminary from taking the Course. Our candidates who graduate from college for the most part are taking the seminary course also. This leaves us free to fit the Course to the untrained or partly trained men. The successful correspondence schools of to-day indicate how the books for such men should be written. The style should be clear and simple. Special attention must be paid to the arrangement of the matter. Every effort should be made to make the material interesting, and to tie it up to the problems and tasks of the young preacher's daily work. Adequate explanations and suggestions should accompany. Above all, the student should be given regular written exercises, which will insure real study and give him the chance to express himself. The best men available should be secured for the preparation of this material.

2. We must magnify the work of the Conference Board of Ex-

aminers. We must set up for them a new ideal, an ideal which progressive Boards here and there have already reached. These men should seek to establish the closest relations with the students, serving as instructors, advisers, and friends. The name of the Board might well be changed to Conference Board of Instruction, the examinations being but one aspect of this work.

3. Through the establishment of some central agency, or by relating it to our theological schools, it might be possible to establish regular correspondence school work, and those students who so desire might take their work in this manner, the Annual Conference accepting the certification of such agency as it does now in the case of college or seminary.

4. For the men who have completed the Course, there should be produced graduate courses of study from among which they might select some field in which to continue systematic work.

5. Annual reading lists might be published, for those who wished guidance in finding books most worth while.

6. A department might be established in the METHODIST REVIEW devoted to all interests, serving as the agency of publicity, and perhaps furnishing each year one of the graduate courses.

7. Summer schools should be encouraged, either Conference schools such as are already being held in some quarters, or schools supported by a larger area such as the State school which the Ohio Conferences initiated this summer in such successful manner. These schools should be for the young men in the Course and for older ministers, should continue at least ten days, should have generous financial support, and should command the ablest instructors and lecturers available, at the same time giving opportunity for the personal contact of examiners and students.

8. A final problem is to be noted that has received practically no attention as yet. That is the case of our supplies. Over against nearly one fourth of our charges there stands printed in the Conference minutes, "To be supplied." For the most part, that means that these churches are to be taken care of by men who cannot measure up even to the low minimum standards which prevail so generally. What is being done for the training of these men? The welfare of four thousand Methodist churches in this country "left to be supplied" is largely dependent upon these men. The large majority of them have presumably the status of local preacher. How much training did they get through the local preachers' course? How much

attention is given to the men that are taking that course? How much reading and studying do these men do after they have finished that course?

It is hardly feasible to require these regular supplies to take the Conference course. Many would not be equal to it in point of training, many of them must supplement their meager salary by other work and have little time. In some cases the preaching is simply a service assumed in addition to some regular task like that of farming. On the other hand, every possible help should be given these men for the sake of the churches to which they minister. Might it not be possible to devise a course, simpler than the Conference course, but more thorough than the local preachers' course, and require at least the younger men as they take up the work of regular supplies to complete such a course? And could this not be placed under the Conference Board of Examiners? Whatever may be done, here at least is one of the problems worthy of serious attention.

These statements and suggestions do not come as formal recommendations of the Commission on Courses of Study. They are simply indications of large and important matters that await solution. What the Commission would do is to ask the serious attention of the Church to these questions, and to invite the cooperation of all concerned in a common effort to solve them.

THE ARENA

MORAL CAUSES OF THE WAR

THE problem of how a great Christian nation could revert in one or two generations to a state of lawlessness and pagan savagery witnessed in this war, is before us. Not being allowed to go to the front, I am trying to help bayonet Prussian militarism with a steel pen and gas it with Carter's ink. Some folks are still asking what has come over Germany and what is she up to? Two articles in the METHODIST REVIEW for September-October, seek the solution of Germany's moral degradation and precipitation of this war, in a deep and studied ethic degeneracy; two other interesting war articles in the same issue, VI and IX, are not within my purview. The article by Bishop Cooke, traces the principal cause to a vicious civic and state theory. That by William Houliston traces it to a fatal abandonment of Christian ideals. The articles have much in common. The present writer desires to find the more immediate cause of the war in a despicable spirit of *jealousy* and *conceit*, prompting

to a cruel, selfish ambition for world-supremacy and domination. Let us get an all-round view of the problem, underlying and immediate.

Take jealousy first. I hold that this and an involved envy have been especially directed against England and her American "spawn," as they call it. Jealousy is a "green-eyed monster," whether in an individual or nation. This war has revealed an intense hatred of England by Germany, as a triumphant rival. The development of England in 300 years is a marvel of history. She rules to-day one third of the human race and her domain covers one fourth of the land surface of the globe, and she dominates the entire ocean's expanse. German commerce in getting round the world, must almost always pull up in English docks, Gibraltar, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Columbo, Calcutta, Singapore, Hongkong, etc., and then dock in the American branch of the English race. In the commercial world the Bank of England has been supreme. Pounds sterling are in demand and go everywhere. In the courts of the world's powwows, Great Britain's word has weighed heaviest. Herr von Payer, vice-chancellor, in a recent speech seeking to tone up Teutonic courage in view of present army disasters, talks of German "technique and genius." But abounding Anglo-Saxon fertility of invention, genius, and startling discovery have been a source of Germany's jealousy. Most of the useful and marvelous discoveries of the age are English and American. Besides, the lingua franca of the world is English. In 1800 this language was spoken by only 21,000,000; German by 26,000,000. In 1890, English was spoken by 111,000,000, an increase of 428 per cent, while German was spoken by only 75,000,000, an increase of only 150 per cent. The only language that is spoken or understood all around the world is English. For convenience German missionaries and other foreigners study English. Jealousy of the language is seen in the fact that in 1914, persons heard talking English in Berlin had their faces slapped. Further, Anglo-Saxon colonial expansion has aroused jealousy and envy. It is a phenomenon of history that Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, and French early colonies have nearly all been absorbed by England and America. Note North America alone for example. The French had preempted the central continent from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Spain had a large part of the South. Holland was in New York and Pennsylvania. Where are all these now? This outcome was by no plan of mere selfish lust of world domination. The English race is liberty-loving, democratic, with a sense of justice, and has risen in power and domain from the date of the Magna Charta, the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and from the Elizabeth age when England began to hold the balance of power in Christendom. This race is not without fault and pages of history that are to be regretted, but its expansion has been providential nevertheless. England has stood for law and freedom, for the open door, for world evangelism, for the Sabbath and the Bible, which with a marvelous prodigality she has scattered broadcast over the world, and her gospel missions have girdled the globe. Wherever she goes she gives the best she has. Add the other half of the English race, the American people, against which the German hate is equally strong, and the world superiority of the

Anglo-Saxon is immensely emphasized. The United States to-day holds one third of the world's wealth and produces one fourth of its manufactured products. Moreover, the growing rapprochement of these two great English-speaking nations, mother and daughter, has aided in stirring pan-German envy and jealousy. An Oxford professor has been advocating a common citizenship for English residents in both countries, with equal immunities and privileges. Thus the combined English race, free, democratic, and humane in spirit, has now a sane and beneficial leadership of the world. The Anglo-Saxon is not responsible for Teutonic race rivalry, jealousy, and hate. These added to an over-weening conceit of "Kultur," fitness, and military power, have led Germany confidently to try by the sword to gain world-leadership.

A "conceity" person is undesirable and the best service possible is disillusionment. The same is true of a nation, and that nation is Germany, and the job of disillusionment is on. And frankly, no small blame for fostering Germany's conceit belongs to us. We have worshiped German masters of music, philosophy, linguistic research, etc. Our students lay and clerical have coveted German university degrees and have been poisoned in return by their rationalism and Godless philosophy and vicious theories of personal, domestic, and political life. Carlyle's interest in German literature and fulsome laudation of Frederick the Great, who laid the foundation of Germany's infernal militarism, aided the Teutonic arrogance and self-admiration. German literature reveals various forms of this conceit, fostered by us as just stated. Teutonic writing reeks with the vanity of this arrogant obsession. Paul Conrad writes: "We feel ourselves the bearers of a superior culture." Adolf Lessen boasts: "We are morally and intellectually superior to all, without peers." This has become a race or national conceit for this "superman." Dr. W. Lehman boasts: "The German nation leads in the culture domain of the inner life. No nation possesses the deep things as we do." Ludwig Woltmann swells thus: "The German race is called to lead the earth under its control, to use all its resources, and to use the passive races in subordinate capacity for development of its *Kultur*." Face these sickening bits: "The world shall henceforth have its coat cut according to German measure," vaunts Fritz Phillips. And he has this rapturous vision: "The history of the world is a preparation for the time when it shall please God to allow the affairs of the universe to be in German hands." It will be observed that this nauseous arrogance becomes a religious affectation. "It will please God," indeed, to sanction the unspeakable atrocities of ghouls and fiends! And the frenzied Nietzsche, who aided largely in hatching this awful world war, marked by these unheard of atrocities, wrote: "While preparing to found a world empire, Germany is also preparing a world religion. The present bent of mind at the universities among the most cultured, is toward the religion of valor. Ye have heard men say, 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' but I say unto you, blessed are the warmakers, for they shall be called, not the children of Jehovah, but the children of Odin [Wodin, god of war], who is greater than Jehovah." The Germans seem to be seeking a religion that takes

all the "nots" out of the ten commandments, and would destroy the moral order of the universe. As has been said of the Hindus, these Germans sin religiously. E. W. Yaerm raises the question, "Has the German a Christian mind?" He says, "While other nations have expanded intellectually, Germany has retrograded into a fiendish, apish, black monster that threatens the future of the world." This flagrant religious aberration takes on its most arrogant form in the monarchical hallucination of the Kaiser: "I represent monarchy by the grace of God. Only one is master of the empire and I am that one—the Spirit of God has descended on me because I am German emperor. I am the instrument of the Most High. I am his sword," etc. (Speech to Potsdam recruits.) It remains to be seen if this blasphemous pretender is to outlast the war he precipitated.

The Prussian conceit of military power, crowned in the Hohenzollern, fomented the war and confidently planned a larger world conquest than Alexander the Great. "Paris in three weeks—London in three months—New York in three years," was the program. Germany's military dominance is continental Europe for the past half century generated this unblushing vain glory and hope for speedy world conquest. Belgium was of no consequence, France was only to be walked over, the English army was "contemptible," American poltroons ignorant of fighting, the job was not very long for Teutonic prowess! While moral degradation, as indicated in the two REVIEW articles, may be at the bottom, nothing can be more certain than that German jealousy and conceit were the immediate cause that started this war—jealousy of Anglo-Saxon leadership, which never was a menace or world aim. And there was junker conceit of every form of superiority. "Deutschland über alles," is the goal. Jealousy, envy, and conceit of superiority have begotten a pan-German rivalry of the English race. Hence the songs of bitterness and hate and the ill-concealed hint of "that day." For world peace and safety, this pestilent, dangerous Teutonic cancer neeeded cauterizing, and, please God, it is now getting it. Germans have virile, valuable qualities, and when this Germany is whipped to its knees and driven out of the world, a better Germany, disarmed and brought within rational peace terms, will arise.

Ocean Grove, N. J. T. J. SCOTT.

WHAT TO PREACH TO SOLDIERS

THIS question occurs to every minister who has been invited to speak in a camp and every minister whose church is adjacent to the camps.

A minister leaving his parish to enter the chaplaincy was given a hearty farewell reception by his congregation. As they said their "Good-bys" and "God bless yous," an old lady wrung the hand of the minister and said, "I want you to find my two boys when you get to France. They are brave soldiers, but not Christians." Then she turned away with a sob and the tears ran down her cheeks as she pleaded, "Save my boys if you can, save my boys."

"Save my boys if you can"—this is the chaplain's purpose. If you

preach to soldiers, in what way should your purpose be different? Is not that the motif in your preaching regularly in your pulpit? Should one enter the ministry for any other purpose than to help the Redeemer save his people? Whether then the soldier comes to church or you to camp, preach salvation.

A minister went to a small camp on a recent Saturday and that night there were three dances in progress—one at a carnival put on by a Catholic church to raise money for the priest's house; another at the barracks, where there were no more than two hundred men, and a third for the officers at the post. Two bands and an orchestra, three dances and less than two thousand white people in the camp, village, and within a radius of three miles. What should the minister preach about Sunday morning? Why, about the thing needed there, namely, salvation. Nothing else to preach about at that camp.

A priest who had come to a church near a camp said in conversation with the medical officer, "I want you to come up to the house and see me. I've got some good cigars up there." The medical officer replied, "Is that all you've got?" The officer may have meant to intimate that the priest ought to have something to drink, but it struck me that he meant that any minister ought to be offering people religion rather than cigars.

A colored man at Camp Meade prayed in meeting one night "Lord, we recognize these meetings as a vital part of our training as soldiers." What shall I preach? Something that is vital to their training as soldiers. After a Sunday night lecture in one of the Y. M. C. A. huts there, several men remarked to the secretary, "We thought you were going to have preaching," and their disappointment was evident. Soldiers need preaching. The editorial page of the Philadelphia North American recently carried a story reported by a Pennsylvania medical army officer. He said that a chaplain of a British regiment was planning a motion picture show for the men, but one of the Tommies blurted out "To hell with the movies—give us some religion!" A nurse said to a pastor at the close of his sermon at an army hospital, a warm, one hundred per cent religion sermon, "Several of the soldiers told me as they went out that your sermon did them more good than all the medicine they have received here." The cross, through this war, has been restored to the place from which many ministers had allowed it to slip. They find that sermons to men in uniform must carry a message of sacrifice, vicarious suffering, substitution. The cross as a symbol means much to military men. Many enlisted men and officers of the line protested when they understood that the chaplain's insignia was to be changed from the cross to the shepherd's crook. The roughest regiment in a certain camp was a problem to the Association secretaries. The men were profane, defaced the hut, and disturbed the services. They had to be quiet of course when the chaplain was conducting a meeting, because he was an officer. The secretaries conferred with the chaplain one day and, as a result, railed off a portion of the platform and erected there a large white cross. Nothing was said or done about the matter, but that cross changed the whole moral atmosphere of the regiment. It may be stated that there were very few

Catholics in the organization. The preaching of the cross similarly has changed the lives of thousands of men and the atmosphere of some entire camps.

Preaching to soldiers is not tremendously different from preaching to civilians. When General Pershing received a recent message from the Federal Council of Churches, assuring him of the support of the church in America, morally and materially, he included this statement in his reply: "What is necessary for the manhood of the soldiers is necessary for the manhood of the civilians." We might reverse it and say, "What is necessary for the civilians is necessary for the soldiers." What is necessary for both? In this age of worry, turmoil, and conflict, men need a message of faith and order and victory. Give them a clear call to the central purpose of life. Then tell them how Christ will enable them to live their ideals. And show them that God is counting on their cooperation to work out his plans, both in this world and for all time and through all eternity. The business of the preacher is not to laud, but to lead.

The church is expecting its chaplains to put their best efforts into their preaching and other distinctively religious work. No other officer on a ship or with a regiment is equipped and trained to lead men in religious matters. It is not to be desired that chaplains abstain from handling welfare matters that are sometimes committed to their care if they are given help so that they may do it in an executive way. But their own enthusiasm, the best musical talent they can secure, the assistance of noted men, all the resources they can gather, ought to be used in channels that will secure the largest religious results. If a chaplain succeeds in other things but fails in his religious ministry, he has failed as a chaplain and the church would be honored if his commission were revoked.

"Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." Use historical and literary allusions? Yes. Make it thoughtful and intellectual? Yes. Polish it until your homiletics professor can see himself in it. But preach the gospel.

And don't forget that preaching is a means to an end. Most of the religious periodicals have printed in some form the story of a sales-manager who heard a noted divine, but said to him after the sermon, "You marshaled your talking points in an impressive way and you had your goods sold, but you made the fatal mistake of not trying to take any orders." One of our Methodist ministers who has just entered the chaplaincy has been an army Association secretary for the past six months, and during that time has held but four meetings in which men have not sought Christ.

How, then, should I preach to *marines?* The first time the writer did so, he asked himself, "What about the marines—what are their characteristics?" First to fight. That is their best boast and their most descriptive slogan. It is the business of the marines to fight and to do it before anyone else gets a chance. Marines then will want a preacher to go straight to the heart of the whole religious matter and get there

before anyone else does. I decided to preach on the topic "Jesus saves." My outline was as follows:

Saves from what?
Who is it that saves?
What does He say about his salvation?
What is the process?

Is it any different preaching to *sailors?* "Go ye into all the world and preach the *gospel* to *every* creature." "For it is the will of the Father that every one that beholdeth the Son and believeth on him shall have everlasting life."

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ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE

"O OUR Father! our King! manifest the glory of thy kingdom over us speedily; shine forth, and exalt thyself in the sight of all the living. O gather our dispersions from among the nations, and assemble our outcasts from the extremities of the earth! Conduct us unto Zion, thy city, with joyful song, and unto Jerusalem, the residence of thy holy temple, with everlasting joy. And there in thy presence, will we prepare the offerings enjoined us, even the daily offerings according to their order and the additional offerings, according to their institution."

The above prayer has ascended from millions of hearts ever since the destruction of the Holy City by Titus and his legions. Like Daniel of old, no matter to what part of the world the exiles of Zion have been driven, they too, with faces turned toward Jerusalem, pray for the return of God's elect people. No matter how gloomy the prospect or how dark the night, prayer for the restoration of the Jews has never ceased. Age after age has passed and century upon century has rolled around, and yet deliverance has not come. The darker the night, the more brilliantly has the star of hope shone from above.

Though disappointed times without number, the pious Jews have not been without faith, nor ever totally discouraged. Little more than twenty years ago some of the more hopeful Israelites met together and prayed and planned. The Zionist movement was started and soon assumed a concrete form. Many of the rich Jews favored the project and poured in their money lavishly so as to make it the more easy for the oppressed Jews of Russia, Roumania and other lands to find a home in the Land of Promise.

The colonization of Palestine began in earnest, and soon nearly fifty colonies were founded by Jews from various countries. Our readers know how successful these had been and what promise they held in store for the dispersed Hebrews. Several of these colonies succeeded beyond the

expectation of the most sanguine. The promise of greater success was never brighter than when all of a sudden the "Great War" broke out, and brought to naught the patient toil of many years. The unspeakable Turk, urged on by the still more atrocious Huns, pounced upon the peaceful colonists and turned field, garden and home into wilderness and ruin. The young Jewish colonists were forced into the army, the old men, women and children who had not fled the country shared the fate of Belgium and its civil population. In short the colonies, plundered and destroyed, seemed to have been a thing of the past.

The darker the night, the nearer the dawn. The success of the entente allies in Egypt and southern Palestine appeared like a brilliant star in the Jewish sky. The capture of Jerusalem and many other cities by the forces of Gen. Allenby has brought new hope, new faith and new joy into Jewish hearts throughout the world.

Nothing, however, has given the Jews, especially the Zionists, more courage than the declaration of Mr. Balfour, made some months since. The effect of his words upon Israel has been aptly compared to that of the edict of Cyrus, which made it possible for the Jews carried captive to Babylonia to return to their own land.

"His Majesty's Government," says Mr. Balfour, "view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

This is a memorable document. No wonder it pleases the average Jew. One Jewish writer of great ability calls it epoch-making. "The pioneer of a new era—an era which will see the world divided, for political purposes, into supernatural states or commonwealths, and ultimately unified . . . centers of national tradition and inspiration which will save the soul of mankind from the deadening influences of materialism and uniformity."

Every beginning is hard, and nothing harder or having more obstacles in the way than the beginning of a new commonwealth, the creation of a new Jewish state in Palestine. The phrasing of Mr. Balfour's declaration, though clear and concise, is quite guarded, if on careful reading not disappointing. It will no doubt satisfy the reasonable and liberal Jews. But how will the orthodox and more conservative regard it?

In the very nature of things, the British government or a League of Nations cannot toss Palestine over to the Jews without regard to the feelings of the present inhabitants. Before the war broke out the population of Palestine was made up of Moslems, Christians and Jews in the proportion of 60, 30 and 10 per cent, respectively. Certainly one tenth cannot lord it over the nine tenths. The formation of the new state must be gradual. All Jews who may desire to immigrate into Palestine will have the privilege of doing so with full assurance of complete protection. Thus in the course of time it may be possible for the present small minority of the Jewish population to grow so as to become a substantial

majority, and thus legitimately obtain a prevailing voice in the affairs of the new State, without, however, desiring to exclude all non-Jews who may wish to reside in the Holy Land. Though the orthodox Jews still dream of and hope for the "restoration of the kingdom of David, and of the temple, and of the sacrifices on Mount Zion, they do not expect it *now*." This is to come in "the end of days, in the far distant future by some miraculous divine intervention." Prof. Amran of the University of Pennsylvania, an orthodox Zionist, makes a fine distinction—which we do not understand—between the return of the Jews and the establishment of a Jewish State under an international protectorate and "their return according to Messianic prophecy." He maintains that "when the temple is to be restored in the days of the Messiah, it will be restored overnight by the same miracle which will bring forth the Messiah and cause the divine refulgence to shine with a visible light on Mount Zion."

When, however, the Jews shall have all the rights and privileges of a free state in Palestine, immigration will proceed with a rapid course. The orthodox Jews especially will settle there in ever increasing numbers. Wealthy and benevolent Jews living in Europe and America, who have no desire to leave their homes, will pour out their riches in order to make the new state a success, and the lot of the new colonists comfortable and pleasant. Before many years, a goodly portion of the Mohammedans, who have not the same love for the Holy Land as the Zionists have, will sell out at good profits to the newcomers. At any rate, the growth of the Jews will far exceed that of the Moslems and Christians. Thus the dream of the ages may be realized.

Of course, the Jews in the new State cannot shut the door in the face of any who may wish to locate in Palestine, nor can they set up a form of government or system of education obnoxious to other people, much less a state religion to which all must conform. In this age of the world an established state church is impossible in a free country. And as David Starr Jordan has well said, "Palestine cannot be a theocracy." It must be a democracy in every sense of the word, where Moslem, Christian and Pagan may enjoy as many privileges as the most orthodox Jews. In short, Palestine must be ruled in the interest of humanity and not simply in the interest of the Jews. As seems probable, the vast majority of the population will at no distant date from the creation of the new State be orthodox Jews. Then it will follow as day follows night that the government will be molded according to Jewish ideas. And as Viscount Bryce has said, Palestine from the beginning is to be for Israel "a safe home, consecrated by the most sacred memories, with the one sole purpose of restoring it to its long lost purpose."

But, as already intimated, it will not be all smooth sailing. In the first place there is not general agreement among the Jews themselves as to the advisability of the establishment of a separate state for them, either in Palestine or any other place. There are orthodox Jews, there are liberal Jews, and not a few Jewish agnostics or infidels without any form of religion; indifferent not only to Jewish rites and ceremonies but to revealed religion in general.

Now, there are nearly fourteen million Jews in the world, mostly in Europe and America. It will be many years before Palestine, were it ceded to the Jews to-morrow, could accommodate one tenth of these. Moreover, the great majority of Jews are perfectly satisfied with their lot in the countries where they are now settled and engaged in various enterprises. Great Britain, France and the United States and some other lands treat the Jews generously and well. They appreciate their freedom and privileges, politically, religiously and commercially. Consequently the millions will remain where they are. No Jew will feel under any moral obligation to join his more sentimental brother in Palestine, because a Jewish commonwealth may be established there, any more than the Irish of Boston, New York or Chicago would dream of returning to Ireland, even if every demand of the "Sinn Feiner" were granted.

Of those Jews opposed to the creation of a new Jewish State, we may mention Prof. Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania. This learned Jew has thought the subject through and understands the Eastern question better than most men. He has stated his objections in a recent number (June) of the *Menorah Journal*. He says: "To my mind the establishment of a Jewish State, from the point of view that the Jews constitute a nation that should be given the opportunity of developing a national life, is fraught with the greatest possible dangers to the Jews and to the religious peace of the world." He enters into the discussion with much spirit. His arguments, however, though clear-cut, concise and apparently logical, will not appeal to many Zionists. Even if the allies should hand Palestine over to the Jews, it would be a great blunder to do so without the consent of its present population. Moreover, he asserts that the Jews have no special claim to the Holy Land. When Joshua entered Canaan, he came as conqueror and wrested the territory from its rightful owners. Some centuries later the Jews were in turn vanquished, and led away captive, and only a remnant of them ever returned to the land whence their ancestors had been carried away. In the course of a few centuries this remnant was so utterly destroyed by the Romans that from that day to this the Jew has been a pilgrim and a stranger; less welcome in Palestine than anywhere else. The only claim the Jews have to Palestine is that more than three millenniums ago they took it by conquest, and held it for six or seven centuries, but they have been exiles from it for well-nigh two thousand years. "If," says Prof. Jastrow, "we recognize the legitimacy of the Jewish conquest, then we must also recognize the reconquest which took Palestine away from the Jews."

Another point made by the professor is that the ideas and plans of the orthodox Jews are antiquated, contrary to the conceptions of modern statesmanship and government, since they require the union of church and state and demand that nationality, religion and citizenship should be blended into one. Citizenship should be, as in the United States, independent of nationality and religion.

Then again Prof. Jastrow argues with great force that Palestine is a Holy Land not only to the Jews but also to the Mohammedans and Chris-

tians. For that reason the program of the ultra-orthodox Zionist cannot be realized. It may be argued that the Jews, having suffered so long and so grievously in the past two millenniums, have learned the lesson of toleration to perfection, and that they would respect the views of other races and those of different faiths. Such lessons, however, are difficult to learn. There can be no doubt that many of those who will immigrate to the new State do so with the full expectation that the Jewish religion, with its sacrifices and other rites, the temple, with its ancient worship, will be restored. This would involve the replacing of the Mosque of Omar by a new temple—a thing inconceivable, as long as there are so many Mohammedans. "Anyone," says Prof Jastrow, "who has been in Palestine, and seen for himself the large settlements of Greek and Roman Catholics and of the various Protestant sects, particularly in and about Jerusalem, will realize the opposition that the plan of handing over any portion of Palestine to the Jews will arouse, an opposition that may easily lead to fanatical outbursts." The enlightened Zionist may be very tolerant, and will not make ultra demands, impossible to fullfil, but what of his less charitable brother, the orthodox Jew? "Would not the return," he aptly asks, "without the restoration of the temple and the sacrifices, be a travesty of the religious hopes bound up with orthodox Judaism?"

It is further asserted by the professor that the world would be a loser by the creation of this new Jewish State, if it were possible to gather the Jews in it in very large numbers. The Jew, we are told, has contributed more to civilization and the world at large after the destruction of Jerusalem and the dissolution of the Jewish State than during the period when Israel was a distinct nation. Judaism, he insists, in its finest expression is antinationalistic. The prophets of Israel preached a universal religion. The Jews are by nature cosmopolitans. Their success has been most marked when they mixed most freely with other nations and adapted themselves to new situations. They became famous, not in the ghetto, but rather when they left it. They have exerted greater power, wielded more influence during their dispersion than during their independence in Palestine. "The Jews," says Jastrow, "can render better service to humanity in their dispersion than "when settled in Palestine." This has been answered by saying that no one knows what the Jews might do in an autonomous new State.

It is further argued, that if there shall be a Jewish State, pure and simple, after the great war, the probability is that the Jews would be less welcome in other lands than they are now, when, so to speak, homeless. They would become less interested in other countries and *vice versa*, other lands would be less interested in them. For then the question would naturally arise: Now, since the Jewish people have their own government and country, why do they not remain in their country and enjoy its freedom and blessings?

Here let us ask, What is Palestine? No two authorities will agree as to its area or boundaries. Prof. Jastrow claims that Philistia and Phœnicia or the seacoast were never a part of Jewish Palestine, nor was much of the land east of the Jordan Jewish. If we take his figures the

area, at the most, was about 2,400 square miles. The writer of this article has always regarded it as about the size of Wales, 7,300 square miles. Viscount Bryce says that Palestine as understood to-day is about 10,000 square miles. Some Zionists claim for the proposed new State an area of not less than 13,000 square miles. No matter which of these is accepted as correct, much of it is unproductive, too dry and rocky, not only for tillage, but even for grazing. Intense farming and scientific irrigation will doubtless help, so that new Palestine may support one million as tillers of the soil. There will be, no doubt, wherever Jews may settle industries of various kinds and emporiums for the exchange of commodities. This will add another million to the population of the new commonwealth at no distant date.

Prof. Jastrow seems to expect when peace shall have been declared, the Turkish Empire will be broken up into its natural divisions, into separate, independent states, Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, etc., under the protection of an International League of Nations. Palestine, for example, could for the time being be managed by an international commission with its seat at Jerusalem. "Each city or village to enjoy complete local freedom of development in any direction that they choose—cultural, technical, artistic or religious." He opposes a state made up of Jews alone. He thinks Moslems and Christians and what not should be included. There should be an elective parliament—two houses—to which members should be elected by the free suffrage of the inhabitants. Palestine, instead of being closed to all but Jews, should open its gates wide to all mankind. His motto is: "Whosoever will let him come." This harmonizes, too, with the first declaration of the American Zionist Convention, recently held in Pittsburgh, Pa., which reads: "First—we declare for political and civil equality irrespective of faith, race or sex of all the inhabitants of the land." It may be difficult to harmonize this with the sixth or last declaration: Sixth—"Hebrew, the national language of the Jewish people, shall be the medium of public instruction."

Present conditions seem to favor the creation of a Jewish commonwealth in the Holy Land. The Jews are taking advantage of their opportunity. They are already flocking to Jerusalem and are making great plans for the future. Among other things they have laid the corner stone of a Hebrew University on the Mount of Olives.

From late dispatches we learn that Talaat Pasha, the Turkish Grand Vizier, has closed negotiations with the Central European Jewish Organizations with the following statement:

"We are resolved to do away with all restrictive measures regarding emigration to the settlement of Jews in Palestine. I assure, you of my sympathy for the creation of a Jewish religious center in Palestine by means of well-organized immigration and colonization. It is my desire to place this work under the protection of the Turkish government. I cherish a firm hope that the labors of the special commission which has been sent out to evolve a detailed plan will shortly be terminated."

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE GERMANIZATION OF CHRISTIANITY

MANY strange utterances of the German Kaiser and of some of his subjects concerning the relation of God to the German nation have forced upon the student of religious history an interesting inquiry. What is the source and what have been the stages in the development of these strange notions of God's partiality for the German nation and especially for the house of Hohenzollern? But we are not about to propose an answer to this inquiry. Perhaps, however, the following notices may afford some welcome materials for the study of the religious history of Germany in the last fifty years.

The influence of nationality upon the development of Christianity has become the subject of special research only in the last few decades. Once the very fact itself was unrecognized; Rome could in naïve assurance boast of a church *semper eadem*. Now, however, we know that Karl Hase was right beyond dispute when he wrote: "A people that is truly a people is so mightily individual an essence that in the course of time it inevitably impresses upon the church, which knows neither Jew nor Greek, certain peculiarities. Hence even the Catholic Church, in spite of all possible resistance on the part of Rome, has more and more acquired the character of an organism membered of national churches." Early Christianity passed through a process of Hellenization. Then there followed a long period of the Romanization of Christianity. In like manner there has been a process of the Germanization of Christianity from the time of Ulfilas. So also the English genius has left its mark upon the development of the church in that country. Beyond question the Christian churches of America show characteristics that could never have appeared in any other country. So long as the nationalization of Christianity is the inevitable and undesigned impression of the national genius upon the forms of religious thought and life, the development, while perhaps faulty enough, is not perverse nor radically vicious. If the Christians of each nation seek for the fullest and most catholic fellowship, the limitations and defects will be overcome. The case is different where the nationalization of Christianity becomes a program. For this standpoint is not that of unconditional submission to a revelation that is absolute for all peoples and for all times, the vocation of all peoples being to attain to the full fellowship where there is neither Jew nor Greek. Broadly speaking, all Bible translation, all missionary labor, looks to a nationalizing of Christianity in a new land. But this is a nationalization which looks to bringing the knowledge of the Son of man to all the sons of men. It seeks to bring Christianity home to all peoples. It is accordingly beautiful to see how wonderfully the gospel inspires the art and literature and customs of the various peoples, and this in the rich variety of their national genius. But there is a nationalization of Christianity in which extra-Christian elements are introduced to satisfy the desire of the natural man, thus perverting the gospel. Such a program of the Germanization

of Christianity has been proposed in Germany. If comparatively few have adopted it, its influence has yet been very considerable.

When the Bible translator Luther toiled to make the prophets and apostles "speak German," when Albrecht Dürer saw the biblical history through German eyes and painted it so; when Bach gave to church music an unmistakable German stamp, when the whole development of church life in Germany bears the mark of the German spirit, we all cordially approve. But when in the second half of the nineteenth century Paul Lagarde comes forward with a new program of the Germanization of Christianity, we have no longer before us the Christianity of Jesus Christ, but an eclectic system. Lagarde was not only a great scholar—one of the greatest Semitic scholars and one of the most impressive university teachers of his generation—but a man of real genius; and not only a man of genius, but also a prophetic soul. Intensely interested in all great questions of the day, he strove especially to awaken interest in a movement to develop a satisfying "present-day religion." This should be, according to Lagarde's conception, a modernized Christianity. He would purge historical Christianity of various burdensome elements that had now become intolerable. Among these elements he reckoned the setting value on single events of history (real or alleged), such as the miraculous birth of Jesus, his death, his resurrection; the binding force of dogma and sacrament; the authority of the Bible. The binding force of dogmas and sacraments, he argues, is to be given up all the more readily, because these have been imposed upon us by non-Germanic peoples. But Lagarde had no desire to do away with church, dogmas, and sacraments altogether. What for two thousand years has so largely satisfied a want, does not cease to satisfy a want merely because it is burdened by certain intolerable elements. What is needed is a purging away of the dead matter and the breathing into old forms and concepts a new life from the living, present-day German spirit. Thus understood even the Catholic sacraments might be found useful and satisfying. Lagarde would recognize elements of value in the worship of Mary and the saints. He valued the Catholic idea of the unity of the church, and he disliked Luther and Augustine. His new unified German church could not be artificially produced. Only as earnest, thinking men labor perseveringly for the liberation and unifying of the German spirit, without seeking to carry out any fixed program, could the goal be reached. It cannot be the work of officials and scholars as such: the whole people must be led to participate in the work. In all this Lagarde is essentially an individualist; the great social movement toward which he aims must rest upon the principle of freedom and independence of the individual. Lagarde's deep earnestness in all this is unquestionable; but it is very clear that it is not the Christianity of Jesus Christ nor of unconditional faith in him that he preached.

Among the other modern advocates of a Germanization of Christianity by far the most interesting is Arthur Bonus. Born in 1864, pastor from 1893 to 1903, then because of ill health made emeritus, Bonus has still had the strength to produce many highly original and interesting

writings. His themes are many: of an æsthetic, or literary, or political or religious nature; yet everything seems to move about the one central theme: the Germanization of Christianity. In some respects Bonus is much to be preferred to Lagarde. The historic Jesus stands more clearly in the center of thought for Bonus than for Lagarde. Of special interest is the fact that Bonus seeks to turn much of Nietzsche's doctrine to account in behalf of religion. Nietzsche's emphasis on the will, the will to power, Bonus takes up in the interest of a manly, active, conquering life. In distinction from Nietzsche and as a follower of Naumann he is no less social than individualistic in his standpoint. He talks of the "German God" and of the "German Christ" and of "German faith." But upon closer examination we find that he does not use these phrases in a strictly exclusive sense. He as a German preaches the Germanization of Christianity; but it is the task of every other people also to nationalize Christianity, each in its own way. What interests Bonus is not so much the "Germanizing" of Christianity as its "actualization." He is unwearied in denouncing all that is merely traditional or outward or official in religion. With equal vigor he opposes intellectualism in religion. Not only formal orthodoxy, but also and equally the rationalistic tendencies of much "modern" theology are offensive to him. He is also a foe to naturalism in religion; he sets man in sharp contrast to nature. Yet he is not a supernaturalist of the ordinary type. Religion is for him a matter of the heart, and that not in the sense of a mere sentiment, but in the sense of an active, optimistic, social will resting in a feeling of harmony with the creative power of the world. Like Nietzsche, he abhors weak resignation, but, unlike Nietzsche, he would find relief in the power of the good will of God. Faith is for Bonus the active rather than the passive union with the active will of God.

In all this there are some very appealing elements along with some that are very objectionable. Essentially Nietzschean is the emphasis upon the will to power. The motive of religion is not the love of God but the love of power. This principle is applied both to the individual and to the nation. Because of an alleged greater depth and inwardness the German people are fitted to bring forth a Germanized Christianity that shall be better than the old Christianity was in its best state, immeasurably better than that Christianity as handed down. Religion he prizes as a power for man's advancement rather than as the means of glorifying God. Not God but man is in the center. From this standpoint it is not strange that applying the philosophy of power to the nation, he should attempt to persuade the German people to assume the role of lords of the earth. How great his influence has been we cannot judge; perhaps he should be regarded more as a product than as a producer of the wide-spread philosophy of might. Yet far-reaching as this vicious philosophy has been in Germany, we should not lose sight of the fact that the most representative religious teachers of that country quite vigorously repudiate every tendency to this new and vicious Germanization of Christianity. In spite of them, however, this philosophy of might has been playing havoc with the religion and morals of the people.

GASTON FROMMEL'S THEOLOGICAL INFLUENCE

When Gaston Frommel died in 1906, at the age of forty-four, as professor of theology at Geneva, he was not widely known. Already, however, he was recognized within a limited circle as the most interesting and significant religious thinker of French Switzerland since Vinet. His influence was not checked by his untimely death, but has continued in a strong and widening stream. Just now, in spite of the war—or is it perhaps in part just because of the war?—his work is gaining larger recognition than ever before. For all must recognize in his writings not only richness of thought and expression, but above all an intense and vital faith. The interest in his thinking has been considerably enhanced by the posthumous publication of an important apologetic work entitled La vérité humaine (3 vols., 12mo, 1910-1915). It is a work of impressive power and beauty, but it naturally lacks the finished form which its author would have given it had he lived. Frommel's personality and the character of his thinking make a wide appeal. His general position is unmistakably conservative and warmly evangelical, but all his writings show a rare independence and originality together with an ideal openness of mind. His interest is firmly centered in the inner and vital essence of religion. There is something magnificent in the directness, the immediacy, with which he lays hold on the real problems of religion. His theological development was interesting. After a short period of study devoted to natural science he turned to theology as a consequence of a marked religious awakening. He studied in Neuchâtel, Erlangen, and Berlin. Among his teachers Frank made the deepest impression on him. In Berlin he began his literary career with essays on Amiel and Pierre Loti. Afterward he studied a while in Paris; then, after a brief pastoral service, he spent some time in England and Geneva, studying and writing. The next few years he was engaged in pastoral service. The last twelve years of his life he spent as professor of systematic theology at Geneva.

Frommel cannot be called a regular disciple of Frank, but in the fundamental principle of his theology he is at one with the Erlangen master. He used to say of his theology: "My dogmatic has two parts: a second, upon which I never venture, and a first part that rests solely upon experience." His system was wonderfully simplified, not by way of curtailment, but by means of concentration upon personal faith in Jesus Christ. His position is rendered clear by mention of the fact that it was largely through his influence that the confessional basis of the "Association chrétienne évangelique," which he and his cousin, Frank Thomas, founded, was John 3.16 and Matthew 16.24. His method of study and exposition was largely psychological; but it was not a psychology that neglected the historical revelation. He welcomed the influence of William James, but he opposed the evolutionistic theology of Auguste Sabatier. One of his most brilliant essays was on "The Moral Danger of Religious Evolutionism."

Within the last two or three years at least four extended studies of

Frommel have appeared. Three of these four are in French, one in German. One of the French studies is a book of 217 pages. The German study is by Wernle, of Basel.

We call special attention to Gaston Frommel at this time, because we believe the marked interest shown in his work in the midst of the tumults of war is symptomatic and significant. The Christian world is weary of vain disputings concerning matters of tradition and yearns for reality. The significance of Frommel for our time lies not in his "system" (if he can be said to have had one), but in his powerful concentration upon the reality of Jesus Christ for faith.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Laughter of God and Other Sermons. By David J. Burrell, D.D. 12mo, pp. 217. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, net, $1.25.

Though without Methodist ancestry or connection, Doctor Burrell has been called the Methodist preacher of the Reformed Church pulpit. For about thirty years, in the white marble Collegiate Church at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street, he has been preaching with fervor and force, with passion and eloquence, the warm old-fashioned gospel of salvation from sin, the everlasting good news and glad tidings. And his preaching has compelled a large hearing. In the best sense he is a popular preacher. His church is a warm and welcoming and homelike place. A sample of the directness and faithfulness of his preaching is his sermon on The Hand of Macbeth. Isaiah 1. 18. It is a far cry from Isaiah to Shakespeare: but a reference to one of the terrific scenes in "Macbeth" will help us, perhaps, to a clearer view of the relation of the cross to the pardon of sin.

Act II, Scene 2

(*Enter Macbeth, looking on his hands*) This is a sorry sight!

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them.
One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen," the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say, "God bless us."

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep"; the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more! . . .
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine!

The question arises, Why should Macbeth be so deeply distressed by a crimson stain on his hand? A little water would easily wash that off. But was there something beneath it? In truth, the trouble lay deeper down; it was the ingrained sense of sin! I. *Sin is a Fact.* This needs emphasis, because there is a disposition in some quarters to explain it away. There are those who regard sin as a physical malady, to be healed by proper dieting and therapeutics. This, however, was not the prognosis of the royal leech; for when Lady Macbeth entered, walking in her sleep and rubbing her hands, with a smothered cry, "Out, damned spot! Will these hands ne'er be clean?" he observed, "More needs she the divine than the physician." Here is a touch of true philosophy on the part of the great dramatist. The stain is more indelible than crimson on the hand. Sin lies deeper than the smarting uncleanness of any overt act: and it behooves us to get at the root of it. II. *Sin as a Universal Fact.* The malady of Macbeth makes him brother of us all. "For there is no difference; all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." By this we are not to understand that all alike are guilty of conspicuous vices. In fact, there are many respectable sinners among us. It would have been difficult to find in all Jerusalem a more presentable group of church members than the Pharisees who dragged the adulterous woman to Solomon's porch and threw her at the feet of Jesus saying, "Moses in the law requireth that such as she shall be stoned; but what sayest thou?" He stooped in silence and wrote with his finger on the pavement, while

the poor creature with the scarlet letter on her brow crouched before him. But see those Pharisees now slinking away: as it is written, "They went out one by one, beginning with the eldest." Why so? They had followed the finger of Jesus as he wrote, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Were they adulterers, then? O, no! Not one of them would have been guilty of that particular sin. Nevertheless there was no room for stone throwing: for they all lived in glass houses and knew it. III. *So, then, sin is a Personal Matter.* It comes home to you and me. Why are we not all in Sing Sing? Is it because we have not broken the law? Who are these men and women in stripes? Thieves, adulterers, murderers. That however is not why they are behind the bars. In the light of the Sermon on the Mount the Ten Commandments condemn us all. Covetousness is theft! Hatred is constructive murder! Adultery flames in a lustful glance! The reason why these people are in Sing Sing while we go scot free is not because they have broken the Ten Commandments but because they have broken the eleventh; "Thou shalt not be found out." We have not broken it. I am aware that people do not like to be addressed in this way. They feel as Lady Huntingdon did, who went in her carriage to hear George Whitefield preaching in the open fields and drove away indignant because, as she said, "He called me a vulgar sinner, like the rabble about him." Yet this is Bible truth and everybody knows it. IV. *Sin is a Germ Disease.* A friend of mine who has suffered from intolerable pain for a fortnight, so that physicians could not relieve her, tells me that she went out yesterday to an X-ray operator who discovered a microbe gnawing in a sinus near the eye. The Lord, in like manner, lays his finger on the germ of sin when he says, "He that hath offended in one point is guilty of the whole law," thus tracing our malady to our first sin. The word "trans-gression" means a crossing of divine law. If a planet leaves its orbit, however slight the departure, there is no power save that of its Creator that can restore it. It is thenceforth an outlaw. The old name for sin is *anomia:* which means "out of order." The instant a soul violates the divine law, which is also the law of its own being, it is henceforth and—so far as its own power is concerned—forever alienated from God. A shepherd in the Valley of Chamonix saw an eagle leave its eyrie on the mountain and wheel majestically through the air. Then suddenly, with drooping wings, it fell like a stone. On examination he found that an adder was coiled around it. The moment the adder struck its poisonous fang, the eagle fell. The reason why sin does not cause immediate death in the same way is because there is mercy in God. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked but that all should turn unto me!" But ah, that turning! There is the difficulty. We sin and live and still keep on sinning and are spared; but never of ourselves do we return to God. Can the Ethiopian change his spots? Can a wandering planet swing back into its orbit? What hope, then, is there for us? V. *Sin is a Malignant Disease.* "It eateth like a canker." It eats at nerve and sinew, and to the very marrow of the bone; so that our whole physical being is corrupted by it. It eats into mind and conscience and heart;

so that our whole spiritual nature is defiled by it. "Out, *damned* spot!" cries Lady Macbeth: and her word is well chosen, for sin means condemnation: "When it is finished, it bringeth forth death." The prophet Isaiah uses no exaggeration when he says, "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises and putrifying sores." The so-called doctrine of "total depravity" does not mean that there is nothing good in us, but that every power and faculty of body and soul is affected by sin. VI. *This malady is Incurable by any human means.* The ingenuity of science and philosophy has found no germicide for sin. In a paper mill the scarlet rags are separated from all others because their color is "fast." It cannot be extracted without destroying the fiber. All sin is scarlet; all guilt is "blood guiltiness." It is essentially homicidal and suicidal, too. Thus saith the Lord, "Though thou wash thee with nitre and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me." So, then, Macbeth is right: "All great Neptune's ocean cannot wash this blood clean from my hand!" And Lady Macbeth is right: "Here is the smell of blood still! All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." Ours is apparently a desperate case. But possibly death will erase the crimson stain? No, death destroys nothing; not even the body, and certainly it cannot change character. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still!" VII. *What then shall we do?* This is an echo of the cry that was raised on the day of Pentecost, when Peter said to the multitude, "Ye men of Israel, hear these words: Ye have taken Jesus of Nazareth, approved of God by miracles and signs, and with wicked hands ye have crucified and slain him!" They saw the crimson stain; and "being pricked to the heart, they cried out, Men and brethren, what shall we do? And Peter said, Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins!" This is God's answer to our perplexity. He sent his only begotten Son to bear the shame and penalty of our sins in his own body on the tree: so that, "whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but should have everlasting life." In the last scene of the tragedy, Lady Macbeth is represented as saying, "Come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone!" This is quite true. There is no undoing of the past; but God's thoughts are not our thoughts. There is another way. A few weeks ago I was present at a "Campfire" of Federal and Confederate soldiers who met to exchange memories of the Civil War. The conversation turned to narrow escapes; and presently the chairman said to a gray-haired veteran, "General, have you nothing to recall?" He answered, "I have nothing to say for myself; but I should like to repeat a story that a comrade told me not long ago. He said that during the Campaign in the Wilderness, the Confederate officers were forewarned that spies were to be sent through the lines to discover the disposition of their troops. A number of sharpshooters were accordingly put on sentry duty and enjoined to be watchful and to fire on sight. My friend

took his place on a hillside and lay with his musket beside him. An orchard was below and a wood beyond it. He saw three men presently making their way through the wood and acting suspiciously. He aimed once and again, but could not fire. Though he had been in many engagements he had never aimed deliberately at any particular man. He had a mortal dread of sending a soul into eternity. But presently the foremost of the spies entered the orchard and, as he was dodging from tree to tree, the sentry aimed and fired! The man threw up his hands and with a gush of blood from his forehead, fell and lay with hands stretched out. His two companions fled. That night my friend could not sleep. The specter of the dead man haunted him. It 'murdered sleep.' As time passed he fell into a settled melancholy. The war was over; but day and night, the specter of that dead man in the orchard was before him. Not long ago as my friend was traveling through Iowa he entered a smoking-car and fumbled vainly for a match. In the seat before him was an old man whom he asked for a light. The man turned and showed a Grand Army badge on the lapel of his coat. This led to reminiscences of the war, in the course of which the Grand Army man told of a narrow escape he had while serving in the Wilderness. He had been sent with two companions to learn the disposition of the Confederate troops. In approaching the lines they came to an orchard, where he must have been careless, for a bullet struck him and he knew no more. His two companions fled; but at nightfall they returned and carried him to the hospital, where he lay for weeks in delirium. 'My recovery,' he said, 'was a miracle; for see where the bullet struck me.' With that he raised his hat and showed a scar from the center of his forehead and backward where the bullet had plowed its way. Up to this point my friend had listened in silence with his heart in his throat; but now he sprang to his feet and screamed, screamed for joy! The horror of the weary years was gone!" O, that it were possible thus to undo the past! "I would give my life," said John B. Gough, "if I could undo the things this guilty hand has done!" It cannot be. But, in divine mercy it has been provided that the record may be blotted out. The past may be submerged as in the depths of an unfathomable sea! The Word of the Lord is: "I will cast your sins behind my back: I will remember them no more against you." Wonderful thought of God! The thing which is otherwise impossible is accomplished at the cross. The only condition affixed to the divine plan of salvation is that we shall accept it. How plain, how simple and reasonable! "Come now, saith the Lord, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, and though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." Do you know any other way? "Only believe!" Only believe and the fountain that is filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins does instantly what "all great Neptune's ocean" could never do. The stain is blotted out! The conclusion of the whole matter is found in the last will and testament of the man who wrote Macbeth: "I commend my soul into the hands of God, hoping and assuredly believing, that through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, I shall be made partaker of everlast-

ing life." May we thus rest our hope in him! Take as another sample of a strong minister's earnest preaching, this picture of Paul on his knees: If ever a man had "the gift of the knees" it was Paul. He began his Christian life with a prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" That was thirty years before our text; and he had been praying ever since. He was now a prisoner in the Pretorian camp at Rome. No more missionary journeys for him; no more sermons on Mars Hill or in Solomon's Porch or at the corners of the streets. Old and weary with oft infirmities he was apparently disabled for service. Disabled? Not he! "Love laughs at locksmiths." This man had in his bosom a galvanic battery which was constantly sending up wireless messages to heaven for his friends near and far. A man of prayer is a man of power; and his power radiates in invisible streams of power for other men. In our text we have one of Paul's wonderful prayers: in which he intercedes for his Christian friends in Ephesus. *And the burden of his prayer is for power.* To the young minister of the Ephesian Church he had written once and again, "Be strong"; and to the members of the flock, "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." He was not thinking of physical or intellectual strength, but of the spiritual strength which enables a man "to withstand in the evil day and having done all to stand." This is what he means by being strengthened "in the inner man." Paul never thinks of himself as one man but always as two. Thus he says, "Though our outward man perish yet the inward man is renewed day by day." While the outward man is fainting with the cry, "What shall I eat and what shall I drink and wherewith shall I be clothed?" the inward man is growing stronger in the graces that make for character and influence and everlasting life. So it was with the prisoner in the Pretorian camp. Physically he was old and infirm, but spiritually his eyes were bright and his natural force unabated. Let him speak for himself: "I will glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me; for when I am weak then I am strong!" And the strength of which Paul was conscious is what he desires for his Ephesian friends; that they, like their old pastor, may be strengthened with might by the Spirit who alone can baptize with fire and power in the inner man. But why this earnest plea? What advantage would come to the church members of Ephesus through such a baptism of power? Only so, says Paul, could they attain unto the full measure of the Christian life. Without it they might be minimum Christians, living at a poor dying rate, like doves with their wings clipped; but with it they could mount into the higher air. And just here the great apostle opens up the Three Great Mysteries of the Gospel—into which none can be initiated save those who throw their hearts open to the gift of power which God, "according to the riches of his glory," would bestow upon all who love him. *The first of these mysteries is the indwelling of Christ:* namely, "that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." There are some church members who apparently have only a speaking acquaintance with Christ. In the morning they kneel down and have a brief conversation with him, then part company for the day; and in the evening when he comes again as

a formal caller, they kneel at their bedsides and have another short conversation with him. But there are other Christians who entertain him as an "indwelling" guest; and these know the true happiness of the spiritual life. Our Lord speaks of this indwelling in the parable of the Vine and the Branches: "He that abideth in me and I in him the same beareth much fruit." And again in his conversation with Jude, "If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come in and make our abode with him." And again in his sacerdotal prayer, "I in thee and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them." The key to this happy hospitality is faith; "that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." What is faith? It is the reaching out of the soul to appropriate the proffered gift. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock;" says Christ, "if any man will open unto me I will come in and sup with him and he with me." Faith is the hand that draws the bolt to let him in. "According to your faith be it unto you." It will not answer to leave him on the threshold. "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!" Come in and spread for us the feast of fat things and wine upon the lees; bread of life, apples and pomegranates from the royal orchards and water from the king's wells! Come in and take possession of every room and closet of our lives! Come in and sup with us! *The second of the mysteries is the knowing of the unknowable love;* "that ye may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth and height and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." It is surmised that Paul is here intimating a comparison with the great temple of Diana, under whose shadow these Christians of Ephesus were living. Its dimensions were familiar; four hundred and twenty feet long; two hundred feet wide; and seventy feet in height. They could walk about that temple and measure it with ease; but who among them could measure the love of Christ? It is long as eternity and wide as the universe, high as the heaven from which he came on his errand of mercy, and deep as the hell from which he has saved us.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill;
Were the whole world of parchment made;
Were every several stick a quill;
And every man a scribe by trade;

"To write the love of Christ alone
Would drain that ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky."

And the key of this mystery is love; "that ye being rooted and grounded in love may be able to comprehend it." No objective analysis will answer here. We know about light not by reading Tyndall's essays, but by lifting our eyes to the sun as he cometh forth like a bridegroom out of his chamber. We know about heat not by studying calorics, but by warming our hands at the fire. A man may be familiar with the chemistry of

water and yet die for want of a cup of it. A letter comes to me from an old-fashioned friend, written in stilted phrases and a cramped hand. You read it and smile; there's nothing there for you. Ah, but she's not your mother. Give me the letter, now; how it warms my heart and bedews my eyes! Love only can comprehend love. God's goodness is Sanscrit to any but his children. If you would understand, you must yourself be "rooted" in it like a tree drawing its life from a fountain beneath the hills; and "grounded" on it like a temple on a rock. So it comes to pass that the love of Christ which is otherwise unknowable is known and comprehended by those who love him. *The third of the Mysteries is the fulfilling of the fullness of God;* "that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." At this point I confess myself at an utter loss. What does this mean, to "be filled with all the fullness of God"? How can the finite contain the infinite? How can a human heart hold the divine plenitude? I find one commentator saying, "It is as when a dewdrop shines and sparkles, up to the full measure of its capacity, with the glory of the sun"; and another, "It is like a child dipping a gourd into the sea; the gourd, according to its measure, holds the fullness of the sea." But such explanations do not explain. The best we can say is "I do not know," and leave the solution of this mystery to the brighter day. Its key is held in reserve among the great surprises that await us when we reach the Kingdom. "In that day ye shall know." Meanwhile let us rest in this assurance, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

"There are depths of love that we cannot know
Till we cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that we may not reach
Till we rest, O Lord, in thee."

But here is the practical question: Do we want the spiritual strength that enables the soul to mount up as on eagle's wings and kindle its eyes at these sublime verities as at the noonday sun? It goes without saying that one who is not a Christian has no such aspiration. He has not even begun to run up the heavenly way. His concern is for the welfare of the outer man. At his heart stands Christ the life giver, an unwelcome guest, with the door closed against him. What hope is there for such a man? His contentment on the lower levels shuts out all possible dreams and visions of better things further on. But what about those who profess to be Christians? Are they willing to receive this power "according to the riches of his glory"? O, to be willing in the day of his power! We are just as good Christians as we want to be. I am glad the Lord did not say, "Blessed are they that are satisfied," but "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst; for they shall be filled." Where there is no hunger or thirst there is no promise of the bread and water of life. If we fall short of our highest privilege it is not because of any reluctance on God's part. He is willing to bless the willing even unto the uttermost. Large prayers honor his beneficence. "Open your mouths

wide," he says, "and I will fill them." It is related by Mr. Moody that, after having his name on the church roster for more than twenty years, he became convinced that there was something beyond, a glorious measure of ability and usefulness to which he had not attained; and for this he began to pray. One night, immediately following the Chicago fire, he walked the streets pleading for the gift of the Holy Ghost and power. At a late hour he retired to his room and fell upon his knees resolved that there should be no more reservation; that the last bolt should be drawn and the door thrown wide to the waiting Christ. Then the blessing came—came so plentifully that he found himself walking up and down his room crying, "O Lord, stay now thy hand! No more, no more!" Then and there he received the baptism which enabled him to win souls to Christ as doves flocking to their windows. O, for this willingness to be strong; this consuming desire to be our noblest and do our best in return for the unreserved love of the Saviour who gave himself for us! The day came when Paul was led out along the way toward Ostia to his execution. There were priests and beggars and Arab merchants and camel-drivers who turned to look at the procession as it passed. This was what they saw: an armed guard with a Jewish culprit in chains; an old man of "mean presence" who was destined to walk through history with a commanding stride. The place was reached: there was the flash of a heavy sword; a head fell from the block. "There's an end of this zealot," said the executioner to his men. Little they knew! The outward man had perished, but the inward man still lives and renews his strength along the centuries. He walks up and down in our church councils, with a determining voice in all theological controversies until the end of time. Thus Paul's death was but the widening of his parish.

"Out of sight sinks the stone
In the deep sea of time;
But the circles sweep on."

If we care for an abiding influence like that let us make no reservations, as of doors ajar, in our welcome to the waiting Christ; but bid him come in and sup with us. And while at the feast let us lift our hearts like chalices to be filled with his inflowing grace. So shall Christ dwell in our hearts by faith; so shall we, being rooted and grounded in love, be able to comprehend the love unknowable; so shall we move on from grace to grace and from glory to glory until, in the clearer light of heaven, we shall understand what this means, to be "filled with all the fullness of God!"—Decade after decade the old gospel holds its own in the Marble Collegiate Church, and holds its full share of attention in the greatest city of the world.

The Meaning of Faith. By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK. 16mo, pp. ix+318. New York: Association Press. Price, cloth, $1 net.

THIS book offers much-needed guidance on a subject about which there is no little confused thinking. The author is wise in not try-

ing to define faith. Instead he shows its inevitableness by pointing out the results of the exercise of faith, which is "not a *tour de force* of intellect alone, but is an act of life," inspired by insight and daring. The arrangement of the volume is for daily use, covering a period of twelve weeks. For each day we have a Scripture selection, and pithy and pointed exposition and a prayer. The thoughts of the week are then gathered up in a weighty discussion. Most of those who use this little book are supposed to begin on Monday and end on Sunday of each week. If this plan is followed, at the close of the twelve weeks the reader will be enriched in mind and heart and be strengthened for his tasks and duties. The comprehensive character of the book can be seen from some of the chapter titles: "Faith and Life's Adventure," "Faith a Road to Truth," "Faith in the Personal God," "Belief and Trust," "Faith's Greatest Obstacle," "Faith and Science," "Faith and Moods," "The Fellowship of Faith." In a very suggestive way Mr. Fosdick shows that faith in God is absolutely necessary for the highest meaning and noblest hopes of life. The loss of such faith is bitter and grievous. Here is the count: When faith in God goes, man the thinker loses his greatest thought, man the worker loses his greatest motive, man the sinner loses his strongest help, man the sufferer loses his securest refuge, man the lover loses his fairest vision, man the mortal loses his only hope. In a clearly convincing way a distinction is drawn between trust and belief, as seen in the following quotation from the chapter on this subject: "'Trust cannot exist without belief, but when one seeks the inner glory of the religious life that has overflowed in prayer and hymn, supplied motive for service and power for character, he finds it not in belief, but in the vital relationships involved in trusting a person. Men often have discussed their particular beliefs with cool deliberation, have stated them in formal creeds, have changed them with access of new knowledge and experience. But *trust*, the inner reliance of the soul on God and glad self-surrender to his will, has persisted through many changes, clothing itself with beliefs like garments and casting them aside when old. Trust has made rituals and churches, and unmade them when they were ineffectual; it has been the life behind the theory, the experience behind the explanation; and its proper voice has been not creed and controversy, but psalm and song and sacrifice. Men have felt in describing this inward friendship that their best words were but the 'vocal gestures of the dumb,' able to indicate but unable to express their thoughts. *For while belief is theology, trust is religion.*" Another sentence from this discussion is worth quoting: "The peril of religion is that vital experience shall be resolved into a formula of explanation, and that men, grasping the formula, shall suppose themselves thereby to possess the experience." One of the most heartening chapters is on "Faith's Greatest Obstacle." Many people are perplexed by the injustice of life when they try to reconcile God's love with their experience. The pain, suffering and distress complicates the problem. Fosdick reminds us that "Christianity was suckled in adversity; it was cradled in pain"; and that it "has never pretended to supply a theoretical ex-

planation of why suffering had to be." He adds: "When in biography or among our friends we see folk facing crushing trouble, not embittered by it, made cynical, or thrust into despair, but hallowed, sweetened, illumined, and empowered, we are aware that noble characters do not alone *bear* trouble; they *use* it. As men at first faced electricity in dread, conceiving toward it no attitude beyond building lightning-rods to ward away its stroke, but now with greater understanding harness it to do their will, so men, as they grow wise and strong, deal with their suffering. They make it the minister of character; they set it to build in them what nothing save adversity can ever build—patience, courage, sympathy and power. They even choose it in vicarious sacrifice for the good of others, and by it save the world from evils that nothing save some one's suffering could cure. They act as though character, not happiness, were the end of life." Our faith is directed toward what we regard as of highest worth and it is this sense of value that guides us in the hours of dilemma. "Man might be so constituted as to face facts without feeling, but he is not. Facts never stand in our experience thus barren and unappreciated—mere neutral *things* that mean nothing and have no value. The botanist in us may analyze the flowers, but the poet in us estimates them. The penologist in us may take the Bertillon measurements of a boy, but the father in us best can tell how much, in spite of all his sin, that boy is worth. This power to estimate life's *values* is the fountain from which spring our music, painting, and literature, our ideals and loves and purposes, our morals and religion. Without it no man can live in the real world at all." The thought underlying the chapter on "Faith in the Earnest God" is expressed in these sentences: "The faith that lifts and motives life is not simply our faith in the Divine, but the faith of the Divine in us. One of the most glorious results of believing in God is that a man can press on to the further confidence that God believes in us. If he did not he would never have made us. The very fact that we are here means that he does believe in us, in our possibilities of growth, in our capacities of service, in what he can do in and for and through us before he is done. Man's faith in God and God's faith in man together make an unequaled motive for great living." The two chapters on "Faith in Christ the Saviour" contain much fine thinking on sin, forgiveness and the Christian experience. On the dynamic of fellowship a warm testimony is borne to the ministry of the church. The unaffiliated believer follows ideals without any regard to actual conditions. He tends to become a star-gazer and disregards the responsibilities of earth. While conscious of the shortcomings and faults of the church, we must yet acknowledge that "the church conserves the race's spiritual gains, fits out our youth with the treasures of man's accumulated faith, is a power house of endless moral energy for good causes in the world, exalts the ideal aims of life amid the crushing pressure of material pursuits, holds out a gospel of hope to men whom all others have forsaken, and to the ends of the earth proclaims the good news of God and the Kingdom. No other fellowship offers to men of faith so great an opportunity to

make distinctive contribution to the race's spiritual life. In the presence of the church's service and the church's need an unaffiliated believer in Jesus Christ is an anomaly. For enrichment, stability and expression, faith must have fellowship." This book is a pioneer in the new type of devotional literature which reckons with the mind and the heart, the emotions and the will, for the sake of balanced character.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Joys of Being a Woman. By WINIFRED KIRKLAND. 12mo, pp. 282. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

As often with collected articles, the book takes its title from the first essay. For this volume as a whole the title might almost as fitly be, "The Joys of Being a Minister's Child." It is nervously alive and quivering. Its optimism makes trials seem trifling. There is in it no hill-climb steep and breathless, that is not sung to by a roadside rill, its song the louder and merrier wherever the road is steeper. There is sparkle of gentle wit, bright banter, light raillery, and suffusing humor. There are sensitive shadings and delicate discriminations. Listen! "I would not forego an afternoon's romp with a baby for the sake of having written Macbeth." That sentence in this book made us certain yesterday that the author is a woman. But to-day we are not quite so sure, since reading in the morning paper how American soldier boys on their way to the front are making themselves very much at home in hospitable English houses. After a few visits they become like members of the household and do odd jobs and chores around the premises. In one English house where there were several babies, two hefty young Yankee soldiers were found enjoying themselves immensely bathing the babies. "Gee whizz, this is great," they said. So to-day we are not so sure that a writer who loves a romp with a baby is therefore necessarily a woman. This author might be a soldier boy. But she isn't. By numerous tokens she is a woman; for one she frequently avows herself so, and she is the one who ought to know about that. Very much a woman, truly feminine, not feminist. She is not the "advanced" woman. If any reader fails to like her very much it may be the ultra feminist, the student "modern woman." Such might think this bright and winsome author too diffident in her claims for the female of the species. But instead of trying to describe her and her book any further we will let her speak for herself. The real reason why we give so much space to this book is that it reflects the life of ministers' children and pictures vividly, sensitively, and genially many experiences familiar to parsonage or rectory families. From such families come a larger number of successful and distinguished literary people than from any other class of homes. The essay on "My Little Town" might almost be entitled the "Joys of a Country Parish." It opens with a picture of the minister's children in church on a Sunday: "My mother is held home from the sanctuary that

morning. The three of us sit a-row in the front pew. Above us our father thunders forth his sermon, to which we give but scant attention, that roar in his voice being part of the program of this one day in seven. Against my own shoulder drowses my little sister's head. On my other side, my little brother conceals his yawns by receiving them into a little brown paw, and then, as it were, softly sliding them into his pocket, as if his hand had other business there. But I, I sit erect and unwinking, for I am the minister's eldest, and the Parish is at my back. So on every Sabbath we presented to the Parish's criticism unwriggling infant backs, little ramrods of religion, while our thoughts went flying off on impish business of their own; and, as the years flowed by, on and up to man's estate we tramped, always thrusting forward in sight of the Parish, fashionable, urban, critical, our shabby best foot, skittish though that foot might be. Holding well together, on we went, running the gantlet of many parishes, until at last we trudged us into Littleville. We supposed my little town would be a parish too, but it is not. Cozily remote and forgotten among its blue hills, Littleville has preserved a primitive hospitality, so that, battered nomads of much clerical adventuring, we sank gratefully into its little rectory. There was perhaps a reason for the sincerity of the welcome given us, for if we had had our parishes, so, too, had Littleville had its parsons. It belongs to that class of far-away, wee congregations whither they send ministers wearied with long or excessive work, or who had proved ministerial shipwrecks because they were burdened by some fatal handicap in child or wife—if such have come to Littleville, Littleville has been very kindly. My little town has accepted its hay crop as the rain has willed, and its ministers as the bishop has sent them. Its views on both visitations are produced in a spirit of comment rather than criticism; its conduct toward both is that of adaptation rather than argument. For instance, there was that bachelor-rector who preferred the society of beasts to that of his parishioners in the rectory, and to that of his fellow saints in the new Jerusalem. During his incumbency a setting hen occupied the fireplace in the spare room, and a dog sat on a chair at his celibate table, and crouched before the pulpit during service. Littleville did not protest; rather, of a week-day, the female members from time to time descended upon the unhappy man in his retirement, and with broom and mop-pail cleaned him up most thoroughly; and of a Sunday the whole body of the congregation listened unwinking while their rector's brandished fist demanded from their stolid faces eternal salvation for his dog Rover—listened with those inscrutable eyes I have come to respect: for I know that while Littleville never argued with their parson the point of kennels in the skies, they will turn this theological morsel under their tongues down at the hardware store unto the third and fourth generation." This ministerial family needed a garden to supply the table. The minister had neither taste nor capacity for gardening, so his wife attended to it. This minister's child writes of her mother's gardeners: "My retrospect shows our gardeners stretching back to the bounds of my memory, a lean, gnarled, hoary procession. One of the earliest of them we called Father

Time, with hoe instead of scythe, and with white locks rippling down his back. Father Time's frank admission when engaged might have daunted some, but did not daunt my mother, for he confided to her at once that he could hoe but could not walk. He proved useful when carefully hauled from spot to spot, but our garden was cultivated that season in circles, of which the hoe was the radius and Father Time the center. Another of our ancient hoe-bearers was a veteran. I do not know whether he had lost his eye on the battlefield or elsewhere, but certainly he had not exchanged it for wisdom. That is why he is the favorite of my mother's recollections. She likes her gardeners a little imbecile. They are more manageable that way. The burden of their intelligence is the more usual trouble. A simple faith united to an instant obedience is the desideratum in gardeners; usually a gardener is as obstinate as he is conservative, and this is not at all to my mother's mind. She loves to glean garden-lore from every source, but better still she loves to invent garden-lore of her own. She likes to be allowed to set out on an entirely new tack with some poor erring cabbage, and it is all she can do to hold on to her ministerial temper when she finds that her gardener has ruined the work of regeneration by some old-fashioned disciplinary notions of his own. Our ancient warrior, however, had no notions of his own, disciplinary or other, and that is why he possesses a shrine apart in our memories. He was as meek in my mother's hands as his own hoe, and he never did anything she did not wish him to do except when he died! On a bad eminence of contrast my memory declares another figure. I do not remember whether it was an invincible audacity, or an utter despair of securing likelier assistance, that led us that year to employ our own sexton. It is an axiom known to every ministerial household that it is unwise ever to put any member of your own flock to domestic use. A brawny Romanist, if such can be obtained, for laundry purposes, a Holy Roller for the furnace, and a Seventh-Day Baptist for the garden—these are samples of our principle of selection. I do not know just why those of our own fold are undesirable—it is wiser perhaps that the silly sheep should not see the antic gamboling of the sober shepherd behind his own locked door, or guess what internal levities spice the discreet external conduct of his family. I do not know how it was that we fell so utterly from the grace of common sense as to employ our own sexton that summer. Apart from sectarian issues, a sexton is the most mettlesome man that grows, and not at all to be subdued to the ignoble uses of a hoe. This sexton was an agony to my father in the sanctuary, and an anguish to my mother in the garden. He went about with a chip in his mouth, and he always held it in one corner of his lips and chewed it aggressively and bitterly, and with the other corner he talked, just as bitterly. He talked more willingly than he worked, and that summer was a lean and sorrowful season, when the garden languished and my mother was browbeaten, unable, all because he was the sexton, to bring the man to order with the sharp nip of her words across his naughty pate. We were more cautious next time and availed ourselves of a certain village ancient, an Anarchist and a Methodist. The combination is unusual, I

admit, but you may look for almost anything in a gardener. As an infant, I used to scan his person for a glimpse of the red shirt, and his lips for a spark of the incendiary eloquence, but no symptom of either ever showed. He was old and underfed and taciturn, and he gardened exactly as he wished to, without paying the tribute even of a comment to my mother's suggestions. He had such original methods of his own that, for very amazement, she gave up her own initiative for the pleasure of watching his. That summer was one of cheerful surprises. This singular spirit had, I believe, a genuine sympathy for the poor toiling vegetables; I remember that he spent one afternoon in tying up his tomatoes in copies of a certain sectarian sheet he brought with him for the purpose. A sportive wind arose in the night, to die before the Sabbath morning, on which we beheld not only our rectory lawn, but the utterly Episcopal precincts of the church, bestrewn with 'Glad Tidings of Zion.' He was a lonely soul and dwelt apart, chiefly in a wheelbarrow. The vehicle was one of his idiosyncrasies. He never appeared without it. Up and down our leafy streets would he trundle it; but yet I never saw anything in the wheelbarrow except the gardener. He appeared to push it ever before him for the sole purpose of having something to sit on when he wished, from the philosophic heights of his theological and sociological principles, to ruminate upon the evil behavior of 'cabbages and kings.' For the most part vegetables are an ill-behaving lot. The cabbage inflates itself with an appearance of pompous righteousness, the longer to deceive our hopes and the more largely to conceal its heart of rot. The radish sends up generous leaves as if it meant to fulfill all the mendacious promises of the seed-catalogue, and when uprooted exhibits the pink tenuity of an angle-worm. The cucumber is at first, for all our ministrations, hesitant and coy of leaf within its box, and then suddenly bursts into a riot of leafiness whereby it does its best to conceal from our inquiring eye its swelling green cylinders. Corn, deceptive like the radish, is prone to put forth a hopeful fountain of springing green, only to ear out prematurely, and reward us with kernels blackened and corroded. But it is not the vegetables alone that strain my mother's sturdy optimism. All gardens are subject to invasion by marauding animals, differing in size and soul and species, all the way from the microscopic tomato-lice, past woodchuck and rabbit and playful puppy, up to the cow, ruminating our young corn-shoots beneath the white summer moon, on to my father himself, planting aberrant feet where his holden ministerial eyes behold no springing seedlings in the blackness of the soil. But our worst enemies are hens, and as it happens at present, dissenting hens, sallying forth from the barnyard fastnesses of the Baptist parsonage upon our helpless Anglican garden, plucking our young peas up out of the soil, and then later and more brazenly prying them out of the very pod! Forthwith they fall upon our lettuce-beds, scratching away with fanatic fervor, as if for all the world they meant to uproot Infant Baptism from out the land. All this is too much for my mother. On the vantage-ground of the back doorsill she stands and hurls coal out of the kitchen scuttle at the sectarian fowls, coal and anathema, low-voiced and virulent. Hers

is no mere vulgar many-mouthed abuse. There is nothing of so delicate pungency as the vituperation of a minister's wife, really challenged to try the subtleties of English and yet offend no convention seemliness. Add to the fact of the challenge, another fact, that she is of Irish blood, and that her gallery gods are just inside the door, and it is a pity her audience should be merely the hens and I." From the essay entitled "Genus Clericum," we take the following: "The children of the clerical class may come into existence with a leaning toward the world, the flesh, and the devil, and may long conceal, beneath an outward conformity and a due filial reticence, an infant resentment against the preoccupation of their parents with the salvation of souls. I think I speak for many ministerial children when I say that the attitude of my infancy toward its environment was mainly one of protest, broken by passionate upheavals of partisanship. Sometimes I sympathized with little neighbors who limped shamelessly through the catechism or went out of church before the sermon, but as often I longed to shake them and thrust them, well-prodded, upon their duties. The mere external discipline of the church militant came easily to me because I was so early inured to it. It is back of my memory, but I have ascertained that it was at the age of two and under that I learned rigidity of muscle in the sanctuary, where I sat holding immobile on the pew cushion legs too short to crook, while my fingers, in white cotton gloves, were extended in stiff separation each from each. The hat upon my head was in itself an early example of ministerial adjustment to parochial issues. Two ladies who were rivals in missionary zeal had each been moved to present me with a hat. That neither hat suited either my face or my mother's taste was, of course, mere incident. The claims both of courtesy and of equity necessitated my wearing the hats in impartial regularity, on alternate Sundays. Thus before the beginnings of memory, and through the medium of a baby's hat, did I become acquainted with the potency, in our domestic concerns, of that great public called Parish. It must have been at about this period that I experienced one of my intermittent attacks of partisanship, desiring with my clear infant voice to rebuke the lukewarm responses of the congregation, and remodeling the unintelligible stretches of the Litany by the stentorian variation, 'Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable scissors!" The words of liturgy and hymn did not, however, long confound me. I had the concentration of many a sanctuary hour to devote to their meaning, so that by six years old even the Trinity had become a term of crystalline comprehension. By this time, also, other ministerial babykins had come toddling into the march in my rear, to share with me the soberness and separation of our calling. It was, on the whole, well disciplined, our little army corps, although we recognized the latent twinkle in the eyes of the mother who generaled us with a clever balancing of motive between our well-being and that of the Parish. Both she and we were occasionally flabbergasted, sometimes by our public performance of private virtues, sometimes by our private performance of public ones. By the age of ten we had an unerring sense of what was due to the Parish and what was

due to ourselves, with the result that our outward conformity was about balanced by our inward misanthropy at having to conform. We attended, muttering imprecations up to the very door, the infant missionary society that filched our Saturday afternoons, we tore up futile scraps of calico to jab them together again with accursed "over-and-over" stitches, we gazed at pictures in which splendid blanketed braves, or splendid unclothed Samoans, were seen to exchange romance for religion in the shape of conversion and white cottas. Our souls loathed patchwork and missions, but, on the other hand, how we thrilled to the righteousness of reward when the visiting missionary, male or female, became our own particular guest! The ecstasy as one flirted one's Sunday flounces before the eyes of less favored neighbors because one was walking to church, holding the hand of a genuine Arctic archdeacon! And then the bishop's visits, when we were whisked into cubbyhole and closet out of our crowded nursery that it might be converted into a prophet's chamber! Which one of my schoolmates had ever passed the right reverend plate at supper? And the honor of the bishop's petting afterwards! The episcopal lap, the high general's knee, is the prerogative of the captain's children only, the same that never miss church and know all their collects. Slowly we grew accustomed to the weight of clerical example which did not burden our irresponsible playmates. We knew that the minister's children were different. We did not want it to be so, but we began to see why it was so. True, we protested when our father would not pause to tell us stories or our mother stay at home from calls to play with dolls, yet in the silent thinking-places of our little hearts we began to divine the beauty of the midnight sick-watches, of the valiancy of Sunday-school labors, of the brave weariness of sewing societies, of the heaven-born patience with Parish bores. As we watched the sleeker parents of our schoolmates, there dawned in us realization of what our parents had given up, and silent shame for our jealousy of their devotion. Few children are hurt by being shoved aside a little because of an ideal. The hours when our parents played with us are still passing precious, but it is because of the other hours that there was born in us a shamefaced sense of the meaning of the banner under which we trudged. Isolation is the chief inconvenience of having an ideal in the family. We were apart from other youngsters, partly because we knew it incumbent upon us to set them an example, since, early enough and sadly enough, we had acquired self-consciousness from the frank criticism of all our conduct made by any parishioner so minded, and partly were we cut off by the vow of poverty taken by our parents. The ministry is the best place in the world to learn that poverty is a nut that yields good meat if you crack it boldly. Well I remember an icy rectory which had but one register in the Arctic regions of the second story. At bedtime we would gather about this register to warm our toes. Each blanketed to the ears like a little Indian, we would discourse, as serenely and acutely as any schoolmen, of the nature of angels, for was not the whole realm of heaven and earth ours for the mere talking? Pinched and patched we might be, but bold to meet penury with a consciousness of princely possessions. I did not so much think

well of myself for this superiority to worldly comforts as I thought scorn of those who did not have it. Very early I had a contempt for a child who could not evolve a game from a clothespin or set a pageant moving forth from a box of buttons. I had a veritable snobbishness of disdain for a youngster who had to be amused. Necessarily one requires respect for inward resources when the only things one has ever had enough of are bread and butter and books. Every ministerial child breathes book-madness and burns for an education. When at the age of five you have known your father to go without boots for a book, and then to caper like a weanling lamb on the volume's arrival, you have acquired something more potent than a mere conscientious respect for literature; rather you have learned to regard the book-world as a place of bacchanal liberty and delight forever open to you. I do not know whether it tended toward my humanizing or against it that the dominant beings of my young imagination were books, while those of my girl friends were boys." Miss Kirkland has this to say of the beautiful side of the parochial relation: "Personally I perceive no stronger argument against the charge of present-day irreligion than the tribute of trust paid to any sincere minister. From my childhood on I have seen it everywhere, the respect for consecration. Everywhere I have heard it, the belief in the man who believes, ring confident as the cry of the roadside beggar upon the Nazarene. Few people think it worth while to put on pretense with a clergyman; they rarely try to make him think them better than they are; yet he generally does think so. Long campaigning is likely to make ministerial offspring lovers of peace, yet I believe I am not really unwilling to fight the Devil. The trouble is that we of the ministry so often fight him when he isn't there. I wish our young theologues could be taught the sound and shape of Satan. Frankly I arraign the theological seminary as a very poor military school. It sends forth a soldier who does not know so much as how to set up a tent, whose idea of the Enemy is a mediæval bugaboo in a book. I would establish two new chairs in our seminaries, a chair of agriculture, rudimentary, perhaps, but sufficient to teach the difference between tares and wheat, which Nature, uninstructed in any isms, still ordains shall grow together unto the harvest; and a second chair, in common sense, to dispense instruction in human nature. The average theologue is deep-read in Hebrew Scripture, but ignorant of the A B C of what is written in the Bible of man's soul. Doctors may dispute the divine inspiration of the former, but who is infidel enough to dispute the divine inspiration of the latter?" This woman gives her experience as a writer: "The body my soul bears upon its back is a heavier burden to carry than a man's, and I find I cannot accomplish the pilgrimage if I give up my own little jog-trot for a man's stride. All that happens is that I lose my breath, and break my back, and have to lie down by the roadside to be mended. But when I do keep my own small pace, I have time and strength to pick a few fence-row flowers, too fine and frail and joyous for any striding man to notice. I find my body constantly pushing upon my work; but it is possible to treat a body with a certain humorous detachment. It is possible to say to yourself, this is a headache that

you have, don't do it the honor of letting it become a heartache, your own or—far more fateful peril—your heroine's. It is quite practicable for a woman to live apart from her body even when it hurts, quite practicable to give it sane and necessary attention, while keeping the soul separate from it, exactly as if she were ministering to some tired baby; this course is one of the only two solutions I have ever discovered of the problem of preserving a worker's spirit in a woman's body. The other solution lies in the frank concession to certain physical incapacities as the price one pays for certain psychological capacities. A woman's talent both for being a woman and for being a writer is measured by the force and the accuracy of her intuitions. My intuitions in regard to the people about me, when duly transformed into story-stuff, have a definite market value. If I did not possess them, I could not conceive, make, or sell a single manuscript. Supersensitive impressions necessitate the supersensitive channels by which a woman's outer world connects with her inner one. If I will have woman's intuitions, I must have my woman's nervous system. The fallibility of a woman's body seems beyond disputing. If a man does dispute it, it is because he never had one; if a woman disputes it, well, personally, if I can't be as strong as a man I should like to be as honest as one! The fallibility of a woman's intellect is a little more open to argument, but only a little. I keep to my primary assumption that I am not trying to see further than my nose, or to voice any observations but my own. Among the men and women of history and among those of my vicinity, I cannot see that woman's brain is the equal of man's in originality, in concentration, or in power of sustained effort. As a worker, I find that I can write for only a few hours and no more: beyond that limit stands disaster for the woman, and, far more perilous, disaster for the writing. In regard to my brain as in regard to my body, the primary condition of doing my work at all lies in recognizing the truth that I can't do so much work, or do it so well, as a man. In all matters that can be weighed or measured, a man's endowment is superior to a woman's; but, on the other hand, a woman's endowment consists in the quality and the quantity of an imponderable something that cannot be weighed or measured. The chief difficulty about analyzing a woman's brain is that it is so hard to separate her brain from the rest of the woman, whereas men are put together in plainly discernible pieces—body, mind, and soul. The perfection of a woman's intellect depends upon the perfection of its fusion with her personality. A woman amounts to most intellectually when she amounts to still more personally. She cannot move in pieces like a man, or like an earthworm. It needs the whole woman, acting harmoniously, to write. A man can retire into his brain and make a book, and a good one, leaving all the rest of his personality in confusion; but a woman must put her whole house in order before she can go off upstairs into her intellect and write. It follows that a woman's artistic achievement is for her a harder job than a man's achievement is for him, which would make the other fact—namely, that the woman's book when written is never so great as the man's—seem additionally cruel, if we could not discern that the best

of women writers have, in attaining that best, reached not one result but two: impelled to clean all her spirit's house before she can feel happy to write in it, a woman writer achieves both a home that people like to visit and a book that people like to read. Is it not true of all the greatest women authors that we think of them as women before we think of them as authors? It is true that professional women who direct their toil on the conviction that a woman's brain is of the same quality as a man's sometimes produce work that approximates a man's in quantity. But sober observation of such women does not make me want to be one. I see them too often paying the penalty of being lopped and warped. Again I cannot see that, while such women attain their Ph.D.'s and M.D.'s and LL.D.'s, they ever attain the highest rank in literature. Imaginative writing seems to demand inexorably that a woman writer be inexorably a woman. On the other hand, I have reached as a brain-worker the conclusion that, while my head is different in substance from a man's, I get most work out of it when I copy a man's mental methods. To impose upon a woman's intellect a man's discipline and detachment is excellent in theory; it is staggering in practice. Convention and his own will make a man's time his own. A woman's genius is for personality, or achievement within herself; a man's is for work, or achievement outside of himself. Now it take time to be a person, and it takes other people. A real woman's life is meshed in other people's from dawn to dark. These strands of other lives are to her so vital and precious that for no book's sake will she ever break them, yet for any book's sake she must disentangle them. A woman writer's life is a constant compromise, due to the fact that if she does not live with her fellows, she will not have anything to write, and that if she does not withdraw from them, she will not have time to write anything. I do not know how other writing women manage their time. I know that to attain four hours a day at my desk means that I must be revoltingly stern with myself, my family, and my friends. One pays a price for retirement, but one need not pay too heavily. A solution lies in retaining those relations that mean real humanity, while cutting off those that mean only society: I do not play cards, but I do play with children." Winifred Kirkland's latest book will delight the people who live in parsonages. Its thirty-two essays are on a wide variety of subjects.

Religion and War. By WILLIAM HERBERT PERRY FAUNCE, President of Brown University. 12mo, pp. 188. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1, net.

The New Horizon of State and Church. By W. H. P. FAUNCE. 16mo, pp. 96. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, 60 cents.

THESE two volumes are among the most important discussions of the problems occasioned by the war. They give the mature conclusions of one in active contact with world events. Most convincing are the sane thinking, the ethical and spiritual discriminations, the reassuring outlook and

the confidence in the certain survival and supremacy of Christianity as the universal religion. Such considerations as are found in these two books are an adequate answer to the pessimistic generalizations and negative criticisms *ad nauseam*, which attempt to bewilder our minds and to paralyze consecrated efforts in the name of Jesus Christ. The little volume on the New Horizon contains the concentrated essence of a library of rich thought and it interprets the duty of the present with the vision of a prophet. Nationalism is not determined by common language and literature, nor by one religion, nor by the natural boundaries of geography, nor even by a single government. "A nation is a collective memory and a collective hope. A nation is cemented by remembered sacrifice and maintained by expected devotion." Nationalism, therefore, is the sense of a corporate consciousness, a spiritual principle. "Christianity, then, cannot abandon or ignore nationalism, unless it is to adopt frankly an ascetic ideal and retire from the world of human struggle." Patriotism is "the local attachment of a man to the memories and hopes of his own political group," while nationalism is the demand of patriotism for expression in self-government. This sentiment is not to be crushed, but related to the world through the service of cooperation. The function of the Christian patriot is well discussed, after a clear exposition of the Christianity of Christ, whose cosmopolitanism was due to his vision of the whole of life. Paul's championship of a universal brotherhood was in perfect keeping with the spirit of Christ and won for the early Church a signal triumph over the bigotry and provincialism of an influential group of conservatives. "In all the great days in the history of the Christian Church the same note of universalism has been clearly struck. In its victorious days, the church has never been shut away from the vital conflicts of humanity, but has been at the forefront of the human struggle. We often wonder how men of former ages could have been so profoundly stirred over theological disputes which now seem to us cold and dead. The reason is that religious problems were then not merely theological; they were economic and social and political, and the famous questions about the Trinity and about 'nature' and 'person' were then matters that affected a man's bread-winning, his home, his allegiance to his King. Religion will never be so vital again unless again it is injected into all the problems and struggles of the daily life of the common man." Dr. Faunce quotes from a conversation with Chief Justice Tyabji of the supreme court of Baroda. This representative Mohammedan told him: "There are three things that hold humanity apart, and, curiously enough, in your English language they all begin with C. They are Caste, Color and Creed: Caste, the idea that where a man is born there he forever must stay; Color, the idea that a man's mere complexion may make it impossible for him ever to be my equal or my brother; and Creed, the idea that a man must adopt my religious formula, or he never by any possibility can enter my heaven." This expression was called forth in the course of a talk on the problems of the Orient and the Occident. "As we stood there," says Dr. Faunce, "in the slanting sunlight at the close of the Indian afternoon we shook hands—Mohammedan and Christian—and pledged one another to fight against those three foes of humanity

just as long as we lived." This is the chronic struggle between universal ism and parochialism which has been waged at all times, and on the outcome of which will depend the true peace of the world. The most effective way out of our dilemma is by becoming possessed of the international mind. Among the obstacles are the passive and flabby conceptions of peace held by dreamers and sentimentalists; the perverted forms of education which perpetuate racial and national prejudices and animosities; and, above all, the curious attempt to limit ethics to the sphere of the individual life and to deny that the Christian religion has any application to national conduct. The task then before the Christian Church is to oppose and replace outworn conceptions of competing sovereignties, and to exalt and establish the collective sovereignty of Christian civilization. Some matters relevant to this outstanding issue are treated by Professor Morris Jastrow in his book The War and the Coming Peace. It deserves to be studied by all who desire to cultivate the world vision and to guard against the pernicious conservatism which refuses to recognize the liberties and rights of other nations. The principles which President Faunce so ably sets forth in his book on the New Horizon are further expounded in his book Religion and War. While the earlier parts of the Old Testament breathe the spirit of blood-revenge and tribal hostilities, the prophets of the exile show a spirit which is akin to Christianity. On the other hand: "War in the New Testament is never justified and never explicitly condemned," implying that there are circumstances which make war inevitable. The method of Jesus was not to attack public evils but rather "to introduce a new attitude into human hearts, which shall ultimately make these concrete evils seem futile or detestable." The first two chapters give a very lucid exposition of the Bible teaching on war. The next chapter criticises the pacifism of rationalists, whose naïve faith in the inherent goodness of human nature is not borne out by the actual facts of life. "The rationalist and the Christian together oppose war as one of the greatest earthly evils. They are both pledged to its ultimate abolition. But the one opposes war as irrational, as a mistaken move in the game; the other opposes it as cruel and hideous, an outrage on humanity, an affront to God. The one would suppress war by suppressing the passionate loyalties and devotions out of which war springs; the other by deepening and broadening those devotions and enthusiasms until they include all humanity and flow around not a single local government, but a true Parliament of Man. Rationalism would bring world unity by effective reasoning; Christianity by the establishment of good will among men. One enlarges on self-interest as indicating the path to peace, on the economic damage and futility of slaying one's own customers and destroying one's own markets; and the other insists on the moral disaster involved in reducing God's crowning handiwork to cannon-fodder and inflaming a whole nation to hymns of hate." There is a stimulating chapter on "The Moral Leadership of the Church." Dr. Faunce asks whether the man in the pulpit is a real interpreter of God and whether he is able to help the confused and storm-tossed souls who look to him for help concerning the ultimate realities of life. Due stress is laid on the teaching

function of the Church and its mission to set at liberty them that are bound. The Church has an important part in the work of rebuilding the world. To this subject he devotes the closing lecture. The profound dissatisfaction with the current conception of God must be honestly met; and where that is done man will receive the recognition of fair play without any regard to his antecedents or associations. "The Church of the future will be the visible embodiment of the Kingdom of God, ever striving to be as wide, as catholic, as spiritual as the Kingdom itself. It is a tragic thing that the Church should include only a segment of the Kingdom, only those who agree on certain formulas or rituals or modes of procedure. The Church must be composed of all Christlike men, of every race and faith and name. To share in the Christian purpose is the only qualification for membership, just as the hand is made a member of the human body simply by sharing in the blood that comes from the heart." This ideal must control all who work for the reconstruction of the social order, moved not by the spirit of justice but more by the spirit of love, which is the mightiest transformer of society. Thus only will the dream be realized of a league of nations as the inevitable outcome of the present combat of nations.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Letters of Queen Victoria. A Selection from Her Majesty's Correspondence Between the Years 1837 and 1861. Published by authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by Arthur Christopher Benson, M.A., and Viscount Esher, G. C. V. O., K. C. B. In three volumes. 8vo, pp. xviii, 641; xiv, 575; ix, 657. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, red cloth, $15.

This book notice is reprinted by request from January, 1908.

In England, in the twenties of the nineteenth century, there lived a little auburn-haired girl who might one day become queen, though nobody told her that while she was little. She was willful and passionate, but affectionate and truthful. In childhood she did not like to study, and until she was five she resisted all attempts to teach her the alphabet. Her mother was a widow so poor that when her husband died she and her little girl would not have had money enough to get home from the funeral had not a relative assisted them. The king, George IV, was very rude to this poor widow. This little fatherless girl was brought up very simply; indeed, her training in childhood was austere, her life narrow and starved. She never had a room to call her own until she was fully grown; always slept in her mother's room until she was eighteen, and she studied in her governess's bedroom. Years afterward she spoke of her childhood's home as a place of tears, and said that she could not help pitying herself when she looked back on her years from fourteen to eighteen, though she acknowledged that those unpleasant years had given her much wholesome discipline. One June day, in 1837, her mother, who was known as the Duchess of Kent, woke the eighteen-year-old girl at six

o'clock in the morning, and told her to get up, as the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain wished to see her. The little maiden rose, hastily put on her dressing gown, and went alone into the sitting room. In a moment those two august and momentous gentlemen came in, knelt down and kissed her hand, addressed her as "Your Majesty," and told her that, by the death of her old uncle, King William IV, that morning, she was now queen of England. Then she went back to her mother's bedroom, took a good look in the mirror at the new queen of England, and dressed. Her letters tell us she was not excited. A few hours later the wise great officials of the realm came to her house to learn her wishes, receive her commands, and take her message of authority for the House of Commons. What a morning for a girl of eighteen! Now, we have no desire to be rude to that innocent child, nor disrespectful to a great and noble nation, but a convinced republican, a citizen of Greater England, and of the twentieth century, cannot help feeling that this is a mediæval spectacle which scarce befits our modern age. To see a lot of strong, experienced statesmen bowing humbly to a child of eighteen and pretending that she is capable of exercising authority over them and of wisely ruling a kingdom, makes the Western observer ask: "Does not this look like the Land of Make-Believe and the age of fetishes?" Herbert Spencer said that a people should not be deprived of their king any more than a child should be deprived of its doll. The present reigning monarch of Annam is eight years old; the Annamese must have their doll. And there are great nations of people who still consider it a rational method for selecting their rulers, to renounce their own natural right of intelligent choice and to commit the appointment to the unintelligent, incalculable hazards of heredity in a single family; who regard it as fair and wise to grant to one family a perpetual monopoly of the right to be supported luxuriously in royal palaces and to enjoy all other privileges and perquisites of royalty from generation to generation, and who accept it as proper and judicious that one particular maiden, presumably no better or better qualified than hundreds of other eighteen-year-old English girls, shall appropriate the throne and wear the crown simply because she happened to be born into a family which long ago cornered the business of governing. In these centuries a certain group of princely families in Germany holds the monopoly of royalty. With eminent shrewdness they have managed to secure a wide acceptance for the antique doctrine that they are sovereigns by the grace of God. In that group the Coburgs have been and still are conspicuous and powerful. The widowed Duchess of Kent was a Coburg, and it was through her little girl Victoria that the Coburgs had a grip on the throne of Great Britain. And notwithstanding the English people did not like the extremely ambitious Coburg family, the laws of succession put Great Britain at the mercy of that German family, and little Miss Victoria, who jumped out of bed into her wrapper one fine June morning to be saluted as "Your Majesty" by British statesmen on their knees, lived long enough to become the mother and grandmother of royalty over Europe and to extend the sovereignty to the Coburgs over the Continent. The royal succession passed over to the Coburg Princess

Victoria through the fact that the only offspring of King William IV living at the time of his death were not legitimate. This did not contribute to British complacency or peace of mind. The ablest of the Coburg family was Leopold, first king of the Belgians, uncle of little Victoria, who assiduously coached his young niece from her early childhood for the royalty business. Never did any young person have a more sagacious, more astute, more adroit, more able adviser. Nothing is more evident in these three volumes of letters than his keen worldly wisdom, his superb and masterful political finesse. Without his faithful, constant coaching one feels sure that the young Victoria might not have climbed so coolly, so serenely, so sure-footedly her high and dizzy way. In order to keep the English people from dwelling on the fact that she came of a foreign family, Uncle Leopold advised her to refer frequently and proudly to the fact that she was born in England and had never been out of it. To insure the support of the ecclesiastical power, he counseled her to speak highly of, and to identify herself closely with, the Church of England. That advice was more important in Leopold I's day than it would be now. Experienced Uncle Leopold, king of the Belgians, told her how to protect her dignity from the overfamiliarity of those around her, as follows: "Never permit yourself to be induced to tell the people about you any opinion or sentiment of yours which is beyond the sphere of common conversation and its ordinary topics." "Do not permit anybody, be it even your prime minister, to speak to you on matters that concern you personally, without your having expressed the wish of its being done. You have no idea of the importance of this for your peace, and comfort, and safety." In order to strengthen the grip of the German Coburgs on the throne of England skillful Uncle Leopold brought it to pass that the young Queen Victoria quickly married Prince Albert of Coburg. For his assiduous and successful activities for the advancement of the Coburg family Leopold was visited by the English papers with what he called "the most scurrilous abuse"; which he could afford to ignore, since he had beaten them in the game of manning their throne. The Germanizing of the British court was further extended and intensified by the fact that the queen kept in her household and always near her Louise Lehzen, who had been governess to the Princess Victoria from early childhood, and exercised over her a strong influence. Fraulein Lehzen was the daughter of a Hanoverian clergyman. Another powerfully influential German personality always near and on confidential terms with the young queen was Baron Stockmar, a very able man with immense political knowledge and no personal ambition, who was utterly and unselfishly devoted to two ideals—the unification of Germany under Prussia, and the establishment of German control in England through the Coburg queen to whom he was really private secretary and chief adviser. Uncle Leopold urged his niece Queen Victoria to follow the advice of Baron Stockmar, whose influence was also great over Albert, the queen's German husband. In the minds of the English people there was much dissatisfaction, often loudly expressed, because of the preponderance of German influence in the court of the new half-German queen. But in the light of subsequent history, all this was well for

England, for it was the beginning of a long, wise, beneficent, and highly respectable reign. In justice to Leopold I of Belgium it should be said that he ever held up to his niece Victoria, both before and after her accession to the throne, the highest ideals of morals and of womanhood, urging her to be always straightforward, sincere, truthful, consistent, just, and every way blameless, and to devote herself unsparingly to the welfare of her people. All of this she faithfully obeyed, and the loving confidence between her and her uncle Leopold never wavered. That it was immensely useful to her cannot be questioned. Once he wrote to her: "You may pull your husband's ears if you will, but you must never be irritated toward your uncle." Again he wrote: "In the next fifty years of your glorious reign, you may get many things; but you cannot, by any power of earth or of heaven, get a new uncle who has kept his word to you for twenty-five years." Victoria enforced her own strict notions of propriety upon her court. She insisted that no one, no matter of what rank or importance or claim, should be appointed in any capacity to the royal household on whom even the slightest breath of scandal rested. The domestic virtues shone in her and exercised for sixty years a powerful exemplary influence over English homes. She satisfied the middle classes of Great Britain because she was essentially one of them in education and nature, though she had no sympathy with political democracy, which she stoutly discouraged, resisting all its aggressions against royal prerogatives and titled privileges. She was a stickler for the dignity of the crown and for the rights of the nobility. She had little general culture, small knowledge of or interest in art or science or literature. Her mind was essentially commonplace. Lord Melbourne, Victoria's first prime minister, said: "The prince consort is bored with the sameness of his chess every evening. He would like to bring literary and scientific people about the court. The queen, however, has no fancy to encourage such people. This arises from a feeling on her part that her education has not fitted her to take part in such conversation; she would not like conversation to be going on in which she could not take her fair share, and she is far too open and candid in her nature to pretend to one atom more knowledge than she really possesses on such subjects." To be a good wife and mother and a good queen was her whole ambition, and no woman that ever sat on a throne ever succeeded better. Her very limitations confined all her attention to the business of governing, and she learned that practical art with great thoroughness. Her memory will long be justly and heartily honored even in the day when kings and queens are done away—a day which, we think, is sure to come, not soon but inevitably. Royalty is a relic. Its justification no longer exists in reality. It is a clumsy and bungling makeshift for twentieth century intelligence. There are hundreds of abler and nobler men in Great Britain than the man who, by the accident of birth, sits on the throne. It is doubtful if there is one really great man on any throne in Europe to-day. Consider the young man who now sits on the throne of Spain. The rulers of Europe during the century and a quarter of this republic's history do not compare in ability with the presidents of the United States. Kings are not chosen for ability;

presidents are. The stork appoints emperors; the votes of intelligent millions choose presidents. No wonder Gilder calls them "crowned absurdities"—"that lot of little men pretending to be kings." But if anyone wants to see royalty at its best he can gain in these three big volumes of the Letters of Queen Victoria an inside view of its principles and methods, as well as a pretty full revelation of the heart of one of the best of women. These volumes come down only to 1861, and for selections from the queen's correspondence through subsequent years the public must wait till other volumes are ready. At the time of the writing of this book notice, the emperor and empress of Germany are at Windsor as guests of the king and queen of England, holding a family reunion. In the streets of London, crowded to welcome the Kaiser, the sentiment is displayed, "Blood is thicker than water"; and Emperor Wilhelm is saying to throngs at Guildhall: "The main prop and base for the peace of the world is the maintenance of good relations between our two countries, and I shall strengthen them as far as lies in my power. The wishes of the German nation coincide with mine." All this the spirit of wise and successful old Uncle Leopold I of Belgium would delight in. It is still England and Germany bound by many cords, with the German blood dominant in both countries. In the light of Victoria's reign and of the present status of Great Britain and Germany among the powers of the world, we cannot help thinking that the blood-alliance and friendly feeling between those two great nations are good for both of them and for the peace of the world. England and Germany together are strong enough to dominate Europe. As to the present rulers of the two nations, neither of whom is a great man, England has the less impulsive, the more diplomatic and sagacious, the less strenuous and strident; Germany has the more voluble, the more histrionic and spectacular, the more dashing and ambitious, and the more strictly moral. In a game of political and diplomatic chess between the two we fancy the cool-headed, suave, unloquacious Albert Edward might win. In these Letters of Queen Victoria the history of Europe during her reign is largely reflected.

Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin. By Louise Creighton. 8vo, pp. xiii+445. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, $4.50 net.

In these days of rush and excitement, which are mistakenly regarded as signs of progress, it is a genuine refreshment to read the life of a man who was intensely busy without being feverishly strenuous. Dr. Hodgkin was a successful banker, a historian of high standing and a Quaker minister and preacher. It is a testimony to the catholicity of his tastes that the life of this representative member of the Society of Friends should be written by the wife of an eminent bishop of the Anglican Church. The ties of scholarship and spiritual sympathy are stronger than those of ecclesiastical uniformity. Great as is Dr. Hodgkin's merit as the author of Italy and her Invaders, in eight volumes, and of other books on historical and religious subjects, he will be remembered by those who knew him because of his fine Christian character and the influence of sweetness and

light which radiated from him. Viscount Bryce wrote of him: "He was indeed one of the purest and sweetest natures, and one of the most high-minded and public-spirited that I have ever known. To be with him always made me feel happy and tranquil; there was such a simple sincerity of goodness about all his thoughts." Harold Anson, a clergyman of the Anglican Church, testified: "It is indeed a rare thing to find a man who is at once keen and successful in business, an historian and scholar of the first rank, a noble type of country gentleman, a lover of peace, and an ardent and passionate upholder of all great social and philanthropic causes. Dr. Hodgkin was all of these, and there must be many who knew him in one or other capacity who were quite unconscious of his excellence in other walks of life of which they themselves had no experience, and yet beyond all this there was something for which those who knew him even a little loved him more and held him in greater reverence." His biographer declares: "Perhaps no adjective describes his manner and the effect his temperament made on others so well as urbane. There was a quiet dignity and thoughtful consideration for others, a spirit of moderation and width, which found expression both in his manner and his talk." Yet another speaks of him as one whose character found expression in his literary work. "His merit as a historian was greatly increased, if not created, by his large amount of human nature. He lived in the past and made it live to others—yet in past as in present he felt the obligation of keeping the balance true, and of examining the evidence before coming to any conclusion. Perhaps no one ever came nearer to my ideal of a Christian gentleman. You see it in his books and you felt it in his talk. His beautiful self came out in all that he wrote and said and did. His charity and kindliness, with his high standard of moral rectitude, marked all that he uttered about men and women of all ages, our own included, and his modesty with all his learning was to me most touching." These words of appreciation are a good introduction to the volume. His long life of eighty-one years was distinguished by versatility of talents and variety of interests. His industry was extraordinary as we think of one who was active in business finding time for research in the preparation of his writings, and also devoting himself with energy to the work of lecturing and speaking at Friends' meetings in different parts of England and Ireland. He undertook an extended visit to Australia on behalf of the Quaker cause; and such was his love of travel that he went often to Italy and the continent, and also made a journey to the Holy Land which bore fruit in his religious ministrations. The numerous letters which are quoted in this volume, written on a variety of subjects, show how well he appreciated and practiced the epistolary art, to the benefit of all who were privileged to receive his communications. When he was engaged on re-writing the first volume of Italy and Her Invaders, he wrote: "How one's standard of accuracy alters! I was satisfied to knock off the reign of Theodosius in one rather superficial chapter in 1877, and now I have to give him six chapters, which have cost me much labor." He was firmly persuaded that Quakerism has a mission to discharge which is essential to the future of Christianity, and that, "its protest against sacerdotalism, sacramentalism

and all that the typical ecclesiastic loves and lives in, should be maintained." He believed that whatever success Quakerism had was due to the following of the Divine Light. "To depend on ceremonial worship and the use of such things as candles and incense was to mock God when he is seeking to speak to us heart to heart." In his Swarthmore Lecture on Human Progress and the Inward Light, he said: "There was and still is in the soul of every man who has not by long continued sin succeeded in stifling it, that which our early Friends called the 'light within,' or the 'divine seed,' that which we in our generation, by a mode of expression which comes more naturally to us, call the Voice of the Lord speaking to the soul of man." He also recognized that if Quakerism continues to be only or chiefly a protest, its influence would be negative. He therefore worked to broaden its outlook and laid much stress on the ministry of preaching. Whatever criticism he encountered for his broadmindedness was overbalanced by the younger members of the Society, who followed him with understanding and sympathy. He is no doubt writing from experience concerning "the great temptation that a religious leader is under to supply, not a corrective but a stimulus, to the prejudices and passions of his followers: and how the phraseology of the sect thus becomes molded not by the highest but by the lowest intelligences in it. The great danger, I think now, of our church and of some others, is that upon the true and right foundation we should be building edifices of wood, hay, stubble, which will not stand the fire. It is so easy to preach what is called a gospel sermon, setting forth one particular phase of Christian truth and piling text upon text in support of it, without troubling oneself about 'the proportion of faith,' or considering what relation one's broad, slap-dash statements bear to the facts of human consciousness, or even to other passages in the Bible itself." While holding strong convictions as to Quakerism, he was free from the sectarian spirit and enjoyed close friendship with men of many varying creeds. "A religious reformer," he wrote, "at any rate one who desires to work in harmony with the spirit of Christianity, cannot have sectarian aims. He cannot be satisfied with conquering one little province of the Christian world and labelling it with his own name. He must believe that he is the bearer of a world-wide message, adapted to all sorts and conditions of men, and that for the whole Christian Church the only hope of health and cleansing lies in the acceptance of that message." On one of his visits to Rome, the Ecumenical Council was sitting at Saint Peter's. With curious eyes he watched the members and observed: "The faces looked like those of good commonplace men, kindly but accustomed to routine and not likely to go beyond it or to produce any great influence for good or evil on the thought of the age." We could well have spared some of the letters on political subjects, if Mrs. Creighton had given more space to an estimate of the historical writings which have deservedly given such distinction to the name of Dr. Hodgkin. The record of this busy and buoyant life, which has fragrance of new mown hay, deserves to be read by all who are bearing the burden of the world's need, that they may receive the quickening of faith and courage.

A READING COURSE

A History of the Christian Church. By WILLISTON WALKER, Titus Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $3, net.

IT is no easy task to compress the history of two millenniums within the space of five hundred and ninety pages. But the well-nigh impossible thing is done in this volume, and, what is more, the brevity does not overlook important facts nor does it affect the readableness of the chapters. You will be increasingly pleased with this panoramic presentation of the course of Christianity and strengthened in your convictions of the adequacy of the gospel of redemption for present and future needs. It is written in a clear style and with literary finish. Words are well weighed and the references are carefully made, without the misspelling of names and the titles of books. The author has a historical and literary conscience and his judgments are discerning and discriminating. He is not lost in details nor is he absorbed in statistical summaries, pedantic technicalities, and ecclesiastical prejudices. He is interested in the truth, and if his conclusions at times go against tradition, so much the worse for tradition. A Church historian, above all historians, should be free from the pettiness of sectarian bias and the warping of judgment by prepossessions favorable or otherwise. You will not agree with everything, but that is not to be expected where so many issues are criticized and estimated. You will, however, accept his final summary in the concluding paragraph. "The long story of the Christian Church is a panorama of lights and shadows, of achievement and failure, of conquests and divisions. It has exhibited the divine life marvelously transforming the lives of men. It has also exhibited those passions and weaknesses of which human nature is capable. Its tasks have seemed, in every age, almost insuperable. They were never greater than at present when confronted by a materialistic interpretation of life, and when the furnace of almost universal war bids fair to transform the whole fabric of European and America civilization. Yet no Christian can survey what the church has done without confidence in its future. Its changes may be many, its struggles great. But the good hand of God which has led it hitherto will guide it to larger usefulness in the advancement of the Kingdom of its Lord, and toward the fulfilment of his prediction that if he be lifted up he would draw all men unto him."

The arrangement of this volume gives at a glance the career of Christianity through the centuries. It is divided into seven periods and each one represents the attitude of Christianity to the world, and that of the world to it. The titles of these periods are: From the Beginnings to the Gnostic Crisis; From the Gnostic Crisis to Constantine; The Imperial State Church; The Middle Ages to the Close of the Investiture Controversy; The Later Middle Ages; The Reformation; The Transition to the Modern Religious Situation. Note how the law of development is observed in this arrangement and how one period is related to that which preceded it. The new method of studying Church history is to

reckon with the economic, political, and social factors in the life of communities and nations; because they had even more to do with the spreading or retarding of Christianity than the theological and philosophical disputations of rival thinkers. An understanding of the background and of the atmosphere made by contemporary ideals and customs is essential toward an intelligent appreciation of the difficulties in the matter of adjustment. We will also be less harsh in our criticisms of the compromises made with paganism by the Christian leaders. When you read sections one and two on the general situation and the Jewish background, note carefully how Christianity came at the Providental fulness of the times with its deeply satisfying answer to philosophic uncertainty, ritualistic and ascetic emptiness, superstitious bondage and the social inequalities fostered by both paganism and Judaism. Next turn to section one in Period VI on The Reformation and follow the divers social, political, and religious currents, observing how these trains of thought and activity were related to the protest on behalf of religious liberty, with its sequel looking toward democracy, which, however, was not realized. Note the causes which stood in the way and you will understand the character of the "unfinished reformation" which faces us at the present day. Another factor in the study of background is the large places which wars have had in the religious development of the Christian centuries. Read what the author says about this aspect of it on pages 134, 354, 437ff., 441ff. The missionary expansion of the church also receives due recognition. If more is not written on this subject it is because there was insufficient material and not much to chronicle, commensurate with the greatness of this movement as we understand it today. For instance, Dr. C. H. Robinson in his notable volume, The Conversion of Europe (Longmans), writes: "The very fact that a space of fourteen centuries separates the day on which 'strangers from Rome' listened to Saint Peter's first missionary sermon from the day when the nominal, we dare not say real, conversion of Europe was completed, whilst it should serve to rebuke the impatience of those who are dissatisfied with the progress of Christian missions in modern times, suggests also that there was something lacking either in the contents of the message delivered by the pioneer missionaries in Europe, or in the methods by which they sought to proclaim their message."

As illustrating the insistent opposition to progressive thought, making for the greater freedom of the Christian consciousness and the more extensive influence of Christianity, read how the Christian seers and thinkers were invariably persecuted and hampered by ecclesiastical standpatters. The sufferings of men like Paul, Origen, Augustine, Athanasius, Chrysostom, Savonarola, Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Knox, Arminius, Fox, Wesley will impress you with the nature of the difficulties experienced by those who in modern times offer fuller interpretations of the Christian message in accord with the findings of philosophy and science and the exacting practical problems of our present confusion. In this connection, it is profitable to study the theological controversies and the history of the creeds. These symbols were the expression of the

understanding of the Christian faith at the time they were formulated, but we must not be expected to use them as though there has been no growth of thought and experience since those days. "Though great religious bodies still use Reformation formulas, and bear names then originating, they no longer move in its atmosphere, but in various measure, indeed, in that of modern Christianity" (p. 482). To what extent are we justified in revising the creeds? It is not incumbent on us to perpetuate the past but to relate it to the present and look to the future for completion, while conscientiously careful that we do nothing to jeopardize the steady growth of truth. If we are to be good stewards of the manifold grace of God, the spirit of historical reverence will not lead us to depreciate what has been accomplished, but to enrich the deposit by removing the barnacles of accretion for the sake of the permanent content and progressive continuity of Christianity. Make a careful study of Dr. Walker's characterizations of such types of thought, like montanism, gnosticism, scholasticism, mysticism, and of such movements, like the Cathari, the Waldenses, the Anabaptists, the Mennonites, the Quakers, the Moravians. Find out why these protests were made by faithful souls at the cost of much inconvenience and suffering. One explanation of the weakness of Protestantism is given in the following sentence: "It was the misfortune of Lutheranism that it had no other bond of union between its representatives in its several territories than agreement in 'pure doctrine,' and that differences in apprehension were regarded as incompatible with Christian fellowship" (p. 141). How would you meet the author's statement that "justification by faith alone" is well-nigh meaningless to some earnest folk who are desirous of serving God and their generation? (P. 340.) Note what is written about the emphasis on salvation made respectively by Luther and Zwingli and explain the difference (p. 363).

Those who are interested in the institutional progress of Christianity will find much of value in the discussions of the growth of ministerial orders, baptism, the Lord's Supper, the rite of confirmation, the fasts and festivals. Also read the descriptions of monasticism, the papacy, the Franciscan and Dominican orders. He is eminently fair in his references to Roman Catholicism and he writes warmly of the revival of missionary zeal which the genius of Spain contributed to kindle Catholic enthusiasm. "Viewed from any standpoint, Ignatius Loyola is one of the master figures of the Reformation epoch." The section on Wesley and Methodism is marked by his characteristic impartiality and reliability. Unlike most writers, he correctly states that Wesley's conversion took place at a meeting of an Anglican society in Aldersgate Street (p. 513). Dr. Walker is especially strong in his estimates of the notable leaders of the church. What he writes is *multum in parvo*, but the student will have an accurate and trustworthy knowledge of the work of Origen, Augustine, Gregory the Great, Hildebrand, Marsilius of Padua, Bernard, Anselm, Abelard, Aquinas and the Reformation and post-Reformation thinkers and preachers, to some of whom reference has already been made. The study of church history is a *tonic* for times of depression and it tones us up

for our own work. It is a *warning* to guard against pitfalls and to avoid them. It is also a *summons* to keep the torch of truth well lighted and to improve the conditions for the larger spread of the ideals and hopes, the virtues and graces, the benefits and blessings of Christianity.

Side Reading

We invite the reader's attention to the exceptionally informing bibliography of twelve pages, from which selections might be made by those interested in further research and study.

For information about books of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the Methodist Review, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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